DECEMBER 1972

Saturday Review

ONE DOLLAR

SCIENCE

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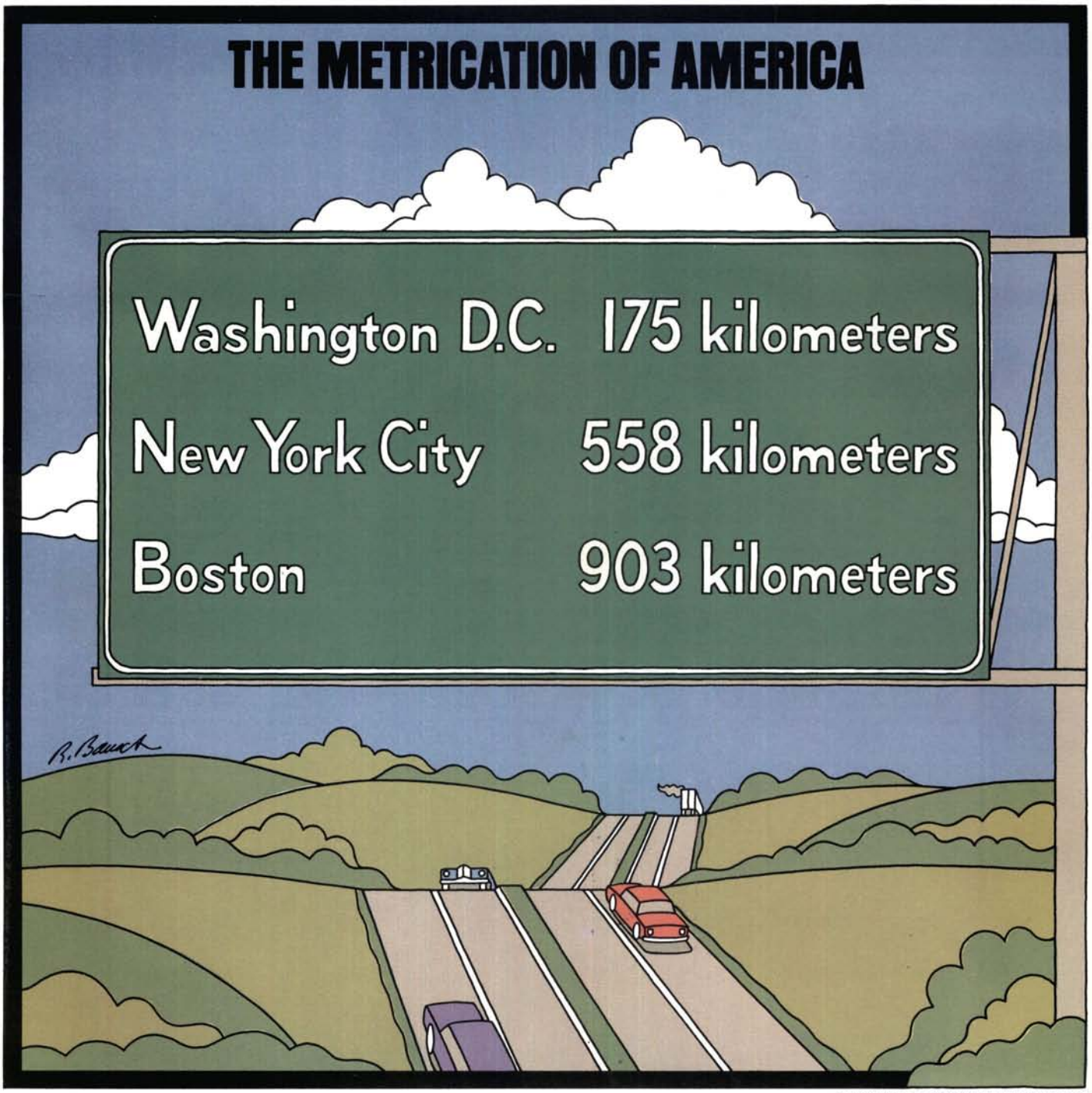
Illinois Burial Mounds Side Effects of Aspirin



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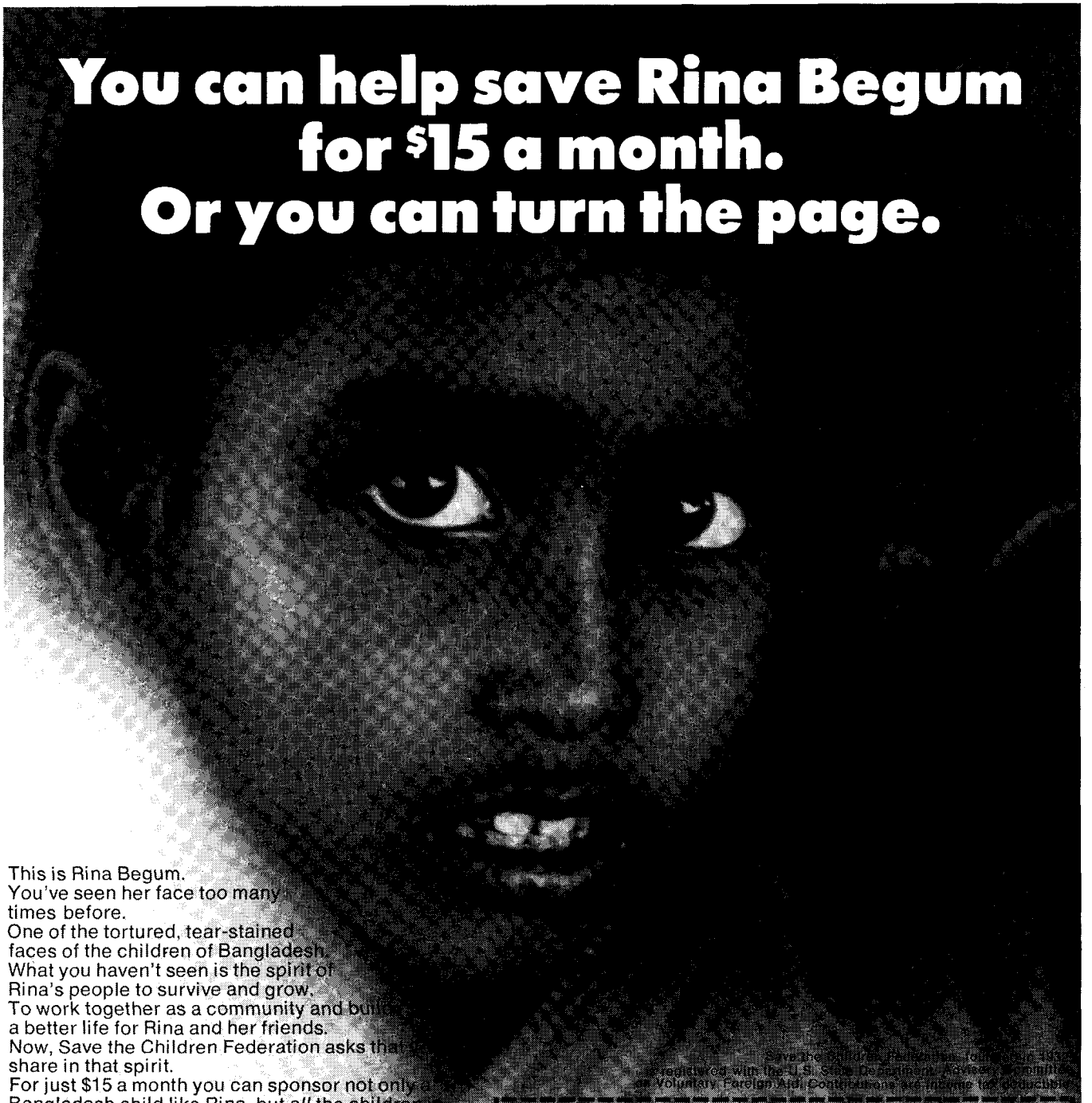

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Saturday Review of Science

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SATURDAY REVIEW SCIENCE is published monthly at $12 per year by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Application to mail at second-class postal rates is pending at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Volume LV, Number 48. All rights reserved. Send all correspondence about subscriptions and remittance to: Subscription Department, Saturday Review, Box 2043, Rock Island, Illinois 61207.

Saturday Review, Inc., publishes a family of four monthly magazines—Saturday Review The Arts, Saturday Review The Society, Saturday Review Education, Saturday Review Science. Each of these special-interest magazines is available separately at $12 for one year, or all four may be purchased at the combined price of $24 per year.

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JUDGMENT FROM THE BENCH

Those who sit in judgment of a piano come from many branches of musical achievement. But they all look for the same signs of truth to emerge.

Responsiveness, for instance, is always called upon—especially when a new concerto is being tried.

Clarity must come forth—as in the case of enunciating vs blurring the inner voices of Bach's fugues. Reliability, above all, will figure hard in the outcome of every rock concert.

To all these points, Yamaha pianos plead guilty as charged.

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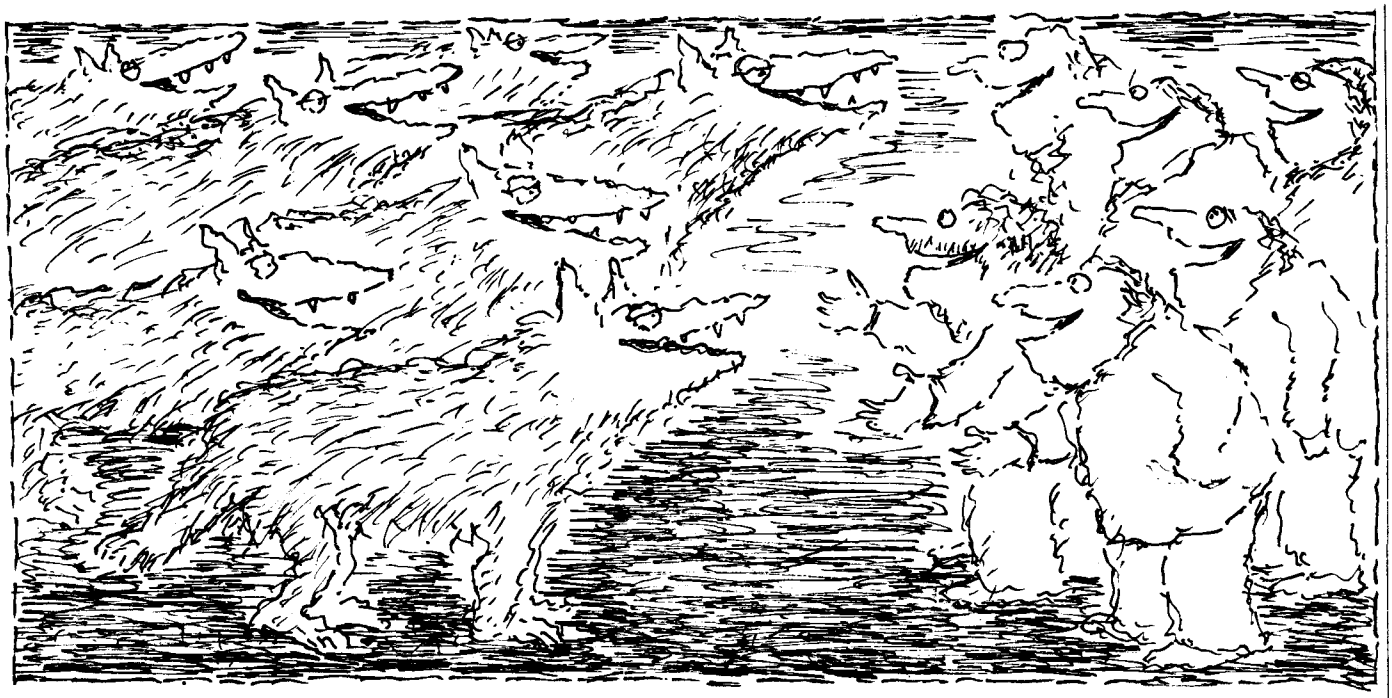
SR
UP FRONT

NOVEMBER 25, 1972



Wolves and Men

BY EDWARD HOAGLAND

THE GREAT NORTH WOODS, U.S.A. —Wolves have marvelous legs. The first thing one notices about wolves is how high they are set on their skinny legs, and the instant, blurred gait these can switch into, bicycling away, carrying them forty miles in a day. With brindled coats in smoky shades, brushy tails, light-filled eyes, intense, sharp faces, which are more focused than an intelligent dog's but also less various, they are electric in their first effect. In captivity, when they are quarreling in a cage, the snarls sound guttural and their jaws chop, but scientists watching pet wolves in the woods speak of their flowing joy—a delight in running that is such that they melt into the woods like the sunlight, like running water.

The modern study of American wildlife began with Adolph Murie, who, writing about the wolves of Mount McKinley in 1944, realized that there was no point at all in a scientist's shooting them; there were so few wolves left that this would be killing the goose laying golden eggs. In those days biologists dealing even with animals that weren't considered varmints mainly just boiled the flesh off their heads to study the knobs on their skulls, or opened their stomachs to see what they ate. Murie, in the field and examining scats, could do a more thorough investigation of diet than the autopsy fellows, who, as it was, knew almost nothing else about the life of wolves.

Murie and Ian McTaggart Cowan in Canada were the best of the bedroll scientists. They would camp alone on a gravel bar in a valley for the summer, go about quietly on foot, and record everything that they saw. No amount of bush-plane maneuvering and electronic technology can quite replace their methods, by which the totality of a wilderness community could be observed and absorbed. Young scientists such as David L. Mech—who has been the salvation of wolves in the United States—manage to combine the current reliance on radiotelemetry with some of that old bedroll faithfulness to the five senses shared by a man with the animals he is studying.

Big game, like deer and elk, and big, glamorous predators have naturally received first attention, people being as they are, so that much more is known about wolves than about the grasshopper mouse, though the grasshopper mouse is a wolf among mice, trailing, gorging upon small mammals and insects, and, with nose pointing skyward, even "howling." On lists of endangered

Edward Hoagland is the author of six books, including a forthcoming collection of essays, Walking the Dead Diamond River.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ED KOREN

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species you occasionally find little beasts that wouldn't excite much attention on a picnic outing, but despite all the talk about saving the fruits of two billion years' worth of evolution, the funds available go to help those animals that tend to remind us of ourselves (tigers, whales, hippos, eagles), and there aren't any good lists of endangered plants.

Wolves *would* be more of a loss to us than some exotic mouse, however, because they epitomize the American wilderness as no other animal does and fill both the folklore of childhood and that of the woods, folklore that would wither away if they all were to die. We know that some of the folklore was wrong, that wolves don't attack man, which is a relief, but we treasure the folklore even so—wanting the woods to be woods. In the lower forty-eight states the gray wolf's range is less than 1 per cent of what it once was, and that patch of prime woods, encompassing 12,000 square miles of Minnesota, with extensions beyond, is greatly enriched by the presence of wolves.

Wisconsin didn't get around to granting its wolves protection until they had become extinct, but David Mech got the Minnesota bounty removed and singlehandedly turned local thinking around, until there is talk of declaring the wolf a "state animal" and establishing a sanctuary for it in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area. Mech is a swift-thinking, urbane, amused man, bald, not a bit wolflike in appearance, though he has a soul-stirring howl, more real than reality, that triggers the wolves into howling back when he is afoot trying to locate them. But his ears have begun to dim from a decade or more of flying all winter in flimsy planes to spot them against the snow, so that sometimes he needs an assistant along to hear whether a pack at a distance is answering him.

Howling is not a hunting cry and does not frighten other animals. The wolves howled . . . as a pleasurable thing.

That wolves do readily answer even bad imitations of their howl may have a good deal of significance. Observers have noted the similarities between the intricate life of a wolf pack and life in the most primitive grouping of man: the band. Often there is a "peripheral wolf" in the pack, for example, which is tolerated but picked on, and, as though the collective psyche of the pack required a scapegoat, if the peripheral wolf disappears, another pack member may slip down the social ladder and assume the role, or a hungry stray that otherwise might have been driven off will be adopted. What seems so uncanny and touching about the experience of howling to wolves, then hearing them answer, may be this enveloping sense of *déjà vu* that one has, perhaps partly subliminal, going right to one's roots, band replying to band, each on its own ground, gazing across a few hundred yards of meadow or bog at the same screen of trees. The listener rises right up on his toes, looking about happily at his human companions.

The pups make a frothy ribbon of sound like fat bubbling, a shiny, witchy, fluttery yapping, while the adults siren less excitably, without those tremulous, flexible yips, though they sometimes do break pitch into a yodel. The senior wolf permits the response, if one is made, introducing it with his own note after a pause—which is sometimes considerable—before the others join in. Wolves howl for only a half-minute or so, sometimes responding again and again after a cautious intermission. Each wolf has a tone, or series of tones, of its own that ropes into an iridescent harmony with the others. People who howl regularly at a wolf rendezvous soon acquire their own vocal personalities—also a kind of choral sequence in which they join one another—cupping their mouths to the shape of a muzzle.

Last September I went out with a student of Mech's, Fred Harrington, who records and voice-prints wolf howls in Minnesota. His wife was along, doing the puppy trills, as well as the trap-line crew, who attach radio-collars to the wolves that they catch. We stood at the edge of a cutover jack-pine flat, with a few tall spruces where the wolves were. The sun was setting and the moon was rising; squirrels and birds were chitting close by; and we knew that a radio-collared bear was digging its winter den just over a rise. Howling is not a hunting cry and does not frighten other animals. The wolves howled as if for their own edification, not ours, as a pleasurable thing, a popular, general occasion set off by our calls to them, answering us but not led by our emphasis or interpretation. If they had been actively scouting us, they would have kept silent, as they do during the spring when the pups are still too young to travel. To us their

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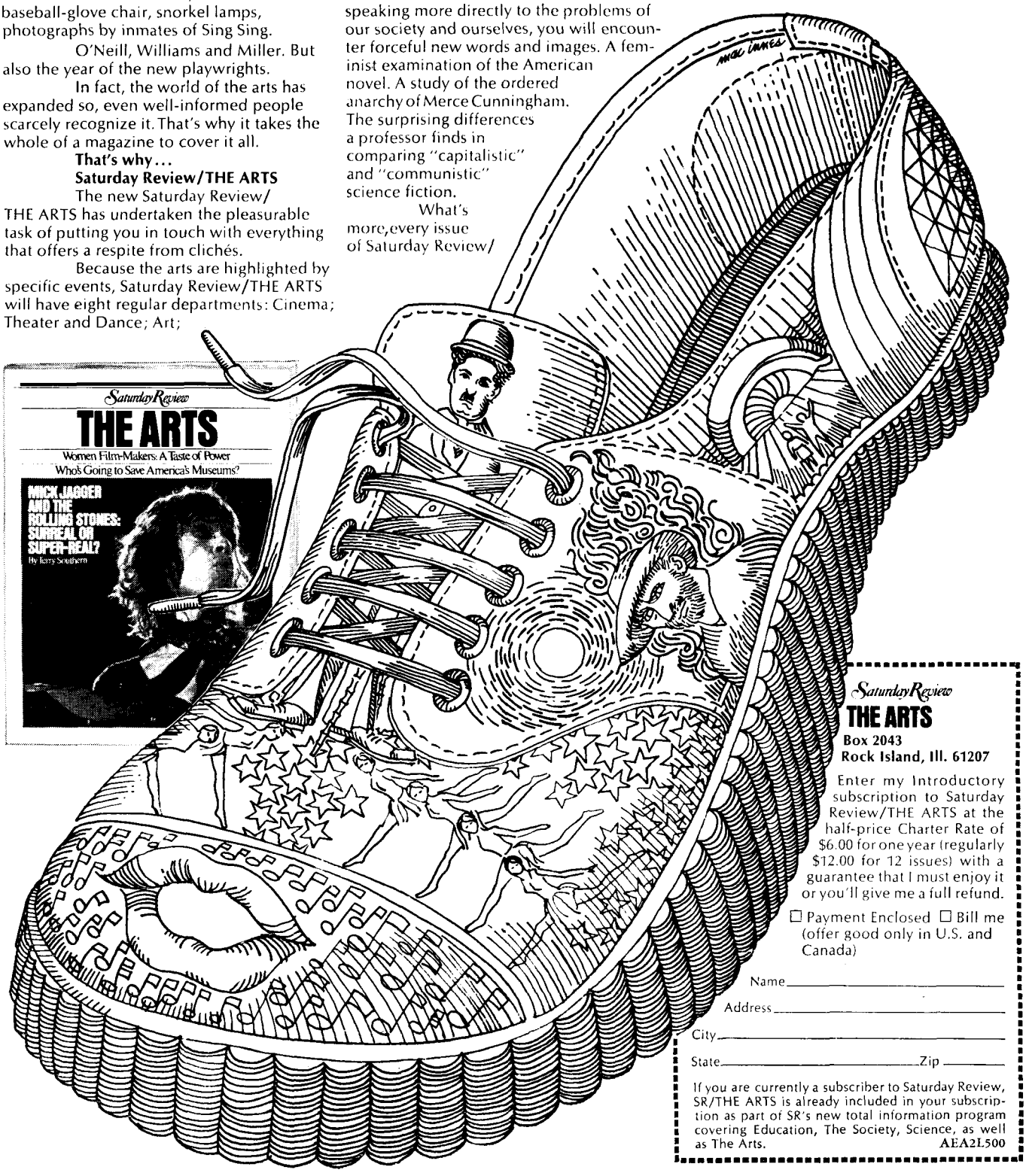
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DO YOU EAT THE RIGHT FOOD WITH THE WRONG WINE?

Everybody in the wine business seems to be avoiding giving specific advice about which wine to drink with which food.

Mainly because they want you to feel free to buy any of their wines and enjoy them with whatever you eat.

This is one way to look at it.

Looking at it this way sells more wine and there are no rules to follow.

But the trouble with leaving it all to chance is you may never experience some pretty fabulous taste combinations.

Some wines go better with some foods than others, and we at Inglenook Vineyards think you should know which is which.

We spend a lot of time and money in the making of our wines. And we want you to be able to enjoy them under the best possible conditions.

FISH?

Everybody knows white wine goes with fish, but not everybody knows why. White wine is acidic, and its acidity helps break down the oil in fish, which most people find disagreeable. Lemon is served with fish for the same reason.

Just remember that shell fish go best with the drier white wines, fish without shells taste best with a dry or semi-dry white wine.

The chart below explains which wine is which.

WHITE WINES

Dry	Semi-Dry	Semi-Sweet
Chablis	Johannisberg Riesling	Chenin Blanc
Grey Riesling	Semillon	Sauterne
Pinot Chardonnay	Sylvaner	
White Pinot	Traminer	
	Rhine	

FOWL?

With white meated fowl, such as chicken, turkey, and cornish hen, any white wine goes well. But with red meated fowl, such as goose, pheasant, duck and quail, any red or white wine can be drunk.

CHINESE FOOD?

If you want wine with your Flaming Filet of Yak instead of tea, order any dry or semi-dry white wine. Semi-sweet whites seem to clash with the spiciness of many Chinese dishes, particularly Mandarin, and red wines are inappropriate for the same reason.

CANDIED BAKED HAM?

This is one American dish neither red nor white wines seem to go with. The dry red wines compete with the natural dryness of the meat. And the dry white wines are overpowered by it. A Rosé solves the problem and is the perfect compromise.

STEAKS, ROASTS, CHOPS, PASTA?

Red wine is the right wine for meat, but not just any red wine. It should be a dry red. The sweeter reds, combined with the richness of meat tend to fill you up and make you wish you hadn't eaten at all. Here's our chart for red wines:

RED WINES

Dry	Semi-Dry	Sweet
Cabernet Sauvignon	Burgundy	Ruby Port
Charbono	Gamay Beaujolais	Tawny Port
Pinot Noir	Zinfandel	
Red Pinot		

CHEESE AND NUTS?

You can drink just about any red wine as you eat just about any cheese, and each does a little magic for the other. With nuts, there is really only one wine: Port. And with Port, there is really only one kind of nut: the walnut. Try them together, for one of the nicest experiences of your life.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Now that you know the right wine to drink with your food, it's still possible to drink the wrong wine. Because if the wine you drink isn't up to the food on your table, it won't make much difference if it's red when it's supposed to be white, or vice versa.

A better argument for buying Inglenook could not be devised. Estate Bottled Inglenook is the filet mignon of wine, and unfortunately, it's just as expensive.

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Howling between packs seems to keep them apart, defining rough boundaries for their separate ranges.

chorus sounded poignantly isolated, vulnerable, the more so because obviously they were having fun, and we all felt the urge to run toward them. But they didn't share that feeling. A pack needs at least ten square miles for each member (as well as a deer every eighteen days for that member, or a deer every three days for a pack of six), so that howling between packs does not serve the function of calling them together. Instead, it seems to keep them apart, defining rough boundaries for their separate ranges, though mates in a pack by howling do find each other and find solidarity.

In Algonquin Provincial Park in Ontario thousands of people howl with the wolves in August or September. Whether or not it is a high point for the wolves, it certainly is for the people. I've gone to one of the favorite spots, where the grass is littered with cigarette butts, and tried; but the day was rainy—the wolves couldn't hear me. Nobody who has once had the experience will fail to root for wolves ever after. Glacier National Park in Montana is next to Canada, like Mech's wolf country, and perhaps there the wolves will become reestablished; Yellowstone Park already has a small vanguard. In East Texas a few hundred survive, hiding in the coastal marshes. These are red wolves—relic relations of the gray wolf—that inhabited the Mississippi Valley and are probably now doomed, pushed up against the sea, with no reservoir such as the wildlands of Canada provide from which to replenish their numbers.

Apparently there is a special relationship between men and wolves not existing between man and any of the bears or most of the big cats. One might have to look to the other primates for a mutual response that is closer. It's not just a matter of howling—owls with their hooting and loons with their laughter also interact with wolves. Nor is it limited to the mystery of why dogs, about fifteen thousand years back, which is very recent as such things go, cut themselves away from other wolves by a strange, gradual, and, at first, "voluntary" process to become subservient to man as no other domestic beast is, running with him in packs in

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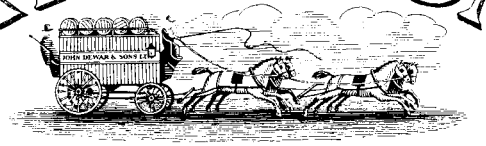

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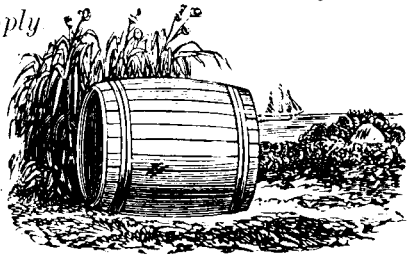

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which *he* calls the tune. (And what a trick was played: Scarcely had the dogs finished transferring themselves to man's pack activities when he began moving indoors.) Another paradox is that the wolves that remained wolves, though they are big predators that might legitimately regard a man-shaped creature as prey, don't seem to look upon him as prey, don't even challenge him in the woods in the same way they challenge a trespassing bear or cougar.

Douglas Pimlott (who is Canada's wolf expert) explores this question in *The World of the Wolf*. He mentions behavioral patterns that are shared and by indirection might have come to influence wolves. Both man and wolf hunt cooperatively in groups and are almost unique in that; both have lived in complex bands in which the adults of either sex, including bachelor adults, care for the young for long periods. He mentions the likelihood that there are subconscious attributes of the human mind that may affect wolves as well. The bonds between man and dog penetrate far beyond the awe of the one for the other, after all—are richer, more compulsive, more telepathic than awe—but are no more fully explained under the heading of love. Wolves, like dogs, he says, are excellent readers of signs because of their social make-up and their cruising system of hunting, which does not depend as much on surprise as the habits of most other predators do. "They instinctively recognize aggression, fear, and other qualities of mind which are evidenced in subtle ways by our expressions and actions. Many common behavior patterns of man undoubtedly denote aggression or hunting behavior to wolves. In hunting we stalk deliberately, quietly . . . in winter we move through the woods and across lakes and streams deliberately, as a wolf does in traveling over his range, hunting for prey."

These movements indicate to wolves that we are superior predators—superior wolves—he suggests, and not prey. Of course it's not only the fellow in the woods who is predatory. In the city, when much more driving, successful men emerge on the street for a business lunch, their straight-line strides, "bright-eyed and bushy-tailed," would bowl over any wolf. □

Note: Two good books on the subject are David L. Mech's *Wolf: The Ecology and Behavior of an Endangered Species* (Natural History Press) and Douglas H. Pimlott and Russell J. Rutter's *The World of the Wolf* (Lippincott). Also recommended: the well-known wolf-howl record *The Language and the Music of the Wolves* (available through the American Museum of Natural History, New York, N.Y. 1002).

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After the Red Tide

BY CARYL RIVERS

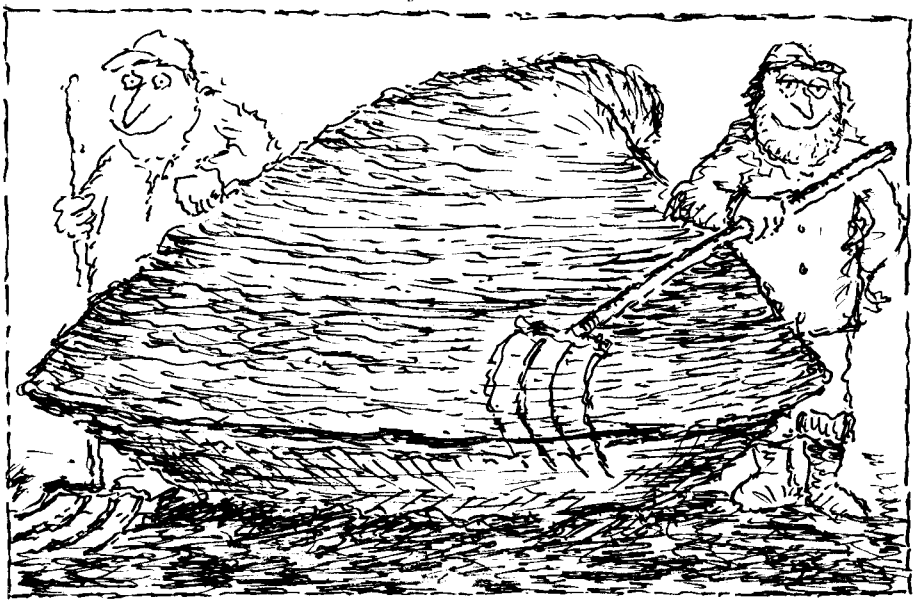
WINTHROP, Mass.—The "red tide" sounds like a successor to the Yellow Peril, but it's not. It is toxic unicellular algae (*Gonyaulax tamarensis*) that in mid-September appeared in great quantities in some of the waters off the Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts coasts. Clams, nestled in the coastal mud, gobbled up the algae and retained them in their digestive tracts. Twenty-six persons who ate the clams showed symptoms of the toxin's attack on their nervous systems: a tingling sensation or numbness of face and neck, dizziness, and nausea. Two of the persons affected had to be treated with respirators. The poison, if taken in large enough doses, can be lethal; in previous years, one of every five persons who ate shellfish infected with the red tide died. Public health officials of the three states immediately closed much of their waters to shellfish harvesting (even though hard-shelled clams and lobsters were not affected by the tide), and, in some areas, the ban is still in effect. They also took swift action to keep all soft-shelled clams off the market.

Red tides are no strangers to these shores. Maine and eastern Canada both have annual bouts with it, and when it appears there, the clam flats are quietly closed down. California has occasional attacks from a close relative of the algae that hit New England waters and that have the same toxic effect on humans. Florida waters harbor an organism also referred to as the red tide, which has a different cell structure and is harmless to humans, though it can cause large fish kills.

Nobody yet knows how the lethal algae first appeared and then spread so quickly in New England. One explanation is that the right water temperature and optimal sunlight conditions coincided. In Massachusetts, where the red tide had never before reached dangerous levels, it stained the sea the color of rust, raised an immediate public outcry, and shut down the $1-million-a-year clam industry. During a season that also saw a hurricane do massive damage to the clam beds off the Maryland coast, the red tide focused attention on yet another endangered species in the United States: the clam digger.

Joseph ("Peggy") Foster is pitching pennies with a friend against the side of the Winthrop Diner, a clam diggers' haunt on the north side of Boston Harbor. Peggy is eighty-two. His face is seamed and tan and his eyes are the pale blue of the harbor on a hot July day. Since he didn't shave today, white stubble is reclaiming his chin. Peggy ("They put that name on me a thousand years ago, when I was a kid") is the only digger around. The waters of Boston Harbor have not been invaded by the red tide, but, as an indirect result of it, they are not being clammed. Most of the harbor is labeled "mildly contaminated" at all times, and clams dug here must go off to the state treatment plant at Newburyport for forty-eight hours of ultra-violet treatment before they can be marketed. However, the waters off Newburyport are infected, and the treatment plant there has shut down. Since there is no

Caryl Rivers is a freelance writer who lives in Winthrop, Massachusetts, and teaches writing at Boston University.



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place to treat clams in Boston, the clam diggers there are not working.

Peggy Foster and I walk through a thicket of junk in the yards of a marine contracting company to get to the water. He stops often to catch his breath, but his grip, when we shook hands, was firm and sure. We perch on a beached wooden float, next to the hulk of a blue rowboat—Peggy says it is "an old Eyetalian boat" that once belonged to a man from South Boston. The fall sun is warm, and the air has a bite in it. Peggy talks about clamming.

You walk along the sand, he says, and you spot the clams by the little holes in the sand. You need a digger, a spade with a handle fourteen or fifteen inches long, and a grass-cloth bag, which has a looser mesh than burlap, to put the clams in. It lets the water slip through to wash them. You get maybe three hours of work a tide, and it's particularly hard on a dark day or when the rain fills the little holes and you're digging blind.

When Peggy started digging in 1902, he could get six barrels a tide; now, three hours' work gets a man a barrel and a half. A barrel went for $2 in the old days; now, the going price is around $16. Progress has been hard on the industry. Logan International Airport, sitting out in the harbor, was built on the backs of millions of clams. Broken sewage lines have fouled parts of the harbor and put them off limits for digging. But clammers haven't always obeyed the rules. "I been pinched in Quincy, I been pinched down Gloucester," says Peggy Foster. "I've run a lot of game wardens bowlegged. When they come out to pinch us, they couldn't run in the mud, ya know, like we could."

All the waters of the harbor are contaminated to some degree. The areas near the faulty sewage pipes are labeled "grossly contaminated" and have been closed for several years, but the clam populations there are exploding. A clammie can go bootlegging at night and make himself a quick seventy dollars. All clams that go on the market must have stickers to prove they have been treated, but the spirit of free enterprise being what it is, some of the used stickers don't get destroyed, and it's not too hard to smudge the date and put the sticker on a bushel of bootleg clams.

The diggers usually sell their clams to a master digger, who is licensed by the state and is the middleman of the business. He transports the clams to the treatment plant and sells them to wholesalers. But diggers can go around the master digger and sell clams directly to a wholesaler with no stop-off at the treatment plant. Or a master digger can

sell a load of clams directly to a wholesaler instead of going to the plant, thus earning money on which there are no records—and no taxes.

"The bootle clams go rough right onto the market," a game warden told me later. "And you and I are the poor souls that get them. The best advice I could give you is don't eat 'em, tasty as they may be. You take an awful gamble. Clams thrive on sewage. With clams you eat the whole stomach, whereas with lobsters you only eat the meat." The wardens' effectiveness in policing the clammers is limited because they have wide areas to cover, and now their responsibilities are being increased by new environmental legislation.

One warden complains that the courts don't crack down on violations. "We nabbed one guy selling clams in the parking lot of a shipyard. They were from a grossly contaminated area. At the trial he got a friend to come in and say that the guy was just giving them away and they weren't for eating but for bait. The warden said to the judge, 'This guy's been a thorn in my side for twenty-five years.' The verdict was not guilty.

"They come in and say to the judge, 'I won't be able to make a living; I'll have to go on welfare,' and the judge hears that—not guilty!"

There is no love lost between the wardens and the clammies. Another warden says, "The day of making a dollar in clams is gone. In the Forties and Fifties there was unbelievable money made in clams—and squandered. A master digger could make $50,000 to $100,000 a year. But so many areas have been closed, and the bacteria count isn't going down. The guys who are digging now are bums. They're either on welfare or they're trying to beat the IRS or child-support payments—it's all cash; there aren't any records."

Charles ("Red") Lopilato is a master digger. We are sitting in his dusty Lincoln in a parking lot by a wharf near the harbor. A 727 roars right over our heads, heading into Logan. "I know how the Indians felt getting pushed off their land," Lopilato mutters. "We're like the Indians. They're pushing us off our clamming beds."

The diggers used to work different beds each season, Lopilato tells me, the way farmers leave a field fallow. But now that so many areas are closed they work the same beds all the time, and the yield is thinning out. "A man can't go out and make it pay anymore. There's nothing enticing a man to break his back for five or six hours and get only a few dollars. A lot of people put themselves through college by digging clams. We have a man that's a judge who educated himself digging clams. But the sort you get today—for some of them it's a second job."

Lopilato's "crew" is whoever shows up at the landing when the tide is right. "Clam diggers are a funny group," he says. "They're all self-employed. If they want to dig, they dig; if they want to sit and drink beer, they sit and drink beer. Nobody gets fired. If they don't like you, they'll go dig for some other master digger."

"There used to be forty or fifty master diggers around here. I'm the only one left. I'm not too easy. I'd fight rather than take a lot of shit. But my men know they always get their money."

Red Lopilato has been "fooling around with clams" for forty-seven years. He's fifty-seven and says he feels

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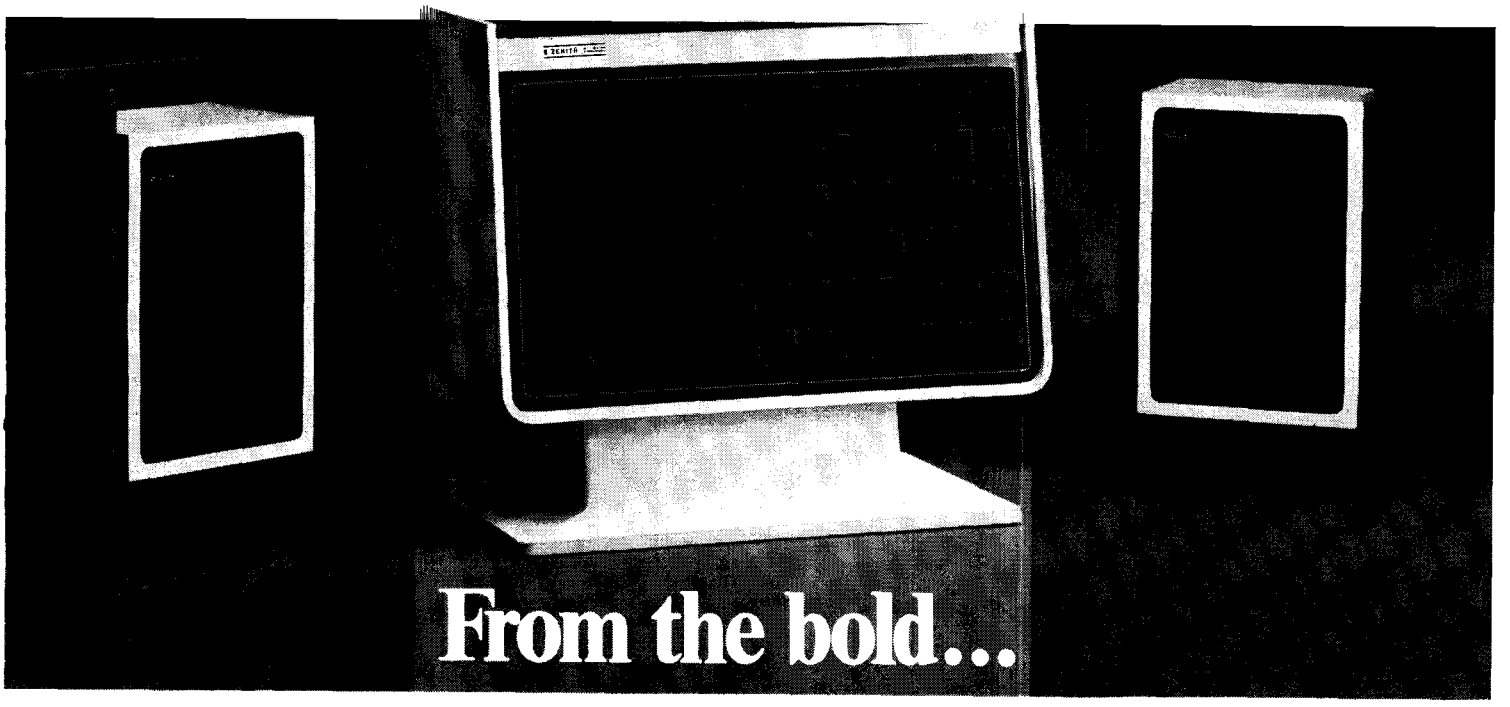

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nineteen. He says he won't take the risk of losing his license by handling any bootleg clams. But he says, "If a guy has the nerve to go out bootleggin' at night, I say good luck to him. He could be out robbing banks. If I was out driving at night and I saw him, I wouldn't squeal. I'd keep riding by like I never saw it."

The red tide, Lopilato claims, left him nearly bankrupt. "I wasn't that plentiful with money when this thing started. Things look tough. When you've clammed all your life, when you've had no schooling and no other trade, where do you go from there?"

In the aftermath of the red tide—the poisonous algae stopped multiplying in New England waters as mysteriously as they had begun—a number of measures were taken to bring relief to those affected by it. President Nixon declared the region a disaster area so that clam diggers like Peggy Foster could collect unemployment insurance. The Small Business Administration made loans available to give working capital to master diggers like Red Lopilato, as well as to retailers and wholesalers, but in many cases the businessmen will still be out considerable sums of money. Massachusetts is also planning an advertising campaign to boost the sea-food industry. A state task force on the red tide and its effects hasn't been able to put an exact price tag on the damage done to the industry there, except to say that it runs into the millons. Some wholesale fish dealers found their business dropped 60 per cent on all fish; people heard about the red tide and figured, if that stuff was in the water, they'd stop eating anything that came out of the sea.

Now most of the clam beds are open again. What long-range impact the red tide will have on the industry is not known, but it certainly won't boost the sale of clams. With the ever-increasing pollution of our coastal waters, the clam digger may one day go the way of the dodo and the passenger pigeon, and the clams, undisturbed, will gorge cheerfully on swill. □

Two Fishermen

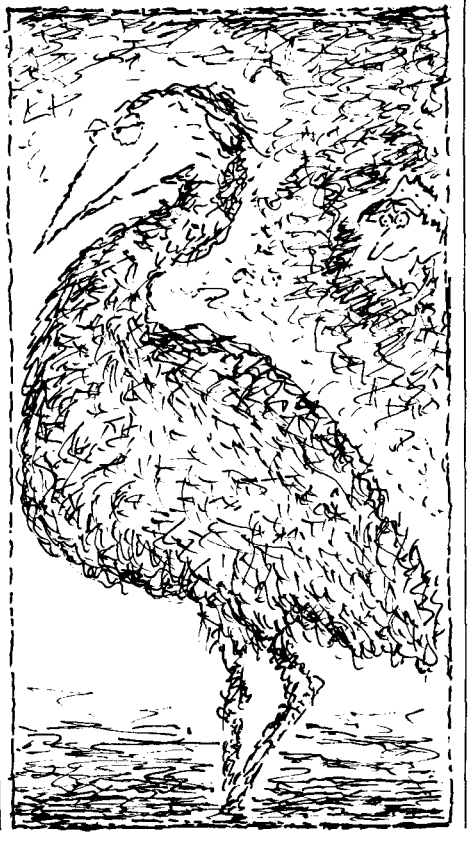
BY LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV

BRIDGETON, Me.—The stream was only a few yards wide and a couple of miles long, sauntering along with little bursts of rapids between two lakes near here. Thick woods ran deep on either side; there were only one or two small clearings along its entire length. I waded it all afternoon, starting back there where the dirt road crosses, then heading upstream, ducking the overhanging branches, skirting the pools that were more than waist-deep, sloppy-wet-chilly up to my waist in the warm sun, fishing a little Mepps spinner through every pocket of water large enough to hold a medium-sized smallmouth bass.

They weren't much, those smallmouth, running between twelve and fifteen inches; most of them didn't put up the fight you could expect from a brookie half their size. Still, they were there, and they seemed to like the Mepps, darting from under the far side of a submerged rock after the spinner with a silver rush, and then, SWACK, the familiar hit coming right through my arms, the rod bending, bending, the drag on the little reel loose and whining until they had enough line to make the fight interesting, if not all that exciting.

So I waded and waded, flipping the Mepps here and there, hoping that a lunker smallmouth or maybe a trout would emerge and make the afternoon come alive. One fairly straight stretch of water had a long, deep pool, and my hopes were up. Trees had dropped back from the banks of the stream, but they were replaced with a coarse growth of bushes that came to just above head level—just enough room to cast nice and long. Alas, no luck.

I had just fished the pool and was rounding a gradual bend upstream, wading slowly so as not to disturb the slow-moving clear water, when up ahead I noticed a gigantic bird atop a tiny, demure beaver dam, a creature almost too large to be real. He had his back to me and seemed to be peering intently into the pool on the other side of the dam. I froze, stood perfectly still as I watched him preside magnificently over the pond. I was only about fifteen or twenty feet away, and he was an elegant sight—a great blue heron.



I had seen only one other in my life, when my brother took me in a small, flat-bottomed skiff deep into a swamp somewhere off the Potomac south of Washington, D.C. That sighting had been from a much greater distance, but I remember being struck by the bird I saw that day. He was a fisherman, my brother had said, guiding us carefully among the reeds and lilies; he waded in shallow water and fished with his beak.

The beaver pond was twenty or thirty yards in length and pear-shaped; it was shallow at the near end, deep at the far. Over to one side I could see a beaver lodge—still lived in, it appeared; in good repair at any rate—and at the far end a brief falls, where water rushed into the pond with a white giggle, audible even from where I stood. The woods were that quiet.

The heron had the hue of a blue-point Siamese cat, a dusky grayness, bluish only on the edges, the high points in the fading, late-afternoon sun. Maybe three feet tall, he towered greatly over the beaver pond. I wondered: Do the beavers know he is here, and if so, does his great size cause them to slap the water and crash-dive, heading for the womb of their upside-down, coffee-cup lodge?

Then, suddenly, he whooossshhhed his wings upward once, then down, stretched to their full four or five feet—it seemed like six—and took off from the dam, glided over the beaver pond for a few yards, and rose slowly, his wings beating the air slowly like a rug strung over a clothes line in the backyard, his great neck doubled back arrogantly against his chest, then thrust forward almost wantonly as he passed above the trees, heading north.

I watched his slow and easy disappearance against the sky until he was as blue as it was. □

Lucian K. Truscott IV, who frequently comments on the political scene, is an avid outdoorsman.

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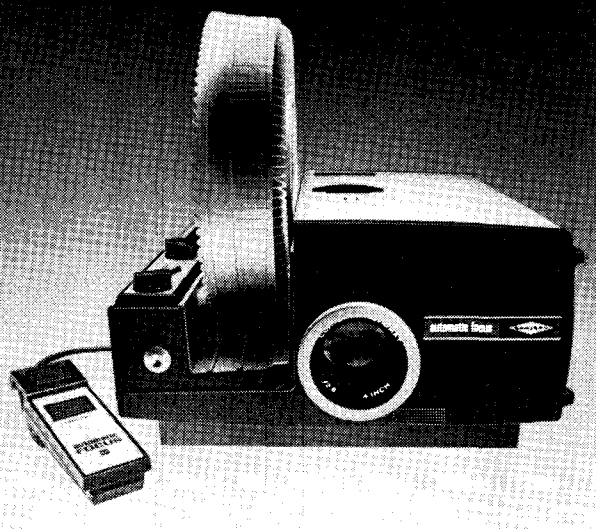

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Cold Comfort (Animal) Farm

BY PAUL WOHL

WEST MILFORD, N.J.—Jungle Habitat is the name of a 480-acre wildlife preserve in the Ramapo Mountains of northern New Jersey, an hour's drive from New York City. There animals from all over the world "are given the opportunity to survive and thrive without fear of extinction from predators." The quote comes from a press release describing the $10-million Warner Brothers enterprise. Beautifully laid out, this "international conclave of freely roaming animals and birds"—are the latter not also animals?—has been toured by more than 500,000 paying visitors ($3.75 per adult, $2.00 for each child) since it opened on July 15.

The entertainment value of Jungle Habitat is certain. Lions, rhinoceroses, bears, llamas, giraffes, elephants, and baboons come up to the visitor's car as he drives through the preserve—windows cautiously closed—slowly, bumper to bumper, over nearly six miles of paved trails. The woods have been thinned to ensure good viewing. And if the animals refuse to come close enough for inspection, "jungle rangers," riding in white jeeps and wearing safari hats, stir them up with long poles. These mechanized jungle boys also see to it that the animals do not block the trails. Usually, the rangers have only to show themselves to make even the fiercest and bulkiest animals get a move on.

The preserve obviously has some educational value, too. Yet whether Warner Brothers' cast of animals enjoys "roaming the forest range at will . . . and being free to explore the American bush country that has all the comforts of home" is another matter.

A number of facts suggest that this and similar ventures—Warner Brothers plans to establish ten or more Jungle Habitats throughout the country and other firms are designing similar facilities—may well mark the beginning of the end for many of the world's rapidly declining wild-animal species.

First, a few big scoops into the remaining animal reserve of any given area, as when a dealer sends off a thousand animals to America, unbalances the ecology and threatens the survival of a great number of other animals there. In the case of already endangered species, of course, any transfer to a foreign zoo or preserve further endangers its survival.

Second, removing an animal from its natural habitat inhibits reproduction. This becomes a critical problem when the transported animals are an endangered species—as are, for example, Siberian tigers, of which Jungle Habitat has twelve. Two were born in New Jersey from a tigress brought pregnant to America; the rest were shipped to this country from an animal dealer's stockade in Kenya. (Interestingly, a few years ago, when on behalf of an American friend I approached the director of Tsoo Tsentr, the Soviet agency in charge of the care and distribution of wild animals in the U.S.S.R., I was told: "You Americans think that you can get everything for money. We are not selling Siberian tigers to anyone until the stock has been replenished." How the Kenya dealer got his tigers is his secret.)

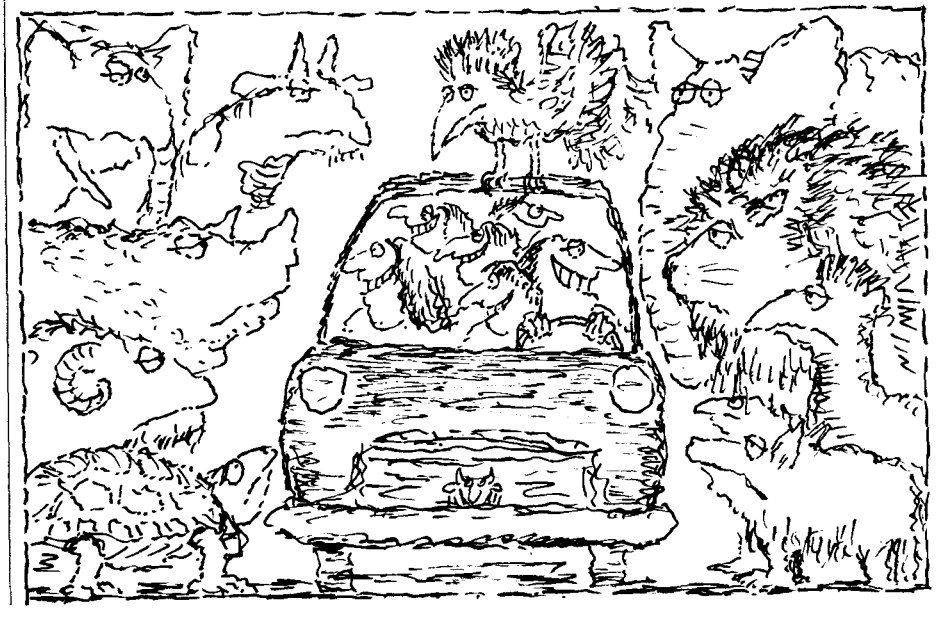
Third, the process of moving animals from one climate to another can constitute a fatal shock. According to Jaren G. Horsley, curator of reptiles at the National Zoo in Washington, D.C., the death rate for mammals at most zoos is roughly 5 per cent each year, while the rate of losses for birds can range up to 15 per cent and for reptiles up to 30 per cent. The principal cause of untimely deaths is, he says, the trauma that occurs in transit from the dealers and during the quarantine period. Mr. Horsley accordingly stresses the crucial importance of good veterinary care in the initial stages of an animal's adjustment to its new home. Jungle Habitat has one resident veterinarian for its 1,500 animals.

A large poster at the entrance of the New Jersey preserve reads: "All employees of Jungle Habitat are members of one or more Humane Societies, Environment Protection Agencies, and Animal Preservation Agencies." However, some twenty rangers and other Jungle Habitat employees, questioned about which society or agency they belonged to, displayed complete ignorance of the existence of these organizations. I found that most of the jungle rangers were local boys who had no previous experience in working with animals.

Jungle Habitat press releases claim that Mrs. Sue Pressman, chief zoologist of the American Humane Society, "has agreed to monitor the development of the New Jersey preserve . . . and accepted responsibility for checking the handling of the animals to ensure proper care." I called Mrs. Pressman. She said that neither she nor the society has any such special agreement with Warner Brothers.

By all accounts the animals on the New Jersey preserve were in fine fettle during the warm months following the official opening. (The show-business opening featured, among other things,

> Wild animals come up to the visitor's car as he drives through the preserve—windows cautiously closed—bumper to bumper.



Paul Wohl, who writes on political affairs for the Christian Science Monitor, *is honorary adviser of the New York Herpetological Society and has contributed articles on reptiles and other animals to several American and European publications.*

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a U.S. Marine Corps color guard and Governor William Cahill riding a full-grown African elephant.) But with the passing of summer it has become evident that accommodations for many Jungle Habitat animals are wholly inadequate.

On October 19 two qualified observers—Mr. Robert Zappalorti, longtime reptile keeper of the Staten Island Zoo, and Mr. Saul Friess, noted animal photographer and member of several zoological societies—visited Jungle Habitat. The temperature in the preserve, which lies at an altitude of 400 to 500 feet, was 44 degrees. There had been an unseasonably early snow. A herd of some twenty young elephants stood huddled together, shivering from the cold. Rhinoceroses lay shivering on the still snow-dusted ground. Taking a look at the pen where giant land tortoises from Aldabra Island in the Indian Ocean are kept, Zappalorti saw twenty-five of them lying on a bare, cement platform. (Earlier in the year, Zappalorti was told, these animals from close to the equator had been hosed every evening with cold water to make them look "clean and shiny.") Zappalorti and Friess urged members of Jungle Habitat's staff to move the giant tortoises into a shed heated by lamps and to put hay on the floor.

When I visited Jungle Habitat on October 23, I found that these measures had been taken. However, the tortoises' eyes looked watery, and there were bubbles on their noses—generally a sign of incipient pneumonia. (Originally, Jungle Habitat had forty giant tortoises; on October 19 twenty-five were on view; when I looked in on them there were only eight—the others, I was told, had been removed to an "animal-holding area" in Ohio, where Jungle Habitat's giraffes and alligators will also spend the winter. By November 5, when Mr. David Hulmes, president of the New York Herpetological Society, visited the premises, three of these eight tortoises had died. A fourth showed signs of imminent death.)

It had warmed up to about 60 on the day of my visit. I hoped that at least the normally high-strung rhinoceroses would be stimulated by this change in the weather. Instead, the nine so-called white rhinoceroses I saw were standing around apathetically among the sparse trees. Elsewhere I was depressed to see that the jungle rangers kept Jungle Habitat's thirty-three lions—two-and-a-half prides—in almost constant motion. In their natural habitat lions remain practically immobile for as long as eighteen hours at a time. During these long periods of rest they charge up, as it were, for their

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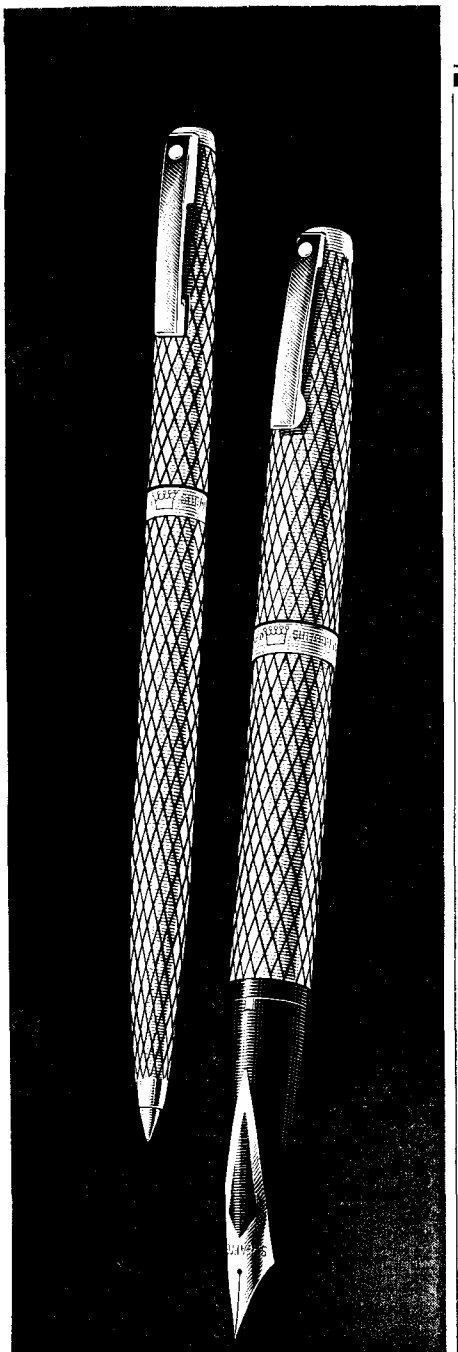

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A herd of some twenty young elephants stood huddled together, shivering from the cold. Rhinoceroses lay on the snow-dusted ground.

sudden displays of strength and speed. The same is true of leopards and panthers.

In the Moscow Zoo, which in earlier years made experiments in the spirit of Isaiah's prophecy that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, a panther was placed in a cage with a nanny goat. The next morning the panther was dead. The nanny goat had butted it and kept it moving all night. One wonders how Jungle Habitat's beautiful lions fare under the prodding of the rangers' poles.

New Jersey is in for another entertaining onslaught on the world's wildlife. Maxwell Wild Reserves, Inc., a British outfit, has purchased 2,500 acres in the state's Ocean County Pine Barrens. Maxwell Wild Reserves, which has offices in New York, has made provisions for displaying, among other exotics, 300 baboons, 110 lions, sixty zebras, forty-five tigers, thirty elephants, and seven huge Galapagos tortoises—whose export is strictly forbidden by Ecuador.

The United States has few federal laws regulating the import of wild animals. And the few there are—such as the one that forbids bringing in "spotted cats" less than six weeks old—are brazenly circumvented. Only public indignation and concern can call a halt to the manipulations of entrepreneurs in liaison with big animal dealers.

One should not, however, condemn *in toto* the idea of a wild-animal preserve. The San Diego Wild Animal Park, operated under the auspices of the famous San Diego Zoo, and the smaller Bush Garden in Florida show that, in the right climatic conditions, sufficiently large and conscientiously managed animal preserves enable endangered species to survive. Incidentally, neither of these preserves admits automobiles. Visitors view the animals from slowly moving monorails.

There is no reason why, in New Jersey or in other northern states, similarly attractive preserves cannot be built—with open ranges for native animals and for species from the cool and temperate zones of other parts of the world, together with spacious paddocks, equipped with winter shelters, for subtropical and tropical species. (Ill-equipped to house the latter, Jungle Habitat affords a congenial range for its fine collection of bison, musk ox, llamas, reindeer, wolves, and other species that flourish in a cool climate.)

One eloquent advocate of such preserves is Dr. Bernhard Grzimek—director of the Frankfurt Zoo, initiator of East Africa's wild-animal parks, and the author of *Serengeti Shall Not Die*, *Rhinos Belong to Everybody*, and *Wild Animals, White Man*. Dr. Grzimek is presently very much concerned with the preservation of Europe's disappearing native fauna, which, like the North American fauna, is hard to keep and to propagate in zoological gardens.

Plans drawn up by Dr. Grzimek for an animal preserve in the West German state of Hesse envision a park of more than two thousand acres on which trees and shrubbery are to grow wild. There, native European animals would live together with those exotic species that can stand the northern winter so long as they are provided with stables. (Experiments of this sort have been made successfully for years in the large Warsaw Zoo, where tropical monkeys and lions can be seen frolicking in the snow. During the night or when the weather gets too bad, they retire to heated houses.) Zoologists, for their part, could learn more about the needs of foreign wild animals by observing them in such parks than they can by studying them in conventional zoos.

Although Dr. Grzimek's project is designed to serve scientific zoology, it is also expected to bring in money from visitors. They would be transported by a very slow-moving, noiseless train, which, says Dr. Grzimek, could safely come quite close to supposedly dangerous animals. The narrow-gauge rails would be hidden in the grass, and none of the installations would intrude on the landscape.

The European approach stresses the public interest in protecting wildlife and the educational value of a large, essentially noncommercial animal preserve. Behind it is the concept—prevalent in Europe but much less so here—of a mixed economy in which private and public interests cooperate.

Whether such an approach is possible in this country is a moot question. But it also is questionable whether an informed public will tolerate the exploitation, for private profit, of its legitimate interest in wild animals, at the expense of the animals' survival, not only in their preserves but also in their progressively plundered native habitats. □

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Letters

Leakey Remembered

It was fitting that you should publish the excellent article by Harry L. Shapiro, "Louis S. B. Leakey, 1903–1972" [*SR*, Oct. 28]. Quite appropriately, Dr. Shapiro emphasized Dr. Louis S. B. Leakey's unique discoveries in Africa. I feel that his work in the United States also deserves mention. From 1964 until his death Dr. Leakey directed an excavation in the Calico Mountains near Barstow, California, where workers, under Miss Dee Simpson, unearthed chipped-stone tools and weapons at least fifty thousand years old. He authenticated over 600 specimens as the work of man. Previously discovered North American artifacts date back only about twenty thousand years. The most dramatic find at Calico, in 1968, was a hearth of thirteen stones arranged in a semi-circle.

Like so many of Dr. Leakey's discoveries, the hearth and the artifacts caused strong controversy. Dispute centered on the fifty-thousand-year-old figure, many geologists feeling the hearth is at least one hundred thousand years old. Since most dating techniques are useless at the site, geological evidence will have to decide the issue. Whatever the verdict, it appears that, through the Calico team, Dr. Leakey, discoverer of the earliest men, also found traces of the earliest Americans.

Letha Curtis Musgrave
Culver City, Calif.

Dr. Shapiro's fine tribute to the genius of Louis Leakey caught his never-ending curiosity and enthusiasm. An added point might have been the enthusiasm Dr. Leakey generated in thousands of young people and the time he took out to help them on their way. This foundation has established memorial fellowships to support projects Dr. Leakey launched.

Dr. E. S. Munger
L. S. B. Leakey Foundation
Los Angeles, Calif.

Gagging the Press

Robert Gallagher's piece on Peter Bridge [*SR*, Up Front, Oct. 28] was a revealing look at some of the issues in that case. It omits, however, a bit of legal precedent.

Contrary to Gallagher's assertion, the New Jersey shield law was first passed back in 1933, not "ten years ago." It has been tested in the state's courts several times. The three reported cases all involved New Jersey newspapers as participants—including two libel cases.

Most importantly, the New Jersey courts have consistently given *very* constricted interpretations to the protection afforded by the state's shield law. Thus, to view the Bridge case solely as a result of the Caldwell decision is to discount a thirty-year series of restrictive precedents in the New Jersey courts. Perhaps the prosecutor wouldn't have moved without the Caldwell decision, but, nevertheless, the New Jersey precedents were strongly in his favor.

David Gordon
Evanston, Ill.

Imprisoning journalists who refuse to divulge their sources of information is a negation not only of the reporter's freedom to investigate without official duress but also of the public's right to know. "Free press" is an empty term when journalists can be coerced to reveal what would jeopardize their professional status and stunt the public's access to information. If strenuous objections are not raised, there will be other cases like Peter Bridge's.

Michael G. Driver
San Francisco, Calif.

Political Science

Daniel S. Greenberg's article "David and Indifference" [*SR*, Sept. 30] quotes a recent MIT Ph.D. thesis, which itself quotes an anonymous member of the Strategic Military Panel of the President's Science Advisory Committee (PSAC), who noted: ". . . one month before the 1968 election a meeting of a panel of the President's Science Advisory Committee (PSAC) was converted into a working session of Scientists and Engineers for Humphrey-Muskie, to the chagrin of at least one panel member who was a Nixon supporter."

I was a member of that panel and attended all meetings during that period. I certainly did not "arrange calling and canvass activities." In fact, I voted for Mr. Nixon in 1968.

In 1960 Jerome Wiesner forthrightly inquired of President Eisenhower (via G. Kistiakowsky, the President's Science Adviser) whether the President felt that Wiesner should resign from the PSAC in view of his intention to work for the election of John F. Kennedy. President Eisenhower said that, unless Wiesner made public speeches attacking the administration or its candidate, it was entirely in order for him to remain an active member of the PSAC. And that is what happened.

Richard L. Garwin
Yorktown Heights, N. Y.

Tragedy at Tsavo

I read Daphne Sheldrick's article "Death of the Tsavo Elephants" [*SR*, Sept. 30] after having returned from a trip to East Africa, where I saw the Tsavo situation firsthand. I hope that no human being will be able to successfully absolve himself of the responsibility for the deaths of over five thousand Tsavo elephants.

The problem at Tsavo is purely man-made and should never be justified by the forecast of a more productive grassland.

William S. Huey
Assistant Director—Operations
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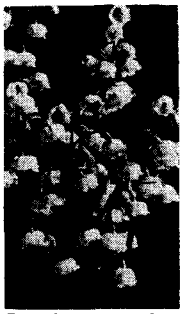
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Editorial

The Meaning of the Mandate

One of the more arresting features of Richard Nixon's greatest triumph is that it occurred ten years to the day after his worst defeat. It was on November 7, 1962, in the wake of his losing bid for the governorship of California, that he stalked down to a press conference and bitterly told reporters that they would no longer be able to kick him around because he was quitting politics. His climb back from the depths rivals the comebacks of Churchill and de Gaulle, and now he is at the pinnacle of his career, the engineer of one of the most lopsided victories in American political history.

It was not, however, an unmitigated personal success. The turnout was one of the lowest in decades, with less than 55 per cent of the nation's 136 million eligible voters casting ballots. When more than 62 million people sit out an election, a certain lack of ardor is indicated. Moreover, it may well be that the great outpouring of votes for Nixon was less a vote of confidence in the man and his policies than a vote of nonconfidence in his opponent, less a recognition of his superb leadership than a vote for things as they are and for Nixon as custodian of the status quo.

The best thing that Nixon had going for him was George McGovern's economic program, which alienated millions of Americans who see themselves on the threshold of affluence and don't want their slice of the pie reduced in size before they've even had a chance to taste it. (A Bronx cheer is in order here for the uncompromising practitioners of the New Politics, who helped elect Nixon in the first place in 1968 by blackjacking Hubert Humphrey and who helped reelect him in 1972 by demanding swifter and more radical change than most Americans were ready to absorb.)

What does Nixon's mandate mean in terms of his day-to-day functioning? In one sense, relatively little. Had he won by one vote instead of seventeen million or so, he still would have been cloaked with all the immense powers of the presidency. John F. Kennedy did not consider himself one whit less a President because he was elected by a margin of less than one per cent; nor did Nixon, for that matter, in similar circumstances in 1968. Both moved boldly in certain areas, but both suffered from a lack of what political scientist Richard Neustadt calls "leeway." Without the leeway that grows out of a broad base of popular support, says Neustadt, a President "may not be left helpless, but his options are reduced, his opportunities diminished, his freedom for maneuver checked in the degree that Washington conceives him unimpressive to the public."

Well, the American public has given Richard Nixon leeway to spare, and now it remains to be seen what he will do with it. Will he, as the more apocalyptic New Leftists solemnly warn, finally show his true colors by scrapping the First Amendment, clapping newsmen and assorted dissenters into concentration camps, and rescinding his promise to end the war in Vietnam? Or will he, as his admirers maintain, move in surprising directions to ensure himself a favorable place in the history books now that he is no longer haunted by the need to run for reelection (and by the need to convince himself that he *is* loved, after all)? Both attitudes assume that the real Richard Nixon will now stand up; both betray totally contrasting notions of who the real Richard Nixon is. That is not surprising. In spite of the fact that he has spent more than a quarter of a century in public life (or, perhaps, because of it, since politics prompts most men to fashion impenetrable masks for their protection and convenience), nobody seems to know the real Richard Nixon. If there is one.

Nonetheless, it can safely be said that a number of constraints will be operating to prevent Nixon from doing his worst—or best. As F.D.R. once put it: "I am the captain of the ship, but I never forget that it is the seas which control the captain; that events and public opinion are the limitations on my power and the implements of it."

Beyond unpredictable circumstances and shifting public support, there is Congress to consider, and Nixon once again will have to contend with a Democratic House and Senate. Then, too, there is growing distrust, if not outright fear, of the very institution of the presidency. Largely because of the undeclared war in Vietnam, notes Sir Denis Brogan, the British historian, "the presidency now is seen not as the great saving, unifying institution which it has been in the past but as a dangerous institution which has got to be cut down to size."

Of critical importance too is the President's own attitude toward his office. Nixon's first term was a curious mixture of activism in foreign affairs and passivity in domestic affairs. The next four years are likely to bring up the mixture as before, for Nixon commented recently: "In the field of foreign policy, a President can act, and he should act, and he should lead and, generally speaking, he can carry the country with him. But in the field of domestic policy, it is a very, very different matter. Here a President can propose, and then Congress does what it pleases."

Accordingly, in foreign affairs he is likely to press for a consolidation of the understandings with Moscow and Peking, and we might even see the beginnings of an opening toward Cuba. The negotiations on Vietnam will probably be affected by what Nixon is certain to interpret as an endorsement of his "peace-with-honor" stance, and as a result a cease-fire might be delayed. Domestically, we can expect a marked degree of restraint in Nixon's promotion of social programs, particularly in view of his determination to limit federal spending to $250 billion a year. The Watergate burglary/bugging and assorted other scandals will be swept under a very capacious carpet. Unless Nixon and the working press declare a truce, which would be out of character for both, the next four years are not likely to be any more open than were the first four, and the First Amendment is likely to continue to be treated as an inconvenience.

In his telegram conceding the election to his rival, George McGovern expressed the wish that Richard Nixon "will lead us to a time of peace abroad and justice at home." In his victory speech Nixon spoke several times of his desire for a "generation of peace" and said, "This is a great goal!" He said nothing, however, about justice at home, and that is an equally great goal. Let us hope that it is not overlooked.

Ronald P. Kriss

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A.S.

Answer on page 77

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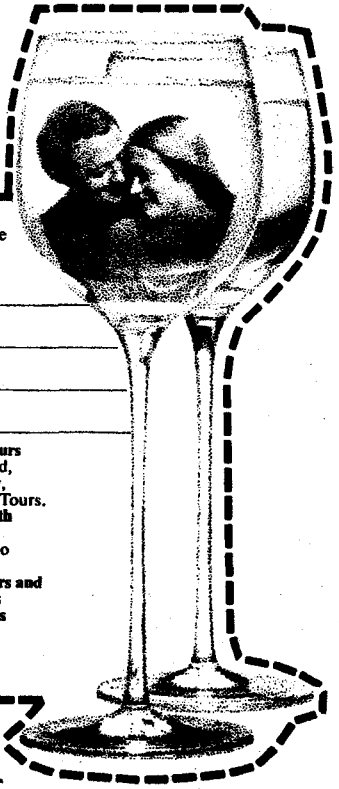

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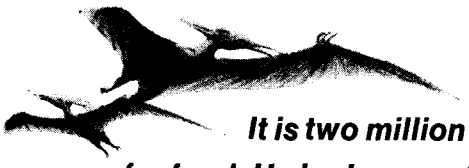

It is two million years ago. On an African savanna, a strange creature browses for food. He looks something like an ape and also like a man. He walks upright — yet his forehead is flat, his jaw thrusts forward. He doesn't know it — but he represents a giant step forward in evolution. For he is the "missing link" between ape and man . . .

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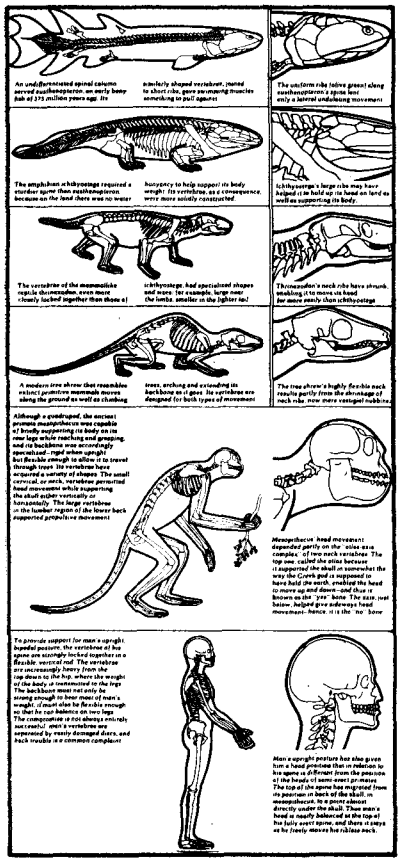

Color-keyed charts like this make the evolutionary processes easy to understand.

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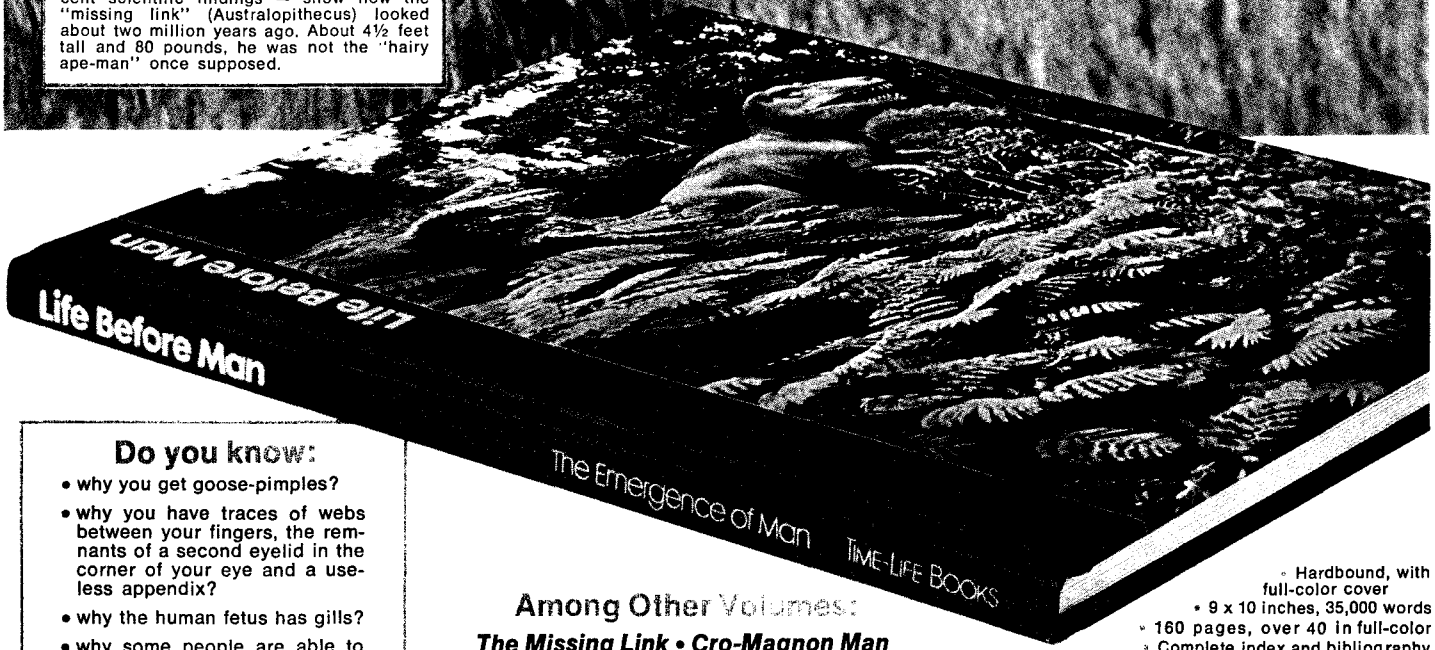
Dramatic "photo-paintings" — based on recent scientific findings — show how the "missing link" (Australopithecus) looked about two million years ago. About 4½ feet tall and 80 pounds, he was not the "hairy ape-man" once supposed.



Do you know:

- why you get goose-pimples?
- why you have traces of webs between your fingers, the remnants of a second eyelid in the corner of your eye and a useless appendix?
- why the human fetus has gills?
- why some people are able to wiggle their ears?
- in what way Neanderthal Man was "religious"?
- where and when wine-drinking began?
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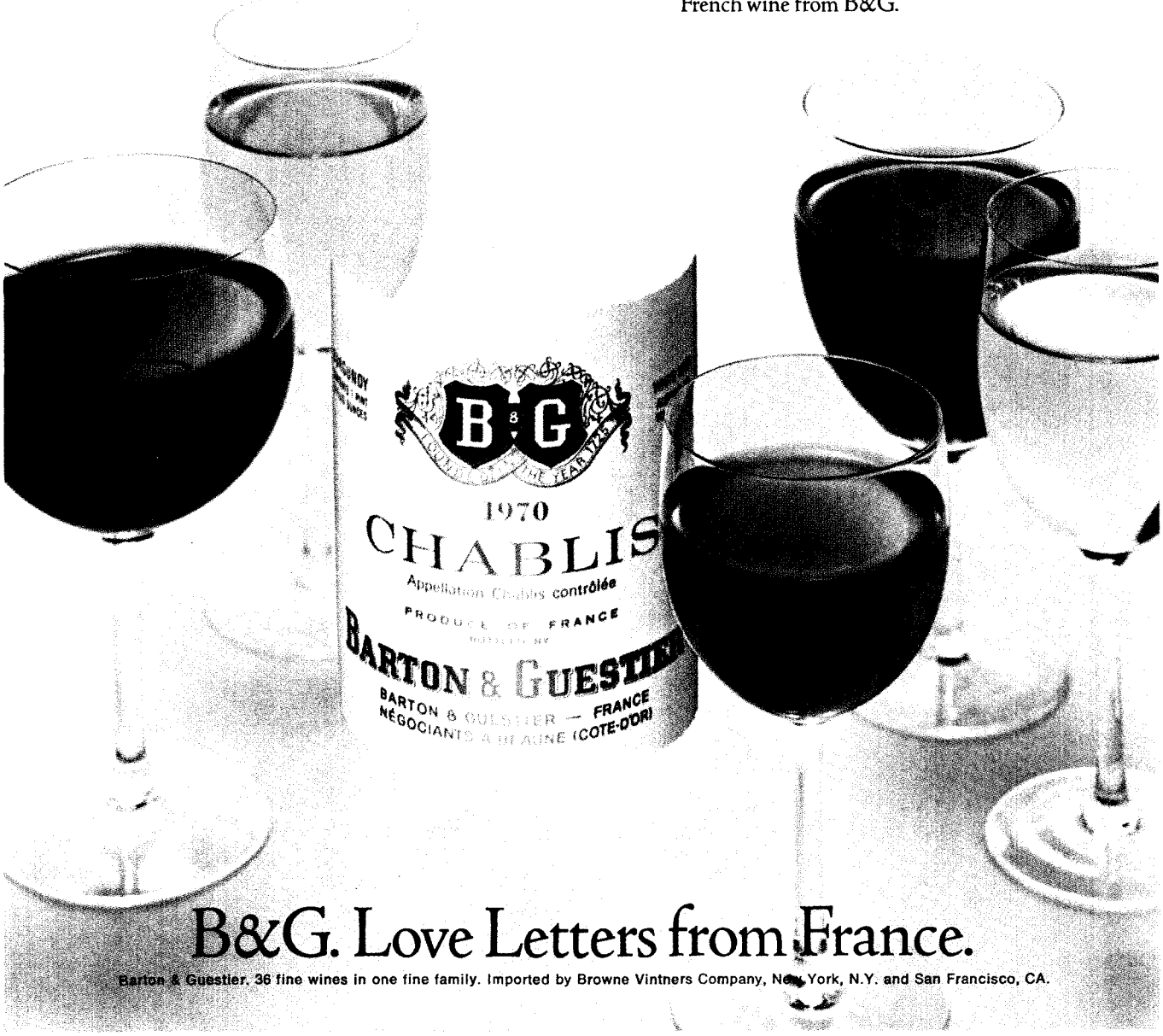

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Saturday Review of
SCIENCE

The Ethnogastronomy of Thanksgiving.

BY JAMES DEETZ AND JAY ANDERSON

"Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men on fowling, that we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. The four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our governor, and upon the captain and others. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God, we are so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our plenty."

So wrote Pilgrim Edward Winslow to a friend in England shortly after the colonists of New Plymouth celebrated their first successful harvest. This brief passage is the only eyewitness description of the events that were to become the basis of a uniquely American holiday: Thanksgiving. As with so many of the facts of the Pilgrims' first years in America, this occasion has become

James Deetz, an archeologist who teaches at Brown University, is assistant director of Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, Massachusetts. Jay Anderson is an ethnogastronomist and director of the graduate program in American studies at Pennsylvania State University, Middleton. *All photographs are re-creations staged at Plimoth Plantation, Massachusetts.*

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The Pilgrims' first winter in the New World took a heavy toll; only half of them survived it. The stores from the Mayflower *were not enough, and they had to compete with both Indians and wild predators for fish and game. Above, a Pilgrim has netted a fish.*

so imbued with tradition that it is difficult to place it in the perspective it occupied in Winslow's eyes. Indeed, any reference to giving thanks is notably missing from Winslow's description. What took place on that fall day some three-and-a-half centuries ago is best understood as the first harvest festival held on American soil, the acting out of an institution of great antiquity in the England the Pilgrims had left behind. It was a time of joy, celebration, and carousing, far removed from any suggestion of solemn religious concern. To appreciate just what it meant to those Englishmen, we must know who they were and what they had endured in the year prior to that first harvest of 1621.

The one hundred and one emigrants who crowded aboard the *Mayflower* in the fall of 1620 were a mixed lot. Thirty-five of them were religious dissenters who had known years of persecution, flight, and exile. Another sixty-six were added to the group by its financial backers to bring their total number to a level deemed sufficient to establish a colony in the New World. Whether a nondissenting cooper like John Alden or a religious leader like William Brewster, each member of the tiny band carried the mark of English culture as it was on the eve of the Renaissance. Save for the higher social classes, which were not represented in the group, the English people of the time were products of a medieval world whose legacy was still felt in the first years of the seventeenth century. It is easy to forget that 1620 is further removed in time from the American Revolution than it is from Columbus's discovery of the New World in 1492. So it was that the church members—"saints," as they styled themselves—carried the strong tradition of East Anglian yeoman culture to the New World, its peasant customs deeply rooted in the soil and its bounty. The others in the group—called "strangers" by William Bradford—were a more heterogeneous lot, many coming from the urban world of London, others from the countryside. As a group they were to re-create a culture in New England that bore unmistakable traces of the Middle Ages, whether it be in dress style, the arrangement of their community, their theology, or their social institutions.

From the start events seemed to conspire against the Pilgrims as they prepared to depart from England. They were originally scheduled to sail in late summer on two ships, but difficulties with one of them resulted in their

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The hardships of starting a new colony were exacerbated by the lateness of the year and by disease. But in spite of the difficulties, a tiny town of twelve houses was constructed on the shores of Cape Cod. The photograph above shows the colony in winter.

being crowded aboard the *Mayflower*, which finally put to sea in mid-September. The crossing itself was, for that time, successful; only one of the company perished. (Just two years before, another group of 180 dissenters had attempted to reach Virginia from Amsterdam; only forty-nine survived.) After sixty-six days at sea land was sighted off Cape Cod, and the weary band, much buffeted by ocean storms, must have indeed been glad to have arrived. But by then the year was old, and there was no hope of acquiring adequate sustenance from the land in the coming months.

After some preliminary explorations of the Cape, a site for a settlement was finally selected in what had been an extensive Indian cornfield some years in the past. Evidence of the Indians' former presence was everywhere. Exploring Cape Cod on foot, the Pilgrims discovered and excavated an Indian grave and entered an abandoned Indian encampment, where they found buried corn caches, some of which they appropriated. Later they would repay the Indians for the corn they had taken on that cold November day. But they had only one encounter with living Indians at that time, which was hostile and involved an exchange of shots for arrows; no one was injured in the incident. Had the Pilgrims known the situation, there would have been less concern about the Indians than they must have felt. Three years earlier the Indian population of the New England coast had been ravaged by some European disease, and as much as three-fourths of the population had perished. The Pilgrims were to have no further confrontations with the Indians until the following spring, and their next one was to be dramatically different.

Their first year in the New World started badly. Upon arrival there had been rumblings of dissension from the "strangers" in the company, and anarchy seemed a real threat. This problem was met by framing the famous *Mayflower* Compact, which established a participatory form of government for the settlers. But even if all had been harmonious among the people, the physical hardships of establishing a colony were genuine and disturbing: using the *Mayflower* as a base of operations, work parties went ashore daily, constructing a common house and a platform for their guns, laying out house lots, and scavenging food supplies. Slowly, as the winter wore on, a small town began to grow on shore. The work was done under physical hardship, coupled with the latent threat

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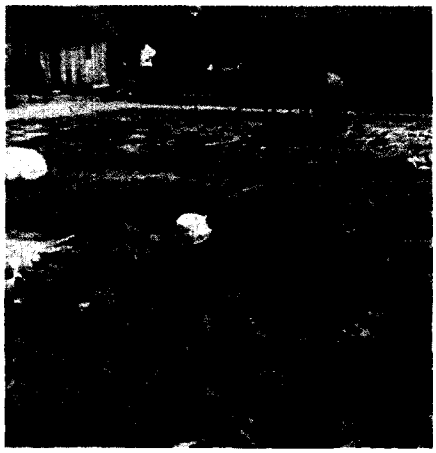
Work for the women was as hard as for the men. In addition to feeding livestock (above) and weeding the gardens (a pumpkin patch in the photo below), women were responsible for all the cooking, cleaning, sewing—in short, all the usual domestic chores.

from Indians, who appeared from time to time in the distance but never came close enough to engage in conversation. At other times smoke from the fires of unseen people appeared in the distance.

As the tiny town grew, its population declined. William Bradford's account of the winter's sickness lends a sense of immediacy to what must have been a terrible time: "So as there died some times two or three of a day in the foresaid time, that of 100 and odd persons, scarce fifty remained. And of these, in the time of most distress, there was but six or seven sound persons who to their great commendations, be it spoken, spared no pains night nor day, but with abundance of toil and hazard of their own health, fetched them wood, made them fires, dressed them meat, made their beds, washed their loathsome clothes, clothed and unclothed them. In a word, did all the homely and necessary offices for them which dainty and queasy stomachs cannot endure to hear named . . . ."

Just how hungry the Pilgrims were during these trying times is less clear. Provisions had been moved ashore from the ship and stored in the common house. That these were not ample for the group is suggested by numerous references in their journal to the other foods they acquired—on one occasion they killed an eagle, ate it, and said that it was remarkably like mutton. The appearance of a single herring on the shore in January raised hopes of more, but they "got but one cod; [they] wanted small hooks," and this was eaten by the master of the ship "to his supper." In at least one case they found themselves in competition with both Indians and wild animals: "He found also a good deer killed; the savages had cut off the horns, and a wolf was eating of him; how he came there we could not conceive." But it would seem that, while



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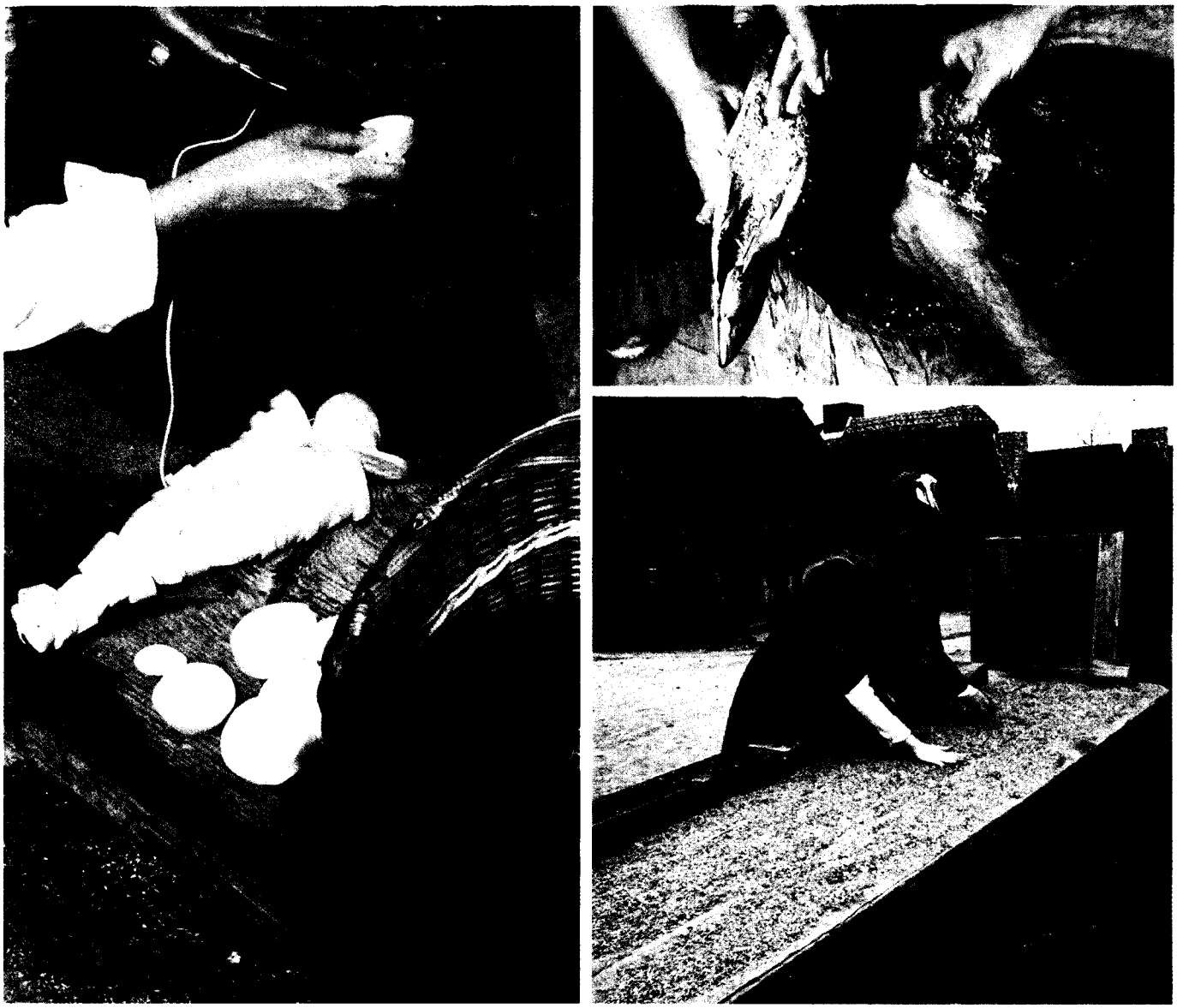

Above left: summer squash, new to the Pilgrims, is being strung in an attempt to preserve it against the coming winter. Top right: salting fish, the ancient way of food preservation. Bottom right: barley grains being spread out to germinate in preparation for brewing ale.

food was never plentiful, actual starvation was held at bay. Yet if death was a constant companion, hunger was almost certainly a regular visitor to them.

The winter gave way to the warming sun, and on March 3, 1621, "the wind was south, the morning misty, but towards noon warm and fair weather; the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly." With the coming of spring, there was a welling up of hope. On March 16 a remarkable thing occurred: ". . . there presented himself a savage, which caused an alarm. He very boldly came all alone and along the houses straight to the rendezvous, where we intercepted him, not suffering him to go in, as undoubtedly he would, out of boldness. He saluted us in English and bade us welcome. . . ." The appearance of an English-speaking Indian was truly a source of wonder to the Pilgrims; indeed, it was thought to be providential.

This first Indian to come among the Englishmen was Samoset, whose home was in Maine. He told the Pilgrims of yet another English-speaking Indian, Squanto by name, who had more fluency in the language than he. Small wonder that he did, for Squanto had been kidnapped by one Thomas Hunt in 1614, sold into slavery in Spain only to escape to England, where he found a home with the treasurer of the Newfoundland Company. He made at least one round trip to America and back before returning again in 1618; jumping ship, he made his way back to his home at Plymouth only to find that his people had been wiped out by the disease of the year before. The role of these two Indians in the first year of the Pilgrims' life in America was immense. Before March had run its course, they had arranged a meeting between the English and Massasoit, the chief of the local Wampanoags, which resulted in the concluding of a treaty of peace and mutual assistance. It was Squanto who instructed the Pilgrims in the ways of planting corn with herring taken from the local brooks, where they ran thick in the spring. This first corn crop was to assume a critical role in their life before the year was out.

The Pilgrims were genuinely surprised that the Indians wished to live at peace with them. Their reasons for doing so were doubtless complex. In the first place they were not the fearsome people the Pilgrims had been led to believe inhabited the land. The history of European-Indian relations before the coming of the Pilgrims is marked by trust and friendliness on the Indians' part, all too often betrayed.

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Harvest Home week was a time of good eating. The Pilgrim above carves a boned, stuffed, and roasted haunch of venison. The skewered mallard in the foreground awaits the same fate.

Yet, although stories of the Europeans' actions had circulated among the Indians over all of northeastern North America, it seems that not all Indians were ready to believe the worst. But there was more to it than that. The epidemic of 1617 had upset the balance of power that had prevailed among the native American population for years. The Indians who had suffered most were those along the coast, where the disease had had its most drastic effect. Not far inland were Narragansets and further west Pequots, neither of whom had felt its effects. It would be insulting to the intelligence of Massasoit and his Wampanoags to believe that they did not perceive the advantage English allies would give them in opposition to their western neighbors. In the words of one of the Pilgrim chroniclers of the time: "We cannot yet conceive but that he [Massasoit] is willing to have peace with us, for they have seen our people sometimes alone two or three in the woods at work and fowling, when as they offered them no harm as they might easily have done, and especially because he hath a potent adversary the Narragansets, that are at war with him, against whom he thinks we may be some strength to him, for our pieces are terrible unto them."

And so it was that by the late spring of 1621 the surviving fifty Pilgrims had cause to hope. Their fears of conflict with the Indians had been at least temporarily calmed. Eleven houses had been built along a narrow street. Hardly well appointed, they were sturdy structures built in the timber-framed tradition of their homeland and afforded shelter and comfort to the small band. The sickness had passed, and judging from what William Bradford was to write years later, the food supply did not present a critical problem. By the summer of 1621 nature was favoring the Pilgrims with wild foodstuffs: ". . . others were exercised in fishing, about cod and bass and other fish, of which they took good store, of which every family had their portion. All the summer there was no want. . . . And besides waterfowl there was a great store of wild turkey, of which they took many, besides venison, etc. Besides they had about a peck of meal a week to a person. . . ." The meal could only have been the remains of the stores brought on the *Mayflower*, for Bradford added, "or now since harvest, Indian corn to that proportion." But with the memory of the past winter painfully fresh, the Pilgrims could ill afford to rest and rely on providence to supply them. It was critical that they produce a crop to insure an adequate surplus for the coming winter. To this end they planted their fields with a mixture of English and Indian crops. Twenty acres were put into Indian corn, after the planting advice tendered by Squanto, and also some six acres of peas and barley. As the summer progressed, the troubles that had earlier dogged the company seemed to threaten a return. The barley failed to measure up to expectations. Worse, the peas were a total disaster. "They came up very well, and blossomed, but the sun parched them in the blossom."

After the total failure of July's pea crop and the disappointment with August's "indifferent good barley," the Pilgrims faced a real threat of starvation. This may at first seem strange, considering their assessment of wild foods: "For fish and fowl, we have great abundance; fresh cod in the summer is but coarse meat with us; our bay is full of lobsters all the summer and affordeth variety of other fish; in September we can take a hogshead of eels in a night, with small labor, and can dig them out of their beds all the winter. We have mussels . . . all the earth sendeth forth naturally very good sallet herbs. Here are grapes, white and red, and very sweet and strong also. Strawberries, gooseberries, raspas, etc. Plums of three sorts, with black and red, being almost as good as damson. . . ." However, none of these foods are high in energy, and the typical English farmer was accustomed to a diet that gave him almost six thousand calories a day. To get these calories, he ate a normal daily diet of one pound of meal or peas cooked up in a porridge, pudding, or bread, over half a pound of butter and cheese, and a full gallon of strong, dark ale. Some dried or corned meat and fish were also eaten but usually only in small amounts—a

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Athletics were part of the harvest celebration. At left, a Pilgrim prepares to throw a weight (in this case a heavy stone). Photo at right: a Pilgrim playing "stool ball."

quarter-pound a day. The Englishmen in the 1620s certainly did not live on flesh alone. William Bradford, for example, described a season of semistarvation, when "the best they could present their friends with was a lobster or a piece of fish without bread or anything else but a cup of fair spring water." Simply to meet his daily caloric needs, a Pilgrim would have to eat a twenty-pound lobster at breakfast, lunch, and supper. As they lacked dairy cows in 1621 and their peas and barley were insufficient, their survival hinged on the Indian corn. If this crop failed, so would the pilgrimage.

It did not fail. In October twenty acres of corn, laboriously planted and manured with shads in the Indian manner, ripened beautifully. Describing this bounty, Winslow religiously acknowledged in Puritan fashion that "our corn [grain] did prove well, and, God be praised, we had a good increase of Indian corn . . . ." Thus, the corn yield was unexpectedly high. Each Pilgrim could look forward to two pounds of corn meal every day.

It might have seemed appropriate for the Pilgrims to formalize their thanks to God with a solemn day of thanksgiving. Instead, they opted for an older mode of thanksgiving, known as Harvest Home. Most of them as boys had experienced the secular revelry of Harvest Home, when, after the main grain crop was ingathered, it was cakes and ale and hang the cost. Earlier in the sixteenth century it had been so rowdy during harvest time that Henry VIII had attacked the numerous feasts that prevented farmers from "taking the opportunity of good and serene weather offered upon the same in time of harvest." So by the late 1500s the holiday was begun only after the harvest was safely home. Then came day after day of revelry, sports, and feasts. As Thomas Tusser, the Elizabethan farmer-poet, described it:

In Harvest-time, harvest folk
servants and all,
Should make all together
good cheer in the hall,
And fill the black bowl
of blyth to their song,
And let them be merry,
all harvest-time long.

Why the Pilgrims selected Harvest Home over a solemn day of thanksgiving is not clear. Perhaps, after their long urban exile in Leyden, Holland, they needed to reassure themselves that they were still capable farmers. Harvest Home, the most important of the rural festivals, was a natural symbol of their success.

Plymouth's Harvest Home conformed

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MENU
Roast Goose
Mock Venison
Stewed Pumpkin *Sweet Stuffing*
Frumenty
Ale

Thanksgiving is just too traditional to tamper with—in my home and, I'm sure, in yours. No matter that our roast turkey, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, and creamed onions are more Victorian than Pilgrim. We've grown accustomed to them, and they rest as comfortably among our memories as that Norman Rockwell painting of Grandma's table. But Harvest Home has no traditions whatsoever, and although a week-long bacchanalia is beyond our means, a harvest supper isn't. In an age when we crave a deeper relationship with both our past and our earth, its virtues are obvious. Harvest Home is as ecological as it is historical. It celebrates both land and man and the fruits of their labor together. This menu and its recipes are, therefore, very organic and very old, and if we violate the letter of the Pilgrims' first feast—few of us seed our corn with fish—its spirit will still be there.

Roast Goose

To roast a goose (or any cut of meat) properly, you have to sear the outside quickly, changing the meat's surface sugars into crunchy brown caramel, thereby creating a natural bag that seals in the fowl's juices. Inside, the goose literally cooks itself. Outside, all you need to do is baste the skin with fat to prevent it from burning, and if you are using an open fire, regularly turn the bird so that it is heated evenly. An oven solves the latter problem, and although Englishmen had bake ovens in 1621, the Pilgrims didn't. But a decade or so later they built them into their Plymouth fireplaces and used them regularly for roasts as well as breads. So if you don't have an outdoor grill with a spit or a fireplace that could be converted into an open hearth, an oven will do fine. In either case cooking time will be between one and two hours, or twenty minutes to a pound. Just rub the goose all over with animal fat (bacon drippings, chicken or goose fat, or butter) and sear close to an open fire or at 450 degrees in an oven. When the skin is brown (after about twenty minutes), lower the heat by roasting your goose farther from the open fire or turning down the oven to 325 degrees. Baste regularly with the goose fat that escapes. When the legs move easily in their sockets, it is done. The result: juicy rare meat and crispy skin. Carve it roughly and let everyone eat with his hands, making sure each has a good-sized cloth napkin or dish towel. No forks—they were instruments of "Italian or French craft and subtlety" and quite un-English.

Mock Venison

Venison and mutton are so similar in texture and taste that even an experienced gourmet has trouble in telling them apart—*after* marinating, a necessary step for large cuts of wild meats like venison and boar, which will spoil if not put in an acid (vinegar) solution. So if you don't have a friend who hunts, buy a large leg of mutton or lamb. Marinate it in an enamel, glass, pottery, or stainless-steel container in a solution of four bottles of dark beer or porter, one cup of malt vinegar, garlic, and spices: cinnamon, mace, nutmeg, sea salt, peppercorns, juniper berry, bay leaf, fennel, rosemary, thyme, sage, and just about any dried herb you've got. Marinate for about three days. The morning of your feast remove it, dry it, and stick it full of cloves. Roast it just like the goose—again about twenty minutes to the pound—basting it with its own juices and with a reduction of the marinade.

The cut can be roasted bone in or out; both methods were popular in 1620. If you do take the bone out, make sure to stuff the roast with bacon, as the loss of its bone tends to dry it out. And the smoky bacon taste is a positive addition, especially if you are oven roasting your lamb. It can also be imparted to a bone-in roast if you make a dozen half-inch cuts in the tough surface skin and stuff raw bacon in each.

in most essentials to its English prototype. It was, for example, deliberately long. William Bradford, the governor, began the holiday when he sent out four of the best hunters for fresh meat. They returned that evening with enough fowl—geese, ducks, and possibly turkeys—to last a week. During this period there were various traditional "recreations," one of which was parading of sorts. In England villagers customarily marched through the fields of stubble, singing the old harvest songs, waving handfuls of grain often plaited into kern or corn dolls. The men would then demonstrate their prowess with firearms or longbows. When Winslow writes, " . . . amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms," he is referring to customs like these. It is doubtful that any kern dolls were fashioned at Plymouth; Puritans did not take kindly to graven images of the Mother Earth or Mary sort. But they had muskets and fowling pieces, and under the command of Miles Standish, a professional soldier, they acquired some of the noisier martial skills. Harvest Home gave them a chance to demonstrate these to each other and to Massasoit's Indians. The turkey shoot held in many rural communities before Thanksgiving is a modern survival of this harvest custom.

Another traditional recreation was athletics. Englishmen were serious sportsmen. King James had even issued a Book of Sports in 1618, which enumerated those "lawfulsports" like "archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreation . . . ." suitable for playing after church. Puritans were not against sports as such, but they were against them on religious holidays; the Sabbath was not made for sporting. For example, on Christmas Day, 1621, William Bradford chided some of the newer settlers in Plymouth for playing "stool ball" (an ancestor of cricket) and "pitching the bar" (weight throwing): " . . . he went to them and took away their implements and told them that was against his conscience, that they should play and others work. If they made the keeping of it [Christmas] a matter of devotion, let them keep their houses; but there should be no gaming or reveling in the streets." Since Harvest Home was not a religious day, it provided an ideal context for sports.

But by far the most important recreation was feasting. In fact, to Elizabethans the word recreation itself primarily meant enjoying a leisurely, well-prepared meal and so *re*-creating or renewing mind and body. Farmers were instructed that at "the feastes that belong to the plough, the meaning is onely to joy and be glad for comfort with labour would sometimes be had." And there is every reason to believe they were joyful and relaxed. One of the best observers of Elizabethan England wrote: "Both artificer [craftsman] and husbandman [farmer] are sufficiently liberal and very friendly at their tables; and when they meet they are so merry without malice and plain without inward Italian or French craft and subtlety, that it would do a man good to be in company among them . . . the inferior sort are somewhat to be blamed that being thus assembled talk is now and then such as savoreth of scurrility and ribaldry, a thing naturally

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Stuffing

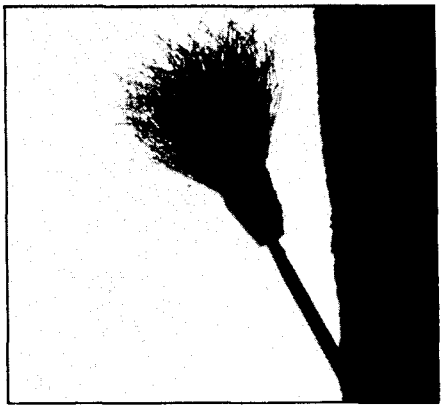
Elizabethans were fond of a rich, sweet stuffing that was more like a bread pudding than the dry, herbed variety we commonly prepare today. It was used in all sorts of roasts, from boned venison to goose, and when eaten with a gravy made with vinegar and the roast's juices, a savory, sweet-sour dish resulted. It is made by beating a cup of heavy cream (the Pilgrims used goat's milk) and two egg yolks together. Add cinnamon, mace, nutmeg, and salt to taste (about a half-teaspoon to mine). Thicken with grated rye or cornbread crumbs (about two cups) and currants (one cup). A little sugar or honey can be mixed, but as the Pilgrims had neither, it would be better to add a tablespoon or two of dark beer or porter, which they did have and used for sweetening. A little spinach juice or saffron will give it a green or yellow color, but this is optional; it looks creamy and good just the way it is. Stuff the goose or butterflied venison with it, making sure you tie or sew up your roast carefully.

Stewed Pumpkin

Simply clean out, peel, and dice a medium pumpkin—a recycled jack-o'-lantern is fine. Simmer the diced flesh in a heavy casserole with a cup of dark beer or porter, two or three tablespoons of malt vinegar, salt, pepper, and spices to taste. It will take a couple of hours over a low heat. As a tart "spoon meat," stewed pumpkin balances the fatty goose and bacon-larded mock venison. Similar sweet-sour side dishes can be made with squash, turnips, and parsnips, all common crops in Plymouth that October 1621.

Ale

It's still against federal law to brew beer or ale in your home. The Pilgrim housewife, however, was under no such restriction and made enough for each member of her family to have one-half to one gallon daily. It was dark, sweet, and mildly alcoholic. The best substitute is a bottle of good dark beer or porter mixed with a spoonful of malt extract, which is sold as a powder or syrup. Or you can make your own extract by boiling a cup of crystal or caramel malt (obtainable in stores that sell wine- and beer-making supplies) in a quart of water. Ale was drunk both cold and hot, the latter with chunks of apples and spices often put in for additional sweetening. Homemade ale may take some getting used to, but it has a rewarding honesty that's lacking in the thin, artificial stuff concocted by the big breweries.



A handmade broom drying upside down marks which house is brewing ale. The same broom is used to stir ale each time and to transfer the yeast from batch to batch.

Frumenty

The closest modern counterpart to frumenty is old-fashioned rice pudding—rich, creamy, and aromatic with spices. Many regional variations of it still exist in England—a tribute to its popularity. Begin by boiling two cups of cracked or whole wheat in two quarts of water for ten minutes. Then cover and leave it in a warm place (an unlit oven is perfect) for a day. The wheat will congeal or "cree"—turn to a jelly in which the inner, golden-red husks are visible. This was eaten on its own or with milk and honey as a cold porridge—nutritionally, it is an almost perfect food.

To make frumenty from creed wheat, simply simmer it with an equal amount of milk or cream and whatever spices, fruits, and sweeteners you prefer. In Plymouth mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves were common, along with berries, currants, and apples, and a little porter or dark beer in place of honey or sugar. Egg yolks were also added if the frumenty was too thin. And brandy. It was served hot or cold and was *the* symbolic harvest dish. The fourteenth verse of Leviticus 23 in the English 1551 Bible, for example, admonishes: "And ye shall eat neither bread, nor parched corn, nor frumenty of new corne, untill the selfe same daye that ye have brought an offeringe unto your God." Frumenty has soul.

This Plymouth version is not as rich but still is soulful. Mix two cups of roasted or parched corn meal with an equal amount of milk. Slowly pour this into a quart of boiling water and simmer for at least half an hour, stirring and adding fruits and spices all the while. Eat it hot, or let it cool and congeal.

—Jay Anderson

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incident to carters and clowns."

Preparing the feast, however, was seldom so leisurely for the housewife and her daughters. After a month of cooking and carting meals for half a dozen men famished from working nearly twenty hours a day (and frequently being called on to join them in the fields when rains threatened), the housewife was required to set forth "a humble feast, of an ordinary proportion which any good man may keep in his family, for the entertainment of his true and worthy friends . . . that is, dishes of meat that are of substance, and not empty, or for show; and of these sixteen is a good proportion both [for your] first and second and third course . . . ." This "humble" smorgasbord, totaling forty-eight dishes, from the first popular English cookbook, Gervase Markham's *The English Housewife* (1615), was for the housewife more ideal than real. The typical harvest feast was more modest. A Yorkshire farmer, Henry Best, wrote that "it is usual, in most places, after they get all the pease pulled or the last grain down, to invite all the workfolks and their wives (that helped them that harvest) to supper, and then they have puddings, bacon, or boiled beef, flesh or apple pies, and then cream brought in platters, and every one a spoon; then after all they have hot cakes and ale; for they bake cakes and send for ale against that time." In communities where labor was pooled at harvest and families helped each other, there would be a round of these meals—in form and function similar to small parish tureen suppers today except that one hostess at a time would assume overall responsibility, expecting neighborly help from other wives.

The atmosphere at Plymouth's Harvest Home feast was similarly warm and close. A year of privation, culminating in the death of half the community, had pulled the rest together. Communal farming was adopted—cooperation legalized. By breaking bread together in the open, they sanctified in a robust, secular way their communion. The familiar scene to which we have become accustomed, of Pilgrims and Indians feasting together while seated at tables in the open, is mostly a creation of later artists. It is doubtful that there were enough tables to accommodate even a tenth of the number who were celebrating. It is more likely that food was taken, not at an appointed time and place, but at frequent intervals throughout the time of the festival. Seating was almost certainly on the ground for the most part. Lacking forks, which did not appear in Plymouth until a century later, food was taken with fingers, from the tips of knives, and with spoons. Wooden trenchers (small, shallow dishes) were probably much in evidence, while other foodstuffs could have been consumed directly from large kettles or, in the case of meat, eaten with the hands, hot from the roasting fire. Far from the formality of a single meal taken together, the consumption of food at Plymouth's first Harvest Home was but one event that mixed with the gaming and "exercising of arms" in one happy blend.

What did they eat? Essentially the yeoman fare noted by Henry Best but with some intriguing American addi-

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tions. Fresh meat was rare in the farmer's everyday diet, but feasts featured it. The traditional meat was a young, lean goose. Tusser warned that despite

. . . all this good feasting
yet are thou not loose
till thou gere the Ploughman
in harvest his goose.

In England it would have been a domesticated bird, fattened on the grain stubble. At Plymouth it was a wild one, part of the large haul of fowl that Winslow mentions. William Bradford remembered many years later not only these waterfowl but also a "great store of wild turkeys." These would certainly have been eaten, and with relish, but roast goose constituted the feast's foundation. Englishmen preferred its flavor and housewives the ease with which it could be roasted.

The "flesh" pies Best referred to would have in England been filled with old chicken, hare, or pigeon meat, tenderized by hours of simmering and then baking. Plymouth, however, had a spectacular substitute: venison. This was the Elizabethan's chief culinary status symbol, seldom eaten by ordinary farmers but continually craved. Kept in deer parks by the gentry, ". . . venison in England [was] neither bought nor sold, as in other countries, but maintained only for the pleasure of the owner and his friends." The five deer donated by Massasoit were a great luxury. Served up in corn-meal venison "pasties," they gave the feast an aristocratic aura the Plymouth farmers could never have foreseen, not having the guns or skills necessary to bring down a deer regularly. Ironically, venison soon became a symbol to Englishmen of New England's natural bounty. A more realistic choice would have been the ducks and geese, which they could and did bring down in droves with their fowling pieces.

Pudding was the Harvest Home's most typical dish, composed as it was of the cereals and fruits that had just been ingathered. A special harvest version called frumenty (or furmenty) became synonymous with the harvest feast itself and elicited the lines, "The furmenty pot welcomes home the harvest-cart." John Josselyn, a later visitor to New England, described a New England furmenty made with a variety of oats brought over from East Anglia by the Puritans (although whole-grain wheat, barley, or corn were just as suitable): "They dry it in an oven, or in a pan upon the fire, then beat it small in a mortar . . . they put into a bottle [two quarts] of milk about ten or twelve spoonfuls of this meal, so boil it leisurely stirring of it every foot, lest it burn too; when it is almost boiled enough, they hand the kettle up higher and let it stew only, in short time it will thicken like a custard; they season it with a little sugar and spice, and so serve it to the table in deep basons." It was an expensive dish. To make up for their lack of sugar, the Pilgrims would have added many of the wild fruits mentioned by Winslow: grapes, berries, and plums. Though water can be used in place of milk for frumenty, milk was the preferred ingredient. An available milk supply might have existed, if goats were among the livestock brought on the *Mayflower*. While there is no specific mention of any animals being brought on that first ship, Winslow's statement that "if we have once but kine, horses and sheep . . . men might live as contented here as in any part of the world" suggests that goats and pigs may well have crossed the Atlantic with the Pilgrims.

The Pilgrims also had an American pudding—which later, encased in a pastry crust, became the Thanksgiving dish pumpkin pie. In October 1621, lacking the wheat or rye flour to make a pie crust, they probably cooked pumpkins as a side dish. Josselyn described this "ancient New-England standing dish . . . the housewives manner is to slice them when ripe, and cut them into dice, and so fill a pot with them of two or three gallons, and stew them upon a gentle fire a whole day, and as they sink, they fill again with fresh pompions, not putting any liquor to them; and when it is stew'd enough, it will look like bak'd apples; this they dish, putting butter to it, and a little vinegar (with some spice, and ginger, etc.) which makes it tart like an apple, and so serve it up to be eaten with fish or flesh."

Cakes and ale ended the feast. The cakes were made of corn—roasted, pounded in homemade mortar and pestle, mixed into a paste with water, and fried on a griddle into thin, crisp "pan" cakes. Crumbly and dry, they complemented the strong, sweet ale that was drunk with them. Ale and hop-flavored beer were fermented from malted (germinated and roasted) barley at home. The alcohol content ranged from 4 to 8 per cent—the stronger was brought out for holidays like Harvest Home. The Pilgrims' first ale and beer were brought over on the *Mayflower* and soon ran short. So precious were they that, when Bradford was sick and asked the sailors for a small can (quart) of beer, they replied that even if he "were their own father he should have none." So water was drunk throughout the summer of 1621 but was considered an "enemy of health, cause of disease, consumer of natural vigour, and the bodies of men." The "indifferent good barley" of August probably became October's strong harvest beer. It would not last long, but they were fortunate to have it.

The food at this first American Harvest Home was notable then, "not for variety of messes [dishes], but for solid sufficiency." Like the Pilgrims themselves, it was rooted in the good earth and culture of yeoman England. And after the initial shock of transplantation both the people and their food grew strong in their new home. They recognized the significance of what had been done, and, venison pie in one hand and leather mug of ale in the other, each celebrated with gusto the achievement. It was the best of times.

So it is that, when twentieth-century Americans celebrate their Thanksgiving, they are continuing a tradition that is older than the nation itself. Many of the features of the modern version—feasting, the menu in part, and athletic contests—are in the spirit of America's first Harvest Home. The religious component of Thanksgiving, and even the act of giving thanks, are later additions. In Plymouth the fall observance of harvest and the expressing of thanks to God for his blessing varied from year to year between secular feasting and sacred days of fast. In 1623, only two years after the first Harvest Home festival, the colony formally gave thanks to God for ending a severe drought that threatened their crops. No rain fell from mid-May through late July, and the corn "languished sore." Bradford tells us that "they set apart a solemn day of humiliation, to seek the Lord by humble and fervent prayer, in this great distress . . . . And afterwards the Lord sent them such seasonable showers, with interchange of fair warm weather as, through His blessing, caused a fruitful and liberal harvest, to their no small comfort and rejoicing. For which mercy, in time convenient, they also set apart a day of thanksgiving." The day so designated was one of solemn thanks to God, and bore no resemblance to the happy event of two years before. Indeed, such days were set aside with frequent regularity in both the Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth colonies; the records abound with them. They were not exclusively related to bountiful harvests but were set aside for any act of God deemed worthy and in need of acknowledgement.

In sharp contrast to our traditional concept of Thanksgiving, the celebration of 1621 was a part of the harvest itself, and had the corn also been "indifferent good," chances are that some festival, perhaps not as spectacular, would still have occurred. Such is the strength of folk culture and tradition the world over, and so it was at Plymouth in the fall of 1621. □

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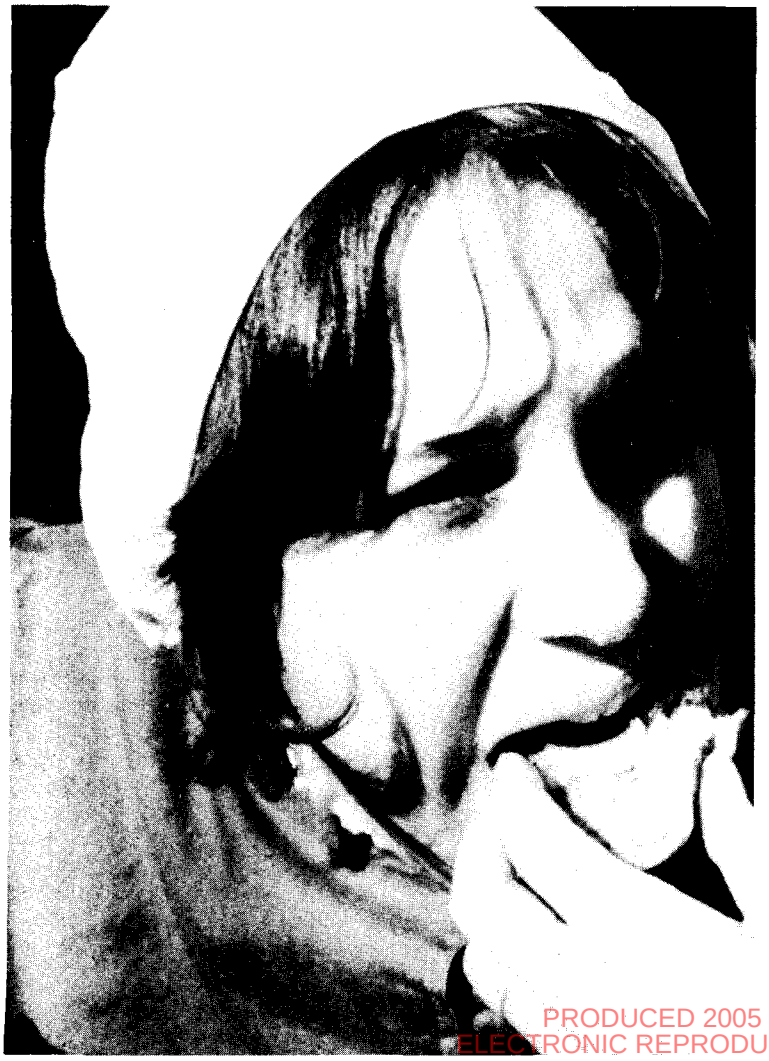

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COMING OF THE METRIC SYSTEM

You may not know that seven firkins make a hogshead and four gills make a pint, but don't worry—its all changing.

BY FRANK KENDIG

The metrication of America, or conversion of our customary language of measurement from a vocabulary of inches, quarts, and pounds to one of centimeters, liters, and grams, is an idea that has been around for years. John Quincy Adams seriously considered it in his "Report Upon Weights and Measures" in 1821. In the century-and-a-half since then generations of high school science teachers have told their students that someday the United States would adopt the metric system. As it has come and gone, phantomlike, through the years, the notion of metrication has acquired an almost mythical quality, like the fabled pill you add to the gas tank of your car to make it run on water.

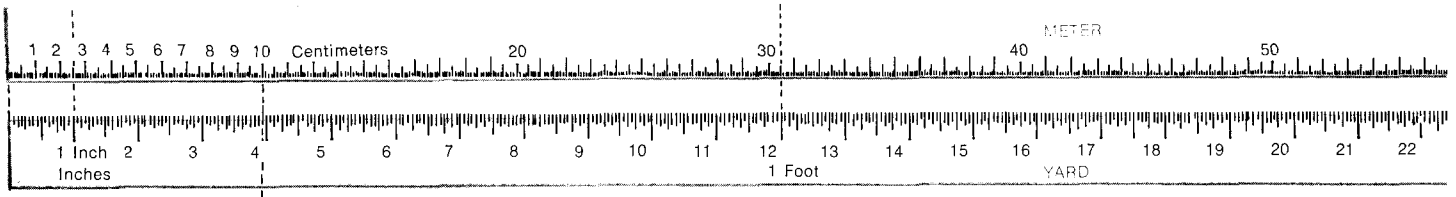
Finally, however, metrication is about to happen. On August 18th of this year the Senate, by unanimous voice vote, passed the Metric Conversion Act. The bill is now in the House Committee on Science and Astronautics. (The committee was headed by Rep. George P. Miller of California, and because of his recent defeat in his state's Democratic primary, the bill did not come to a vote in the last session of Congress.)

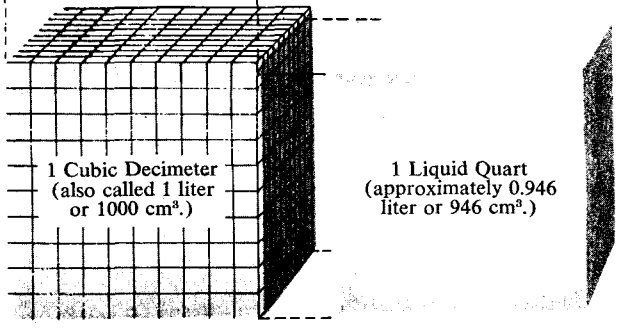
The act springs from a three-year study on metrication conducted by the National Bureau of Standards. Basically, it calls for a gradual conversion to the metric system over a ten-year period. At the end of this time the nation would be "predominantly, although not exclusively metric."

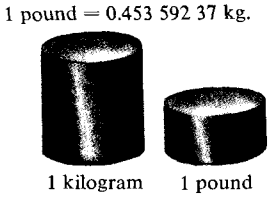
What will it be like to live in a predominantly metric nation?

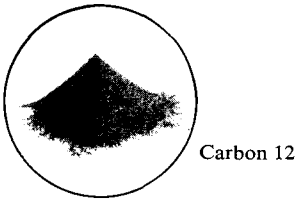
First, we will be rid of an antiquated, unwieldy system of weights and measures. In the "customary," or English, language of measurement, for example, the basic units of length are based on various dimensions of the human body. An inch is about the length of the end joint of the human adult thumb (it was later defined as three dried barleycorns taken from the middle of the ear and laid end to end); a foot is approximately the length of the human foot; a yard

Frank Kendig is a senior editor of SR Science.

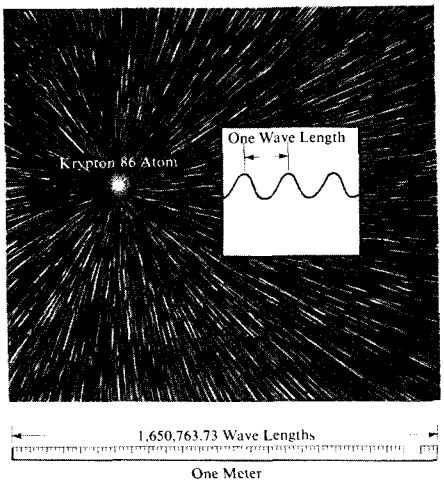








THE MOLE *is the standard metric unit for the amount of a particular substance. It is defined as the amount of a substance in a system that contains as many elementary entities as there are atoms in 0.012 kilograms of carbon 12. These elementary entities can be anything—atoms, electrons, ions, or even oranges. However, because the number of atoms in 0.012 kilograms of carbon 12 is extremely large, it would be impractical to speak of a mole of oranges or a mole of paper clips. As a result, moles are primarily used in physics and chemistry when discussing such things as atoms and molecules.*



THE METER, *the standard unit of length in the metric system, is defined as 1,650,763.73 wave lengths in vacuum of the orange-red line of the spectrum of krypton 86. The metric unit of area is the square meter. Land is often measured by the hectare (10,000 square meters, or approximately 2.5 acres). The metric unit of volume is the cubic meter. Fluid volume is usually measured by the liter (0.001 cubic meters).*

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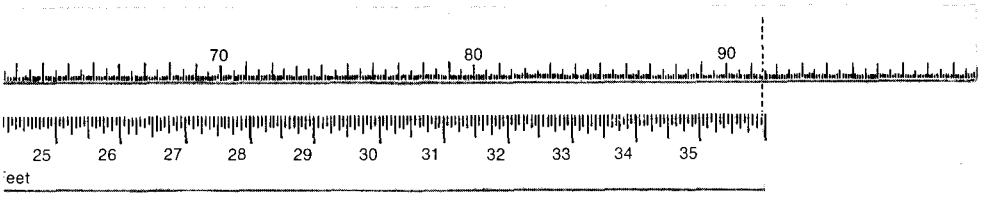
is about the distance from the tip of the fingers of an outstretched arm to the tip of the nose; a mile (from the Latin, *milia passuum*) is about the distance traveled by a Roman soldier in a thousand two-pace strides. Here the problems begin. Although there are about twelve thumb end joints to a foot, there are only three foot-lengths to a yard and 1,760 finger-tip-to-nose lengths to a mile. Converting from inches to feet, or feet to yards, or yards to miles therefore requires not only memorization of each conversion unit but also the use of long-number multiplication and division.

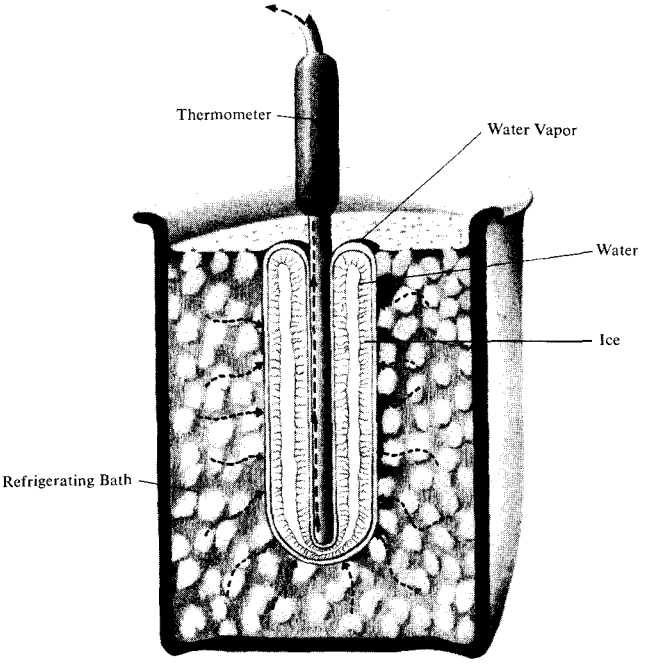
Worse, the conversion formulas are not even constant. For example, there are 2,240 pounds to a long ton but only 2,000 pounds to a short ton (not to mention the register ton, the measurement ton, the wheat ton, the timber ton, and the English water ton); sixteen ounces to a pound avoirdupois weight but only twelve ounces to a pound troy weight; 43,560 square feet to an acre; four gills to a pint; seven firkins to a hogshead. This is only the beginning of what there is to memorize—and forget—in the "customary" system.

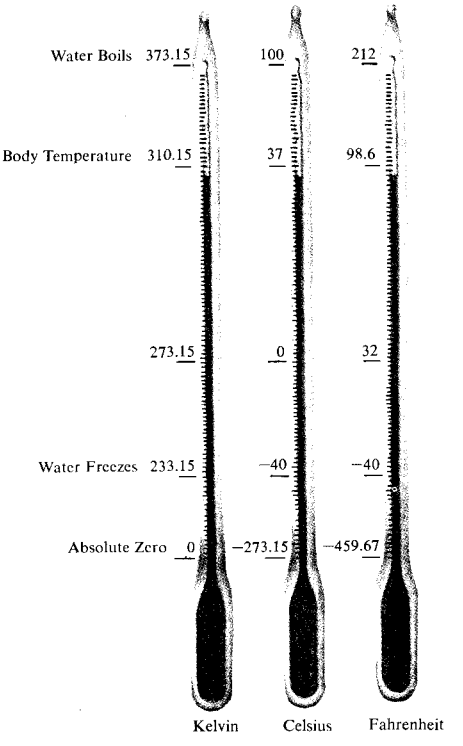
Against this tangle of haphazard units the metric system seems dreamlike in its consistency. First of all, it is a decimal system—the units it employs are almost always related by powers of ten. For example, the meter, the basic unit of length in the metric system, is equal to 10 decimeters, or 100 centimeters, or 1,000 millimeters. Therefore, converting 38.61 meters to centimeters requires only shifting the decimal point two places to the right. Also, the metric system utilizes a consistent system of prefixes to designate multiples and submultiples of its basic units. Greek-derived prefixes are assigned to the multiples (*deca* equals multiplication by 10, *hecto* equals multiplication by 100, *kilo* equals multiplication by 1,000). Latin prefixes are assigned to the submultiples (*deci* equals division by 10, *centi* equals division by 100, and so on). Easy to memorize, not much to forget.

Gabriel Mouton, vicar of St. Paul's Church in Lyons, France, is generally regarded as the founder of the metric system. Mouton proposed a decimal system of weights and measures in 1670 and defined its basic unit of length as a fraction of the length of a great circle of the earth. It took more than a hundred years, however, for Mouton's system to be officially accepted. Finally, in 1795 France adopted a decimal system of measurement, defining a *mètre*—supposedly one ten-millionth of the distance from the North Pole to the equator, along the meridian passing near Dunkirk, Paris and Barcelona—as its basic unit of length.

In 1798 Talleyrand, then French Minister of Foreign Affairs, invited representatives of all European countries, as well as those of numerous other friendly nations, to Paris to learn of the new system. Slowly, other countries followed France's lead. By 1840 Greece, the Netherlands, and much of Italy had embraced the metric system. Spain followed in 1849, and by 1880 most of







THE KELVIN, *or thermodynamic, scale is used to measure temperature in the metric system. The Kelvin scale has its origin, or zero point, at absolute zero (the point at which all atomic vibration ceases) and a fixed point (273.16 kelvins) at the triple point of water (the temperature at which water exists in all three states—vapor, liquid, and solid).*

The fixed point is determined by a triple-point cell (left), an evacuated glass cylinder filled with pure water. When the cell is cooled until a mantle of ice forms around the cylinder, the temperature at the interface of solid, liquid, and vapor is 273.16 kelvins. Thermometers to be calibrated are then placed inside the triple-point cell. The Celsius and Fahrenheit scales are derived from the Kelvin scale. The relationship of the three scales is shown at right.

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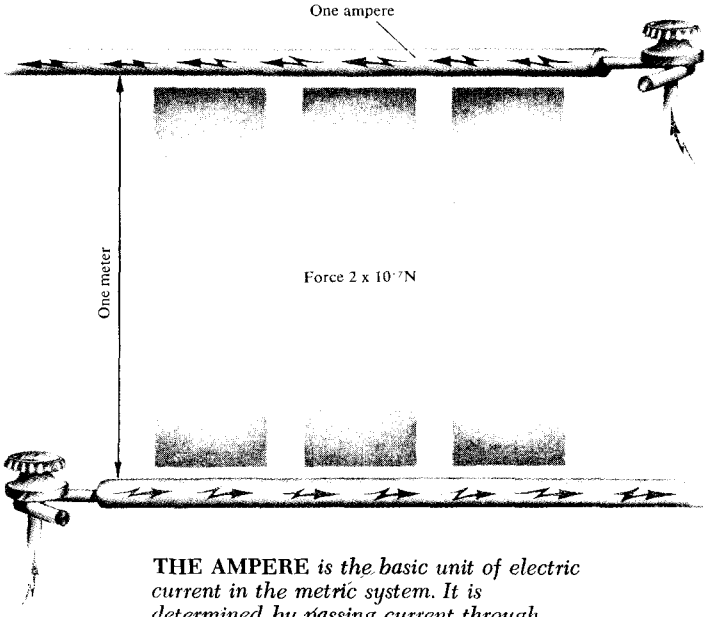
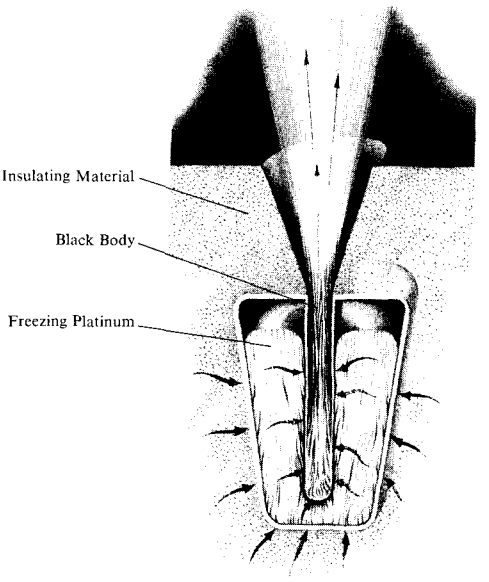
SI PREFIXES

Multiples and Submultiples	Prefix	Pronunciation
1 000 000 000 000=10^{12}	tera	(ter′ a)
1 000 000 000=10^{9}	giga	(ji′ ga)
1 000 000=10^{6}	mega	(meg′ a)
1 000=10^{3}	kilo	(kil′ o)
100=10^{2}	hecto	(hek′ to)
10=10^{1}	deka	(dek′ a)
BASE UNIT 1=10^{0}		
0.1=10^{-1}	deci	(des′ i)
0.01=10^{-2}	centi	(sen′ ti)
0.001=10^{-3}	milli	(mil′ i)
0.000 001=10^{-6}	micro	(mi′ kro)
0.000 000 001=10^{-9}	nano	(nan′ o)
0.000 000 000 001=10^{-12}	pico	(pe′ ko)
0.000 000 000 000 001=10^{-15}	femto	(fem′ to)
0.000 000 000 000 000 001=10^{-18}	atto	(at′to)

Note: Multiples of 1 000 of the base unit are to be used in preference to others.



THE AMPERE *is the basic unit of electric current in the metric system. It is determined by passing current through two parallel wires separated by a distance of one meter and then measuring the force of attraction between the wires, caused by their magnetic fields. The ampere is defined as the amount of current that will produce a force of exactly 2 x 10^{-7} newtons between the two wires for each meter of length.*



THE CANDELA *is the basic unit of luminous intensity in the metric system. It is defined as the intensity of 1/600,000th of a square meter of the cone of light emitted by a black body that has been heated to 2,042 kelvins, the freezing point of platinum. (A black body is any object that absorbs all light shined upon it. Since no light is reflected from a black body, the radiant energy is converted to heat, raising the temperature of the object. On the other hand, if the black body is heated, light will radiate from it.)*

The metric unit of light flux (amount of light) is the lumen. A point source of light having an intensity of one candela in all directions radiates a light flux of 4π lumens. A 100-watt light bulb emits about 1,700 lumens.

Europe and South America were metric. At the turn of the century the United States and Great Britain were the only industrial nations left in the maze of inches, gallons, and pounds.

Why is the United States still saddled with the "customary" language of measurement? To put it simply, until now there has been no genuinely pressing reason to change.

In his first message to Congress George Washington announced that "uniformity in the currency, weights, and measures of the United States is an object of great importance, and will, I am persuaded, be duly attended to." Washington passed the matter on to Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State, who proposed the establishment of a decimal system of weights and measures similar to the one already in use for coinage. Because of politics and inertia, Jefferson's proposal was never acted upon.

Other proposals followed and likewise expired. The first real step toward metrication did not occur until 1872, when U.S. representatives attended an international meeting on weights and measures in France. The result of the meeting was a treaty known as the Metric Convention, which set up standards for metric units and created an International Bureau of Weights and Measures. The United States signed the treaty and later took a step toward adoption of the system. In 1893 the Secretary of the Treasury declared that the standards established at the international meeting would be the "fundamental standards" of the nation. Since then our "customary" units have been defined in terms of metric units. In other words, a yard is defined as a specific fraction of a meter.

In this century bill after bill went to Congress and died. (Between the First World War and the Depression some forty bills on metrication were introduced.) The Russian launching of Sputnik in 1957 spurred interest in metrication, but the time was still not right. However, the U.S. Army converted to the metric system for meas-

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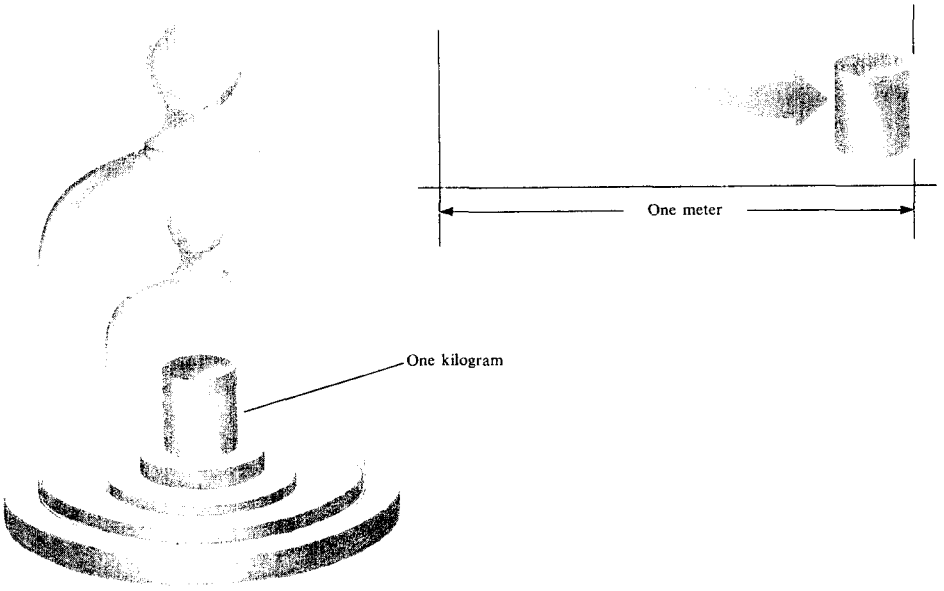
THE KILOGRAM, *the standard unit of mass in the metric system, is the only base unit still defined by an artifact (left). The standard kilogram is based on a cylinder of platinum-iridium alloy kept by the International Bureau of Weights and Measures in Paris. There is a duplicate of this cylinder at the National Bureau of Standards in the United States.*

The metric unit of force (right) is the newton, defined as the amount of force that, when applied for one second, will give a one-kilogram mass a speed of one meter per second. The metric unit for work and energy of any kind is the joule, defined as one newton times one meter. The metric unit for power is the watt, defined as one joule per second.



APPROXIMATE COMMON EQUIVALENTS

U.S. TO METRIC				*METRIC TO U.S.*			
Length				**Length**			
1 inch	=	25.0	millimeters (mm)	1 millimeter (mm)	=	0.04	inch
1 foot	=	0.3	meter (m)	1 meter (m)	=	3.3	feet
1 yard	=	0.9	meter	1 meter	=	1.1	yards
1 mile	=	1.6	kilometers (km)	1 kilometer (km)	=	0.6	mile
Area				**Area**			
1 sq. inch	=	6.5	sq. centimeters (cm^2)	1 sq. centimeter (cm^2)	=	0.16	sq. inch
1 sq. foot	=	0.09	sq. meter (m^2)	1 sq. meter (m^2)	=	11.0	sq. feet
1 sq. yard	=	0.8	sq. meter	1 sq. meter	=	1.2	sq. yards
1 acre	=	0.4	hectare*	1 hectare*	=	2.5	acres
1 sq. mile	=	2.6	sq. kilometers	1 sq. kilometer	=	0.39	sq. mile
Mass				**Mass**			
1 grain	=	64.8	milligrams (mg)	1 milligram (mg)	=	0.015	grain
1 ounce (dry)	=	28.0	grams (g)	1 gram (g)	=	0.035	ounce
1 pound	=	0.45	kilogram (kg)	1 kilogram (kg)	=	2.2	pounds
1 short ton	=	9.071	kilograms	1 metric ton	=	1.102	tons (short)
Volume				**Volume**			
1 cubic inch	=	16.0	cubic centimeters (cm^3)	1 cubic centimeter (cm^3)	=	0.06	cubic inch
1 cubic foot	=	0.03	cubic meter (m^3)	1 cubic meter (m^3)	=	35.0	cubic feet
1 cubic yard	=	0.76	cubic meter	1 cubic meter	=	1.3	cubic yards
1 teaspoon	=	5.0	milliliters (ml)	1 milliliter (ml)	=	0.2	teaspoon
1 tablespoon	=	15.0	milliliters	1 milliliter	=	0.07	tablespoon
1 fl. ounce	=	30.0	milliliters	1 milliliter	=	0.03	ounce
1 cup	=	0.24	liter (1)**	1 liter (1)**	=	4.2	cups
1 pint	=	0.47	liter	1 liter	=	2.1	pints
1 quart (liq)	=	0.95	liter	1 liter	=	1.1	quarts
1 gallon (liq)	=	0.004	cubic meter	1 cubic meter	=	264.0	gallons
1 peck	=	0.009	cubic meter	1 cubic meter	=	113.0	pecks
1 bushel	=	0.04	cubic meter	1 cubic meter	=	28.0	bushels
Power				**Power**			
1 horsepower	=	0.75	kilowatt (kw)	1 kilowatt (kw)	=	1.3	horsepower
Energy				**Energy**			
1 calorie	=	4.18	joules (j)	1 joule (j)	=	0.24	calorie

*1 hectare equals 10,000 sq. meters
**1 liter equals 1 cubic decimeter (dm^3)

urement in weaponry about this time; for example, the 22-caliber rifle cartridge became the 5.56 millimeter cartridge. Not until 1965, when the British Board of Trade announced that the United Kingdom would adopt the metric system, did the U.S. government decide to act. The studies that led to the Metric Conversion Act currently in the Congress were initiated because of the British change.

The British move to metrics left the United States virtually alone in the "customary" boat. At the beginning of this year the only nations that had not adopted the metric system were Barbados, Burma, Gambia, Ghana, Jamaica, Liberia, Muscat and Oman, Nauru, Sierra Leone, Southern Yemen, Tonga, Trinidad, and the United States of America. But isolation was not the problem. Holding onto the "customary" language of measurement was going to start costing us money.

In 1969 the United States exported some $14 billion worth of such measurement-sensitive products as computers, vacuum pumps, and typewriters. It is estimated that, if we had changed to the metric system in 1970, our exports of these products would have increased by about $600 million in 1975 (in addition to normal expansion of the market). Furthermore, the major industrial nations of the world are rapidly establishing trade agreements among themselves based on metric measure. Britain, France, and West Germany have already agreed to use electronic standards based on metric units. Similarly, the burgeoning markets of China, the U.S.S.R., and the developing nations will be closed to us if we reject the metric system. Unless we plan to establish large-scale trade in computers and vacuum pumps with such countries as Barbados and Sierra Leone, our lack of a metric language is going to start lightening our pocketbooks.

The metric system has already infiltrated much of American life. The pharmaceutical industry, for example, abandoned the apothecaries' units of drams, scruples, and grains years ago,

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replacing them with milligrams, grams, and milliliters. Today swimming pools are built to metric specifications so that swimmers can train for international events, and skis are available in metric sizes. Some automobiles produced in the United States are designed to metric specifications, and American automobile mechanics are acquiring metric tools in order to service foreign cars. Statutory standards for automobile emissions such as carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons are defined in metric units. Cameras and camera equipment are discussed in terms of millimeters. Even illegal practices are carried out in metrics—marijuana is sold by the kilogram.

There are, of course, arguments against the proposed conversion. In the main, they are based on the idea that retraining personnel and redesigning manufacturing equipment will be prohibitively expensive. However, the National Bureau of Standards study, while admitting there would be cost penalties, did not find them prohibitive. Psychological problems have also been predicted. In the area of women's ready-to-wear, for example, clothing sizes tend to vary with cost. A woman who requires a size 14 dress from an inexpensive line will probably fit into a 12 in a medium-priced dress and even a 10 in an expensive line. The metric system, by standardizing labeling practices, should change all this and would, perhaps, lead to psychological strain.

Conversely, there is some argument that the proposed conversion will not go far enough. Units of time and angles, for example, are the same in metric as they are in "customary." In both systems there are 60 seconds in a minute, 60 minutes in an hour, 24 hours in a day, 365 days in a year, 360 degrees in a circle. Conversions therefore require multiplication and division and considerable memorization of units and their equivalents. Since the French adoption of the metric system there have been numerous efforts to establish "metric clocks" and "decimal degrees," but the impact of these changes has always been considered too severe.

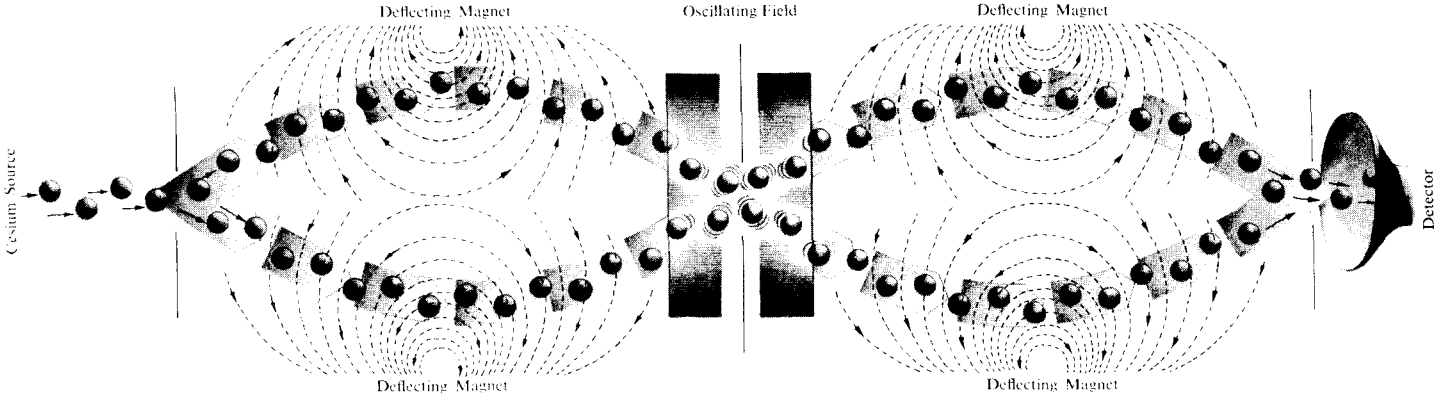
Nevertheless, it appears the metric system will become our language of measurement. The question, then, is how. An abrupt, mandatory change would obviously be too costly and too dislocating. The bill now in Congress calls for the establishment of an eleven-member board to oversee the gradual change to metrics throughout all segments of our society. In order to soften the impact of change, the board will have to give immediate attention to the introduction of metrics to public education. Furthermore, the United States will have to begin participating in international standard making. Establishing standards on an international level usually involves a give-and-take among all the nations participating so that there is a sharing in the cost of conversion. A nonparticipating country obviously pays a larger conversion bill.

Alexander Graham Bell, testifying before the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures of the U.S. House of Representatives, stated the nation's need for a change to metrics in 1906: "Our forefathers," he said, "legislated pretty well for the future in the adoption of the Constitution; and, later, Congress did well in abolishing the old system of pounds, shillings, and pence and adopting a decimal system for our money; and we will do well for the future of our country if we provide the metric system for the whole of the United States." The need is even more urgent today. □

Holding onto the "customary" language of measurement was going to start costing us money.

THE SECOND, *the basic unit of time in the metric system, is defined as the duration of 9,192,631,770 cycles of the radiation associated with a specified transition of the cesium atom. It is realized by placing a cesium source at one end of an atomic beam spectrometer and bombarding the source until its atoms begin to travel at resonance frequency. A set of magnets in the spectrometer causes the atoms to travel in wave form, and an oscillator tuned to the resonance frequency permits those atoms traveling at this frequency to pass through the detector at the end of the spectrometer. A second set of magnets deflects those atoms not traveling at proper speed. The detector records the peak of each cycle as it passes. When 9,192,631,770 cycles are recorded, a second has passed.*

Originally, the second was defined according to the rotation of the earth. However, early in this century it was discovered that the earth's rate of rotation varies, and a more dependable standard was needed. The present standard was adopted in 1956.



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Spend a few minutes with Almadén Solera Sherries and Ports *

and you'll appreciate them for the rest of your life.

Flor–the remarkable cause of Sherry

Around the 1st Century B.C., a unique yeast started to materialize from the Spanish air quite suddenly, at vintage time. A snowy, whipped-cream-like surface bloomed over some, but not all wines. It looked like an enormous, white lily. So the Spanish called it *Flor* for flower. Gradually, all the lighter, finer wines thus began to flower...their bouquet changed, and their character deepened...they became dryer, crisper, and acquired more nose...the first Sherry was happening.

And now, 2000 years later at Almadén, this miracle is happening beautifully in California. Here's how it developed.

The Sherry grape

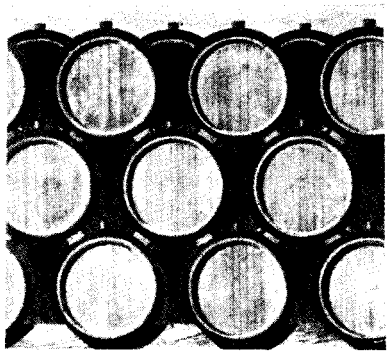
The golden Palomino grape–the essential start of the best Sherry, was brought over from Jerez, Spain and planted in the rich soil of California. It was a perfect fit. At this point, two essential ingredients for fine Sherry had been brought to Almadén: *Flor* yeast and the Palomino grape. Next we swung our attention to method, and realized that the Solera system–that process used originally in Spain –was the only way to produce highest quality Sherry. And that required special barrels.

White oak from Tennessee

The best wood for aging Sherry is white oak from Tennessee; even the Spaniards haven't found another oak as good. So we arranged to have white oak cut down and shipped regularly to Spain; there, with skilled hands, Spanish coopers shape it into butts or casks. These are returned to Almadén where they hold the wine in two important stages. The first is in what the Spaniards call a *Criadera* (literally, a nursery) where the dry, young Palomino wine takes on the *Flor* flavor. Next is the *Solera.*

The Solera System –2000 years old.

A vast, dim room holds tier over tier of small oak barrels–some 20,000 in all. The young wine is poured into the topmost tier. What is drawn off for Sherry comes from the bottom tier–and never more than a third of a barrel at a time; this is replenished from the barrel above, and that barrel from a still higher barrel. This is the Solera System: through the years, the young Palomino wine blends with the older wines, moving slowly, from barrel to barrel, until it takes on the richness and quality of its ancestors. It's easily the most expensive but definitely the best way to make Sherry. There are three Almadén Sherries, all made in this painstaking way, for you to try: *Cocktail Sherry*–as a dry aperitif to be served before dinner chilled or over the rocks; *Golden Sherry*–not quite so dry, to be served chilled on the rocks with walnuts; and *Cream Sherry*–for those who prefer a sweeter Sherry as a before or after dinner drink (or anytime for that matter).



The Port grape

The best Port grape of Portugal, the Tinta Madeira, is used for Almadén Port. Notice it on the label...you will find it on few, very few, American Port labels...it is always an indication of superior quality, of a true, varietal Port wine. Matured in oak, in the same Solera process as the Sherries, Almadén Ports achieve their maximum softness and flavor. They are made just as Port is made in Portugal. Try them: *Tinta Ruby Port* and *Tinta Tawny Port.*

* *Origin California*

Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California

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How to get the for your money.

Buying stereo can be confusing.

One friend says you have to spend a mint. Another tells you about a "special" bargain on a foreign-made set. And overly enthusiastic salesmen might just confuse you with all kinds of technical specs.

Well, fact is you do have to know a little bit about stereo to make sure you're getting the most music for your money. But you don't have to be an engineer. Or even a buff. Just an intelligent shopper armed with a few basic facts.

So here they are.

Start with the Receiver

A good music system starts with a good stereo receiver. (A stereo receiver is a combination of a stereo amplifier and AM/FM/FM stereo tuner.) So that's a logical place to begin your buying.

But picking the right receiver is no picnic. Because receivers by themselves don't do a thing you can see or hear. They just receive tiny sound impulses from a record, tape, or radio station, magnify them millions of times, with as little distortion as possible, and drive the speakers with the magnified impulse.

All of which means that two of the most important things to look for in receivers are how much distortion takes place and how much power there is to drive the speakers.

Distortion ratings (called T.H.D.) are simple. The lower the number the better. For example, Sylvania receivers CR2742 and CR2743 both have a rating of 0.5% at full power output, which is considered good.

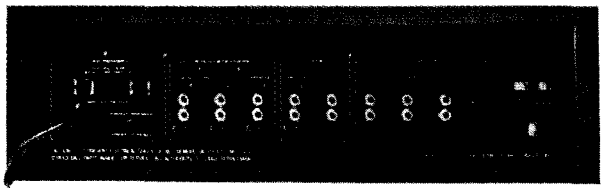
Power is a bit more complicated. There are several kinds of ratings. But the one that counts is the "continuous" or RMS rating. Here the higher the number, the more power you have to drive speakers. A receiver like the Sylvania CR2742, with a continuous power rating of 25 watts per channel, can easily drive four big speakers. If you want an even larger system, with speakers all over the house, the Sylvania CR2743 can handle them with a continuous power rating of 50 watts per channel. If you can't get a continuous power rating, be suspicious!

The next things to check are the features. A good stereo receive should have solid-state circuitry, Field Effect Transistors (FET's) and ceramic filters. We won't go into their technical functions here, but be sure to look for them while buying. Quality receivers will have them.

Your receiver should also have a full-function jack panel (like the one on the back of the Sylvania CR2743 shown below) that allows you to add extra speakers, tape decks, headphones, or other equipment. And make sure there's built-in capability to adapt the new quadraphonic sound systems in case you want to expand in that direction.

Every Sylvania receiver, for example, has built-in Phase Q4 matrix four-channel circuitry to enhance ordinary two-channel stereo. This gives the effect of four-channel sound. In addition, yo can get true (discrete) four-channel sound simply by adding our special new DMQ2784W quadraphonic converter. (And of course in both cases you need two extra speakers.)

Finally, check the price. As a guide, the Sylvania CR2742 gives you 50 watts total continuous and all the rest for $199.95.* The CR2743 gives you all that and 100 watts total continuous for $279.95.* So no matter what brand you choose, make sure you get just as much for just as little.



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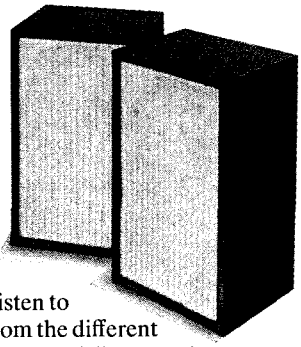
most music



Onward to the Speakers

The technical stuff's out of the way. Now comes the fun part.

The only way to buy speakers is to listen to them. Compare the different sounds from the different sizes. Ask the salesman about "air" or "acoustic" suspension speakers. In general, they deliver the most satisfying speaker sound.

Make the salesman work a little. Switch back and forth between the big, medium, and small speakers. Play it by ear. The ones that sound best to you are the ones to buy.

Just keep your eyes out for a few things while your ears are busy. Make sure the receiver driving the speakers you're hearing is the same as the one you're buying. Otherwise you won't be getting the same sound once you get the speakers home and hooked up to your receiver.

And remember, the word "speaker" refers to two things. It means the individual speakers... woofers, tweeter, etc. But it also refers to the whole speaker cabinet, which generally contains more than one individual speaker. Be sure to check out how many speakers there are in any speaker cabinet. Two, a woofer for low notes and a tweeter for high ones, is a minimum. Bigger speakers, like the Sylvania AS125A, will have at least three: a woofer, a dome mid-range, and a dome tweeter.

Prices range from $149.95* for the big Sylvania AS125A with three speakers to a cabinet, down to $59.95* a pair for the Sylvania AS1706W with two speakers each.

But above all else, pick the speakers that sound best to you.

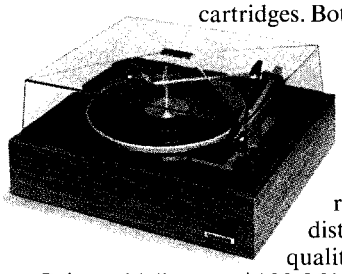
Now It's the Turntable's Turn

There are a few manufacturers who specialize in making turntable mechanisms. It's their thing, and their product is definitely superior.

The only trick to buying a turntable, then, is to make sure that you get one whose guts come from one of these specialists.

Any audio manufacturer should be more than happy to tell you who made his turntable mechanism. For example, Dual (one of the big names) made the changer in Sylvania's T2705 Automatic Turntable. Garrard (that's another big one) made the changer in our model T2703.

Ask for magnetic cartridges on your turntable. They're more sophisticated and pick up sound impulses better than ceramic cartridges. Both Sylvania turntables have them.

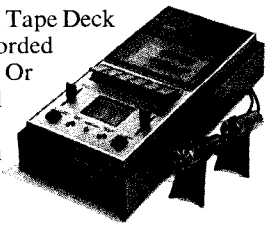


Things like cue-pause control (which allows you to gently raise and lower the tone arm to any band you choose) and anti-skate control (which equalizes pressure on both walls of a record groove to give less sound distortion) are usually standard on quality turntables like a Sylvania.

Price guidelines are $139.95* for the T2705 and $79.95* for the T2703.

E-x-p-a-n-d-i-n-g

Adding tape facilities is a simple way to expand your basic stereo system.



You can add a Cassette Play/Record Tape Deck like the Sylvania CT160 to play pre-recorded cassette tapes over your speaker system. Or you can record your own in two-channel stereo.

Or, you can go the 8-track route, with a Playback Deck like the Sylvania ET2750W. That way you can use car stereo tapes at home, and vice versa.

Good Luck!

By now you're a lot smarter about stereo. You know basically what to look for. And you've got some guidelines on what to pay.

So now's the time to go out shopping. Look around. Compare. Get the most music for your money.

And even if you don't pick a Sylvania, enjoy your stereo!

*Based on manufacturer's suggested list price.

GTE SYLVANIA
A part of General Telephone & Electronics

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Come to Abaco. Away from everything but you. And people like you. Abaco. In the Bahama Out Islands. And out to surprise you. The boiling holes in Marsh Harbour. The cliffs of Basin Harbour Cay sculptured by weather into gargoyles. The boatbuilders of Man-O-War Cay. The candy-striped lighthouse at Hope Town. The understated luxury of Treasure Cay and Walker's Cay. Picturesque Hard Bargain and Cherokee Sound. And "Mother Mirle's" features a succulent fish called goggle-eye. Accommodation ranges from complete resorts to secluded inns. See your travel agent or write for our "Abaco" brochure. Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131.

Bahama Out Islands. Not out of the way. Just out of this world.

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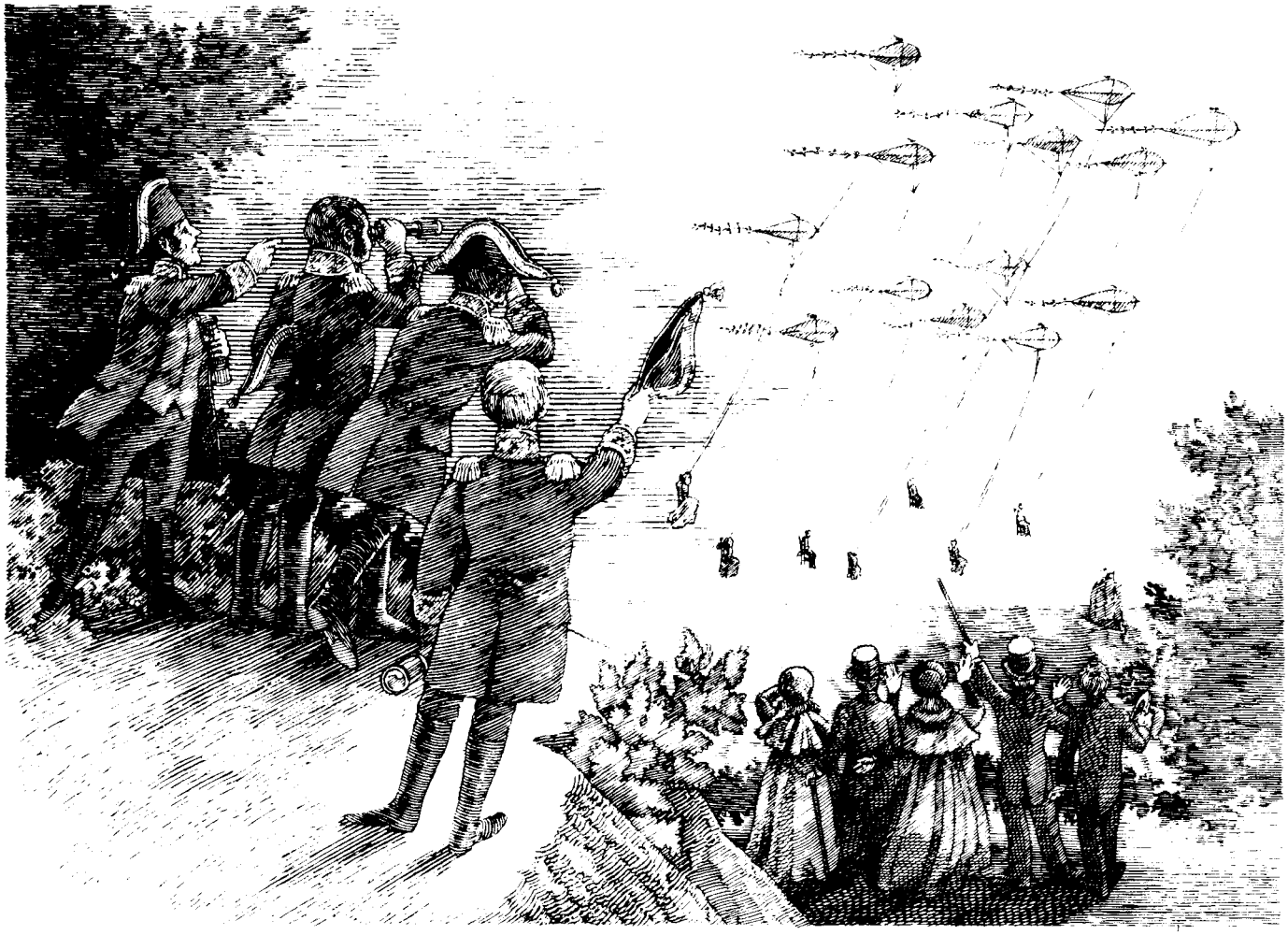
The Aeropleustic Art of George Pocock

BY JANET GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS B. SLACKMAN



Aghast, several gold-braided admirals of King George IV's navy peered through their field glasses at the aerial demonstration that had been arranged for them. Horrified members of the public also craned upwards, jostling one another and shrieking with apprehension at the extraordinary procession of chair-borne aeronauts soaring a hundred yards above their heads. These Flying Objects, when identified, proved to be the seven offspring of the eccentric Bristol schoolmaster George Pocock. Each child was seated on a kitchen chair attached by a 300-foot line to a vast 30-foot-high kite controlled from the ground. The cavalcade sailed serenely over the waters of the Bristol Channel, the lads in their dark frock coats, the girls with ringlets and muslin gowns immodestly billowing in the southwesterly wind. George Pocock hoped to show the assembled naval experts and master mariners that his novel invention of kite chairs would save the lives of shipwrecked sailors, if only the young gentlemen of the naval schools could be taught to manipulate them as part of their training. Shuddering, the marine authorities declined his offer, reasoning that all sensible people would far rather drown than fly.

Not a whit discouraged, George Pocock turned his buoyant imagination to a means of road transport that, he reckoned, would be both cheaper and faster than a vehicle drawn by hungry, plodding, easily tired carriage horses. He designed a light, two-wheeled, kite-drawn carriage known as the *Char Volant,* or Flying Chariot, whose two large, flapping "aerial steeds" required neither hay, nor water, nor grooming, nor periods of rest. Of course, the Flying Chariot did not actually fly, but in a good wind it almost seemed to—the vehicle, with four or five passengers, was capable of an astonishing twenty miles an hour, even over rough ground. But might not this extreme speed actually prevent passengers from breathing? Pocock reassured prospective travelers that the vehicle's thrilling celerity was not in the least dangerous and had never yet been known to cause suffocation. The Charvolant was first road-tested in 1822 and was patented four years later.

Newspaper accounts of Pocock's amazing horseless carriage were widely

Janet Graham is a freelance writer who lives in Streatley, Berkshire, England.

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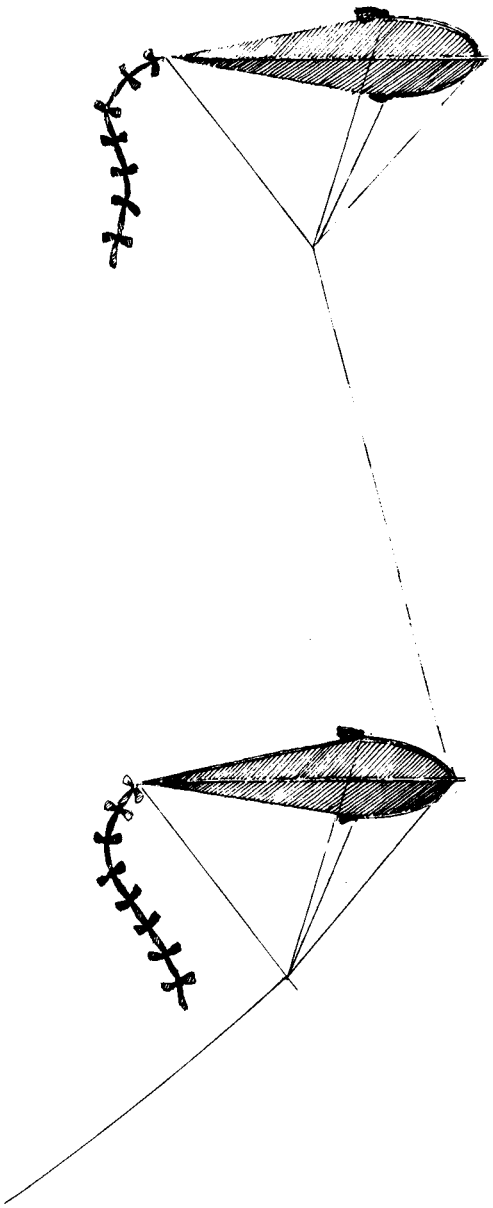

disbelieved. In order to settle arguments, Pocock published in 1827 the definitive work on this captivating new sport: "The Aeropleustic Art, or Navigation in the Air by the Use of Kites or Buoyant Sails"; here he explained the exact workings of his fantastic contraptions. The two kites that Pocock attached to each vehicle flew one above the other, to take advantage of varying wind direction at different heights. They soared as much as 300 yards above the carriage. Each kite was manipulated by four lines fastened to a steering handle on the carriage; the steering handle, in turn, controlled the front wheels by a vertical shaft. Attached to the kite was an upper line, then a brace line reeved through an eye in the upper line; by hauling on this brace line, the angle and action of the kite could be controlled. Pocock also attached side braces, and by hauling on one or the other brace, the steersman could set the kite at an angle to the wind, thus sending it to one side or the other like a sail. By this means, trees, chimney pots, and other obstacles could—at least in theory—be avoided. If the journey were on an open plain, with plenty of space for steering left and right, it was even possible to travel against the wind, tacking as though on a sailing boat.

"But, Mr. Pocock," objected onlookers, "what if the wind drops altogether?" Pocock, who had become headmaster at twenty-two, was never at a loss for a crushing retort. "Does it follow that a thing which cannot *always* be used, should therefore *never* be used?" he asked crossly and went on to preach that "the exercise of patience is occasionally very wholesome." But the criticism rankled, and his prudent solution was to evolve a two-wheeled, traveling platform that could be towed behind the Charvolant with an auxiliary engine, in the form of a pony, standing upon it—the perfect answer for an unexpected becalmment on the homeward journey.

Pocock's creative talents were not confined to methods of transport. An ingenious disciplinarian, he invented a spanking machine for unruly pupils, Pocock's Royal Patent Self-Acting Ferule. (Nevertheless, his school's brochure stressed his tenderness toward his charges.) He was also a part-time itinerant outdoor preacher, or "hedge priest," and a prolific writer of hymns, including some sacred lyrics composed especially for kite enthusiasts. An ardent geographer and the inventor of Pocock's Patent Globes, he read, during his geographical researches, in an ancient *Cosmographie* of the "Carts and coaches driven with sayles" that traversed the plains of ancient China. Kite flying with his children on the Downs, he watched one of his sons dragged along at great speed on a board attached to kite strings. He experimented successfully with attaching kites to the ordinary family carriage and went on to evolve the Charvolant. This was a slim, spidery contraption consisting of little more than four or five seats over a pair of thirty-inch wheels, with an unladen weight of only 200 pounds. The kites had to be so huge—anything up to thirty feet high—that at first they were cumbersome in the extreme and, being made of paper, disastrously fragile. But Pocock soon devised jointed, folding models made of stout linen, which, he assured prospective customers, were "now as portable and as easily stowed away as a large umbrella." A five-seater Charvolant, plus kites and equipment, could be manufactured for £80, about the same as a pony carriage.

The Pocock family and a party of friends, some sixteen strong, set out on many entrancing expeditions. Two or three kite carriages streaked along in procession, racing one another through narrow streets and round church steeples, sometimes traveling the full 115 miles from Bristol to London. Terrified yokels regarded them with incredulity; some thought the devil was abroad, especially when the equipages appeared at night, with lurid lanterns bobbing about beneath the kites. One old lady thought she had solved the mystery of their lack of horsepower: "They've got a man up there behind the kites, pulling them along." It was considered particularly indecorous that the befrilled and bonneted young ladies, as well as the gentlemen, were permitted to control the great kites by means of the steering handle. But the steersman didn't have all the fun—one person on each carriage had the happy task of emitting great blasts on a bugle to warn pedestrians of the otherwise silent approach of the Charvolant. Another would read the mariner's compass or check the chronometer and announce when a thrilling mile had been traveled in a mere two-and-three-quarter minutes. Yet another passenger stood close to the driver, with a sharp knife at the ready, to sever the kite strings in case of major mishaps.

No Charvolant expedition was without its little contretemps. George Pocock was quite undismayed when chimney pots, dislodged by the kite strings, were smashed to smithereens on cobbled streets. (He was meticulous about paying for them afterward.) More serious hazards were church steeples, from which weathercocks were frequently dislodged, and the branches of trees, which, should the tree be slightly rotten, could come crashing down at great speed along the kite lines, endangering the passengers. Sometimes a sudden gust of wind would lift the

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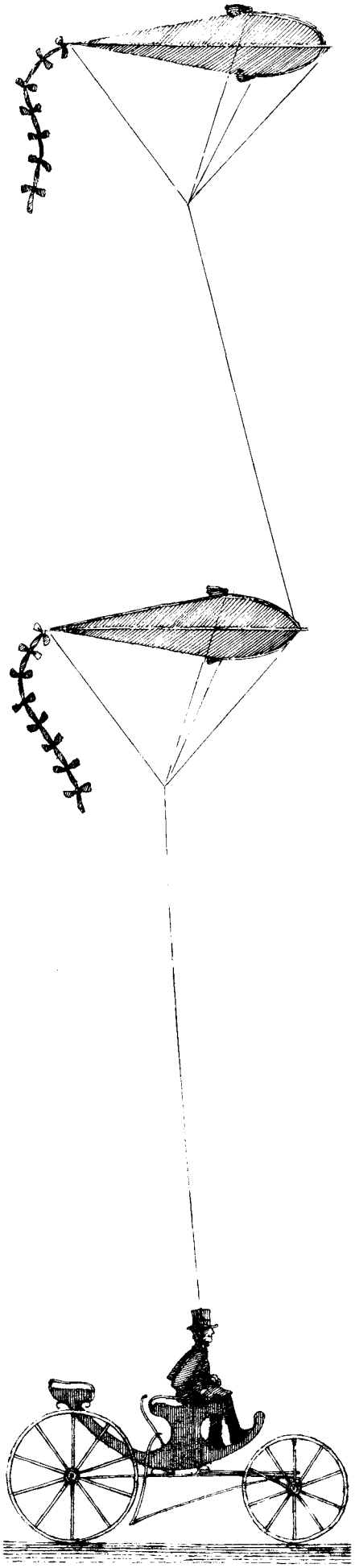
bouncing, light carriage out of control, and it would finish topsy-turvy halfway up a bank, its disheveled passengers investigated by curious cattle. There were occasional complicated encounters with flocks of sheep, the foolish creatures having ignored the bugle's warning.

Sometimes the kite strings would break, and the kites would drift away into the distance. One night, after a two-hour search, Pocock finally found his buoyant sails buffeting about on the roof of a farmhouse whose terrified occupants cowered inside, convinced there were robbers in the upper story. Pocock's most frightening adventure was on a summer trip across the wilds of Salisbury Plain, when he received severe electric shocks during a thunderstorm, owing to the metal thread running through the guiding reins. Luckily, the party had given a lift to an intrepid hitchhiker, a silk manufacturer, who solved their problem by tying his sample silk ribbons round the kite cords; Pocock immediately placed an order for large quantities of this useful insulating material.

Pocock was too proud to admit that the unreliable nature of the Charvolant made it a less-than-ideal vehicle for an itinerant preacher bound urgently on the Lord's business. His Sunday congregations had plenty of opportunity for that wholesome exercise of patience that he so often advocated, for he insisted on traveling to his outdoor prayer meetings by Charvolant. Since the steering mechanism was not infallible, the expectant congregation would be kept waiting around for long periods in some windy West-country meadow, while their irrepressible preacher extricated himself, his carriage, and his kite strings from a nearby ditch.

Despite such embarrassments, there was one indisputable advantage to kite riding, for the roads of those days were encumbered with a great many expensive tollgates, which charged a fixed tariff—so much for a man on foot, for a horse, a mule, or a coach and pair. Until George Pocock came hurtling by, only the King had traveled through those gates free of charge. But when the Pocock cavalcade turned up at a tollhouse, the turnkey had the unenviable task of deciding how much to charge them. Pocock relates: "Seeing no animals attached to the vehicle, she started and stared. . . . 'What d'ye call them? Kites? They ben't horses! Nor mules! And I'm sure they ben't donkeys nor oxen.' Then, looking at her toll-board, she observed, 'Kites, kites! Why there be nothing about kites on my board, so I suppose you must go along about your business.'" Not a penny poorer, the Pococks continued their right royal aeropleustic progress, and



Pocock wrote smugly: "There is a peculiar satisfaction in not being detained at the toll-bars. The pains and the penalties which there arrest common travelers, never intercept this celestial equipage."

Like many a modern speed demon, Pocock couldn't bear to be stuck behind some sluggish slow coach doing a mere twelve m.p.h. or so, and at every opportunity he would contrive to pass slower vehicles, with exultant toots on the bugle. Now and then he got behind a surly post-chaise driver who was reluctant to give him road space and would caddishly zigzag to prevent Pocock's passing, but the Charvolant usually triumphed in the end. On one such occasion Pocock, impatient at having dawdled for a long period behind a slow but sumptuous carriage, passed it at last with rude bugle blasts and victorious, high-hat flourishes—only to discover to his chagrin that the coachman wore the royal livery of the King's brother, the Duke of Gloucester. Horrified at this breach of etiquette, Pocock immediately reined in his kites, slowed down, and allowed the royal personage to take precedence. Evidently he was forgiven, for in 1828 he was summoned before George IV to demonstrate his remarkable airy thoroughbreds at Ascot Races.

There was no end to George Pocock's ambitions for his beloved kites. He wrote of "The Application of Aeropleustics in Foreign Parts," explaining how the Charvolant could be used to explore the deserts of Arabia and Africa. He pointed out that kites could be used to pull pleasure boats and to raise naval signals. He insisted that the kite chairs, which had been spurned by the navy for shipwreck rescue, could be effectively used for aerial spying by the army. Above all, he looked forward to the day when all the roads of England would throng with the gay and breezy delights of Charvolant excursionists. But it was not to be, for the coming of railway bridges and telegraph wires soon after Pocock's death made kite riding impracticable, and eventually it was a completely forgotten sport.

George Pocock died in 1846. His funeral was no doubt enhanced by the exuberant hymn that he wrote especially to be sung on those joyous kite-carriage excursions, in which he expresses the pious hope of the Charvolant rider for ultimate salvation:

Thus soaring, thus flying along
Etherial pleasures we find,
May kind Heav'n accept of our song,
Who lends us the wings of the wind.

The pious lark sings as it flies,
And we who thus follow its flight,
May hope—when our string breaks—to rise
And soar midst the seraphs of light. □

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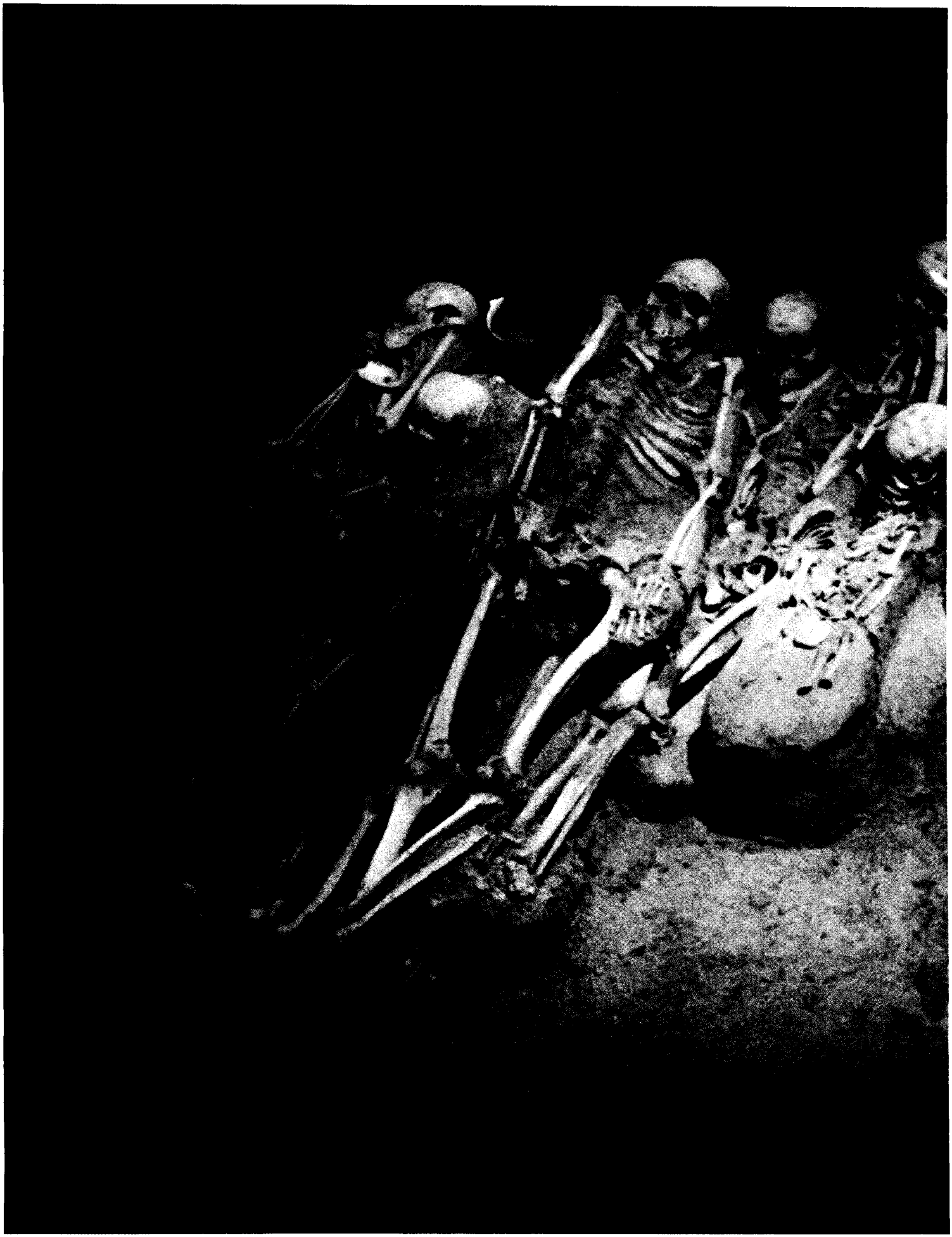

JOHN RONAN

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RESURRECTION IN ILLINOIS

BY JOHN RONAN

White America's consciousness of the Indian peoples and cultures it supplanted has deepened in recent years. Dee Brown's *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* and the ABC television special *In Search of the Lost World* have been only the latest and most visible examples of increased interest—and sense of guilt. But the same legends that led the Spanish to quest for Incan gold and the settlers to push across our prairies are now spurs to public curiosity. And the professionals, the archeologists and historians, though not motivated in the same ways, are certainly influenced by popular taste. It is easier to get a grant to excavate for treasure than to study the trading patterns of the Iroquois.

However, quieter, less-publicized adventures into our Indian heritage have been going on for decades. The Illinois River Valley, for instance, though not as glamorous as Machu Picchu, is the location of a new, rare, on-site museum devoted entirely to Indian prehistory—Dickson Mounds. There are no pyramids or temples, no altars of human sacrifice stained with blood: only mounds and hutments and silence. Yet years of work here have led to discoveries no less fascinating, or even spectacular, in their own way, than those of Peru and Mexico.

The first discovery of artifacts and human remains at Dickson Mounds was made in 1900, when the Dickson family, in the process of digging a foundation for a house, unearthed a wealth of beads, bowls, spear- and arrowheads, trowels, pipes, and skeletons. The excavation and preservation of the relics became a family project, and through the Twenties two of the original Dicksons discovered more than 230 burials and built shelters to protect what they had found. The Dickson location was clearly so remarkable that the state bought it in 1945, and it is now a branch of the state museum system.

Today Dickson Mounds, in Lewistown, Illinois, consists of three village-living sites at the base of a central hill and, on top of it, the main museum building, which houses the exposed graves. The village sites and cemetery, taken together, are like a miniature Pompeii: ruins so cleanly frozen in the midst of living that they do not seem ruins at all. Because the museum is "on site," the artifacts are not glass-encased hundreds of thousands of miles from their place of origin. They lie where the last human hand left them. There is no obstacle but time, and its hold is so tenuous and weak against the power of relics to conjure up the past that to be here is to resurrect it.

The first of the village sites is the most rare. It is called the "Cross-Shaped House" and, according to Wayne Shields, the museum's curator, is one of only four such structures yet found in North America. The original walls were probably thatched, though nothing remains of them except a surrounding post trench and some little remnants of the posts themselves. Within the building there is a fallen wall of clay and straw that was fired to brick when the structure burned, probably about 1005 A.D., give or take 100 years. Behind the wall, which formed what can only be called a pantry, were the substances that made radiocarbon dating possible: hickory nuts, acorns, and corn. The oddity of the shape of the building, along with the presence of food, has led to speculation that the original function of the Cross-Shaped House was religious and that the foodstuffs were offerings for sacrifice.

The second village site is called the "Council House" for its size and probable function. Curiously, it too burned. But not, as they say, to the ground, for the Council House when occupied had already been half into the ground. A depression, only several feet deep, was dug in the earth so that the walls were half-mud and the profile of the roof, rising only two or three feet above the ground, was low. The advantages for insulation and safety are obvious. The roof, reminiscent of the adobes of the west, was mud-packed, making the entire structure waterproof and all but invisible from a distance. The only clue to its existence would have been the occasional rise of smoke from the central vent. Such a detailed, mental reconstruction of the Council House, far from being fanciful, is highly accurate because it, unlike the Cross-Shaped House, is not a rare form. In fact, historical records of buildings of this type are fairly common.

When the Council House burned, the weight of the wood and mud caused a caving in of the ceiling before the interior was consumed. Oxygen was cut off, and the partially burned wood became charcoal, perfect for radiocarbon dating. The date here is 1140 A.D., plus or minus 95 years. Conceivably, given the margin of error of the radiocarbon system, both the Council House and the Cross-Shaped House could have burned at the same time, somewhere near the

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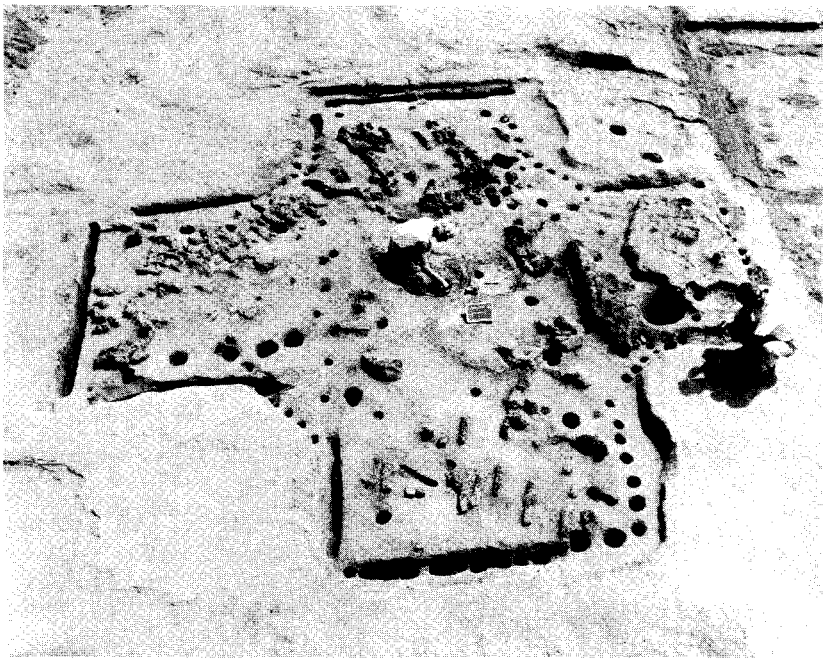

Photograph of the "Cross-Shaped House" floor plan, taken during excavation.

end of the eleventh century, in a village holocaust.

The last village site, one more conventional than the first two, has been dubbed the "Circular House." Like the Cross-Shaped House, it has a post trench and the remains of some of the posts. The poles, probably bent together at their peaks to form a sort of fat-bottomed teepee, were thatched, following a formula found among the Wichita and Choctaw tribes. Dr. Joseph Caldwell, who excavated this site in 1959–60 and who is now the head of the anthropology department at the University of Georgia, was able to radiocarbon date the house from pieces of charcoal found at the rim of the cooking pit at the center of the structure. The figure is 939 A.D., plus or minus 140 years.

There are other village sites on the museum grounds. Some, such as a huge, eighty-four- by forty-eight-foot structure, have been studied, photographed, reclaimed, and covered over again. Still others are partially protected by plastic and wood and are awaiting more permanent shelter.

But the core of the museum, as of early 1972, is complete. It is a brown and solemn building, as flat and sure of itself as the prairie it rises from. Its chief function is to house the bones of 237 Indians, one-seventh of the entire number buried on the hill. Entering it, one becomes conscious not so much of viewing an exhibit as of being in a mausoleum. Visitors look out on a field of skeletons, a crypt with the vault walls made invisible.

In one grave are the skeletons of four men, victims of crime or punishment, all headless with clay bowls at the top of their spines replacing their skulls. In another single grave the occupant's skull is cocked back and his jaw open as if in a scream of agony or release. Many of the graves hold the artifacts that tell of the hunting, fishing, and farming lives the Indians led. In others there is the wealth of leaders (in one burial site, almost certainly that of a chief, there is an abundance of pottery, jewelry, a copper breastplate, and other valuables). And there are graves in which whole families are buried. Finally, in some graves, placed next to their owners, are effigy bowls, pottery with handles made to resemble people, or fish, or animals of the plains: woodchucks, frogs, turtles.

Because of the number of individuals involved, such an excavation gives scientists great opportunity to reconstruct lives, a chance to create a prehistoric sociology, and the result is a picture of a life that was as harsh as it was short. Life expectancy for these Indians was barely twenty-three years, with the average for men, twenty-five, being balanced by that for women, twenty-one. Such a life-span, in our culture, would scarcely allow a completion of education and a beginning of adult life. The main reason for the low figure was the infant mortality rate. Fully one-third of all those buried at Dickson Mounds were children nine years old or less. But the years past childhood were almost as difficult: only 8 per cent of the population was over fifty. And poor diets and disease kept the Indian short; the average male was five feet six inches tall and the average female, five feet two inches. The tallest person found was five feet nine.

The Indians, however, were not aware of being so badly off. They did not know that a race of long-lived giants would walk their land a thousand years later. But we, having the advantage of being able to compare the two periods, can gain insight into the reality of their lives. The average American's life expectancy, for instance, is now over seventy years and rising. For males it is 66.6 and for females 74. The rate of child mortality, to nine years, is slightly over 2.7 per cent. And the number of citizens over fifty is above 24 per cent, or over three times the Indian rate. Our stature, which is still a good indication of general eating and medical conditions, runs over five feet nine inches for men, over five feet four for women.

Sheer statistics do not tell half of

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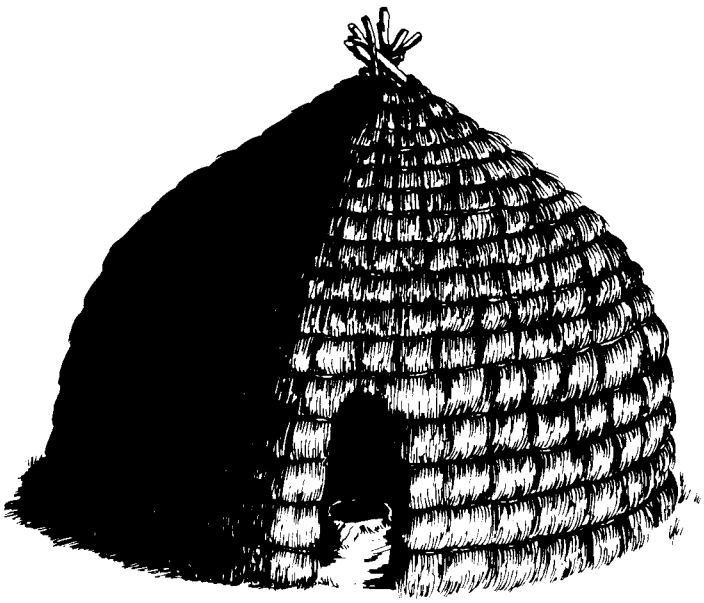
An artist's reconstruction of the "Council House."



An artist's reconstruction of the "Circular House."

the suffering demanded for the privilege of life. Disease, which went largely unchecked, complements the picture. Various bone pathologies tell a story of arthritis, which was almost universal, osteomyelitis, rickets, tumors, poorly healed fractures, and pyorrhea. Limb shortening, spurring, curvatures, loss of forearm rotation, and decay were common. Far from the romanticized portraits found in many histories, such a village at its healthiest must have looked much like one of our modern hospital wards.

Yet by the standards of the time these people were riding on the crest of a flourishing culture. From about 800 A.D. to the middle of the seventeenth century, the mound builders spread their civilization north along the Mississippi and its major tributaries, establishing villages and small cities as they went, always keeping trade routes open to the south, even as far as Mexico. The Mississippians, as the archeologists call them, dotted Fulton County (the location of Dickson Mounds) with over 1,200 living sites. An estimate of the total population at any one time is difficult. Whether each site was the home of a large, extended family or a small, closed group is not known. But it is safe to say that there were several thousand souls here, perhaps as many as twenty thousand. Considering that the present population of Fulton County is only forty thousand, the estimates of Indian population in the past represent a heroic accomplishment.

The title Mississippian is so obviously a descriptive tag rather than a true name that it immediately sparks the question of what the Indians called themselves. There is no answer. It is suspected that the Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Quapaw tribes were among the descendants of these ancient people, but the graves themselves are silent. So many tongues lie in the dust at Dickson Mounds, so many mouths lie gaping, that there is a fanciful temptation to listen, softly, for the answer that has never come. And despite the most scientific tools and training, it is not likely to. The reason is as mysterious as the problem itself: in the midst of what we would call the high Middle Ages, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the Mississippians vanished. No one knows where or why.

Several theories have been offered. An early one was that a European disease, carried north along the trade routes from Mexico, killed the population. But radiocarbon dating has shown that the Mississippians were gone before whites landed on the continent: the last of the 1,200 sites in Fulton County dates from 1200 A.D. Intertribal warfare also fails to explain their disappearance, for there is no evidence of pillage or sudden, mass deaths. Finally, if the fires that destroyed two of the village sites are used as an explanation for why the area was deserted, the contradiction of the Circular House must be dealt with. It was not destroyed but abandoned. The ashes from the last hearth fire can still be seen, next to the pit, just as they were piled a thousand years ago. The abandonment, possibly as late as 1079 A.D., could have come after the other two structures burned. So the problem goes unresolved.

One striking parallel comes to mind, however. At about the same period, in the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries, much the same mysterious migration was taking place in the West, where the cliff dwellers, also in the midst of prosperity, were moving east to the Rio Grande for reasons as obscure as those surrounding the Mississippians' migration. The temptation to weave mysterious explanations around mysterious events is great, and to postulate a common cause would be taking a huge, even foolish, risk. But the parallel itself is remarkable, and the mind's need for an explanation is as strong as the obstacles put in its way.

Could the Mississippians and the cliff dwellers have shared some common threat, some common knowledge? Could a drought have wasted so vast an area? Could they have shared information by way of travelers or trade? The possibilities are intriguing. □

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CONFESSIONS OF A FUTUROLOGIST

A Tragedy of Errors

BY KENNETH E. F. WATT

Two lines of argument indicate that it will be more important for all of us to think a great deal about the future from now on than has been necessary in the past. One of these might be called the "magnitude of impact argument." Formerly, if Spain or Greece cut down too much of their forests, or if Iraq allowed its irrigation system to disintegrate so that the soil became too saline, then, while the effects contributed seriously to the weakening of a civilization, the impact was only local. The evolution of humanity could continue elsewhere at a high rate. However, we have now reached a stage in the evolution of humanity at which civilization itself is a principal determinant of the future everywhere on the planet. If civilization errs and chills the planet with air pollution or depletes a critically important resource or resources, the effects will be pervasive and ubiquitous. It is unlikely that there will be significantly large refuges from which a new civilization could emerge if the dominant present civilization makes a serious blunder. Thus, we have plenty of motive to pay careful attention to possible future consequences of present actions. Also, the time has come when we need to think about the potential consequences of extrapolating various present trends.

A second, and rarely mentioned, argument is also important: the "irreversibility argument." Before, if a civilization made some basic error that led to its demise, there was nothing about the nature of that demise that could prevent another civilization from retracing the steps of the first. This is no longer true. There are certain natural progressions that civilizations must go through in their evolution, and it is extremely difficult to leapfrog stages in such sequences without outside help. For example, a logical sequence in energy use by a developing civilization is first to use fuel wood, then coal in progressively deeper seams, then crude oil in progressively deeper and less accessible deposits, then hydroelectric power and natural gas, and finally nuclear power. Since it takes enormous inputs of power even to do research on nuclear power, it is difficult to see how a civilization could leapfrog use of wood, coal, oil, and gas and hydroelectric power and go directly, for example, to breeder and fusion reactors. But the present civilization is stripping the planet of all fuel sources that can be obtained without the use of vastly sophisticated technology. Thus, if we err, as Egypt, Babylonia, Greece, Rome, Persia, and all the others did, then the climb back to the present state will be enormously more difficult than the climb to here was for us. Again, we should ponder these matters carefully to make sure that we are not cutting rungs off the ladder behind us and preventing our being followed by others, millennia or centuries later. This type of thinking would have been irrelevant for previous civilizations; they simply lacked the power to cut rungs off behind them.

Some people may feel that there is little motive for thinking about the future, since it is so largely determined by the present and recent trends. This is not the case, and to illustrate, plausible arguments can be put forth to demonstrate how present trends could lead to four quite different futures. To a considerable extent, whether we get some other future than one of these—or which one of these we get—will be determined by conscious decisions that some or all of us make. To clinch the point, consider the four sample scenarios.

The first is the Sunday supplement of the future, or the "businessman's favorite." This is the high-technology, high-level-of-economic-activity, high-population-density future. To get from here to there, gross national product, resource use, and population all grow until a world is uniformly covered with megalopolises of great density, a beehive of economic activity and energy and materials consumption. It's possible, provided certain critical events occur: a controlled fusion reaction and unprecedented pollution control would be two of these.

The second is the high-technology, high-level-of-economic-activity, but low-population-density scenario. This looks very plausible at the moment, when the birth rates in most developed countries are falling sharply. Presumably, the export of advanced technological society to all the countries of the world would carry rapidly falling birth rates in its wake, as children were everywhere perceived as an economic responsibility rather than as an old-age insurance policy.

The third is the low-technology, low-level-of-economic-activity, but high-population-density scenario. This comes about because the rising economic aspirations of the whole world population overwhelm the supply of raw materials, and the fusion reaction and other technological fixes do not arrive soon enough to provide substitutes. But the worldwide level of civilization drops so low that it is not more possible to drop birth rates than it would be to drop them now, by exhortation, begging, or any other means in, for example, Colombia.

The fourth possible scenario, of the more likely ones, might be called the "Walden scenario." Everyone gets fed up with information overload (of their nervous systems), inflation, high taxes, technology, and hard work "trying to keep up with the system" and opts for less of everything, including children. How many young people have said to you recently, "This is a bad time to have children; so we're not having any"?

Without belaboring the point, most readers will by now have been convinced that, with a little imagination, one could spin out a detailed story (scenario) explaining how we get from the present to any of these four states, or indeed many other different states. So how do we know which are most likely, and how present decisions will determine those we get? This is the role of the futurologist. What we now need to expose are the methods he uses.

A simple-minded method is that of extrapolation of past trends into the future. Over the short term this can be surprisingly accurate, and it certainly is useful in revealing whether a trend cannot, for some reason, continue. A much more sophisticated and useful approach is to develop a set of equations describing the dynamics of society; the equations are derived by

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statistical analyses of great masses of historical data. But even this method has limited usefulness because the dynamics may be upset in the future by major decisions that society makes, consciously or unconsciously, by failing to make some decision or failing to take some action. Many of the most important decisions are those made unconsciously, by default. Thus, by not deciding to restrict the use of crude oil, we have decided to use up all that there ever was, rather quickly, and that is a very important decision. The really important function of the futurologists is to conduct computer simulations with the systems of dynamic equations that describe social functioning, under different sets of assumptions about policies and decisions, for each generated history, so as to determine the sensitivity of the history to different decisions that might have an effect on it. The object of the exercise is to determine whether there are certain events or decisions that are crucially important in determining the character of the future, which might not otherwise be recognized as being important as they really are. The futurologist does not tell what the future will be like because he does not know; what he can do is to point out the relationship between decisions that might be made now, or in the near future, and the ultimate consequences of those decisions. A particularly important function of the futurologist is to discover if there are sets of circumstances and decisions that can give rise to consequences previously unexpected.

A particularly interesting example of the role of the futurologist arises in connection with the "energy crisis." The simple extrapolation shows that there is indeed a problem: worldwide supplies of crude oil, natural gas, and cheap uranium oxide will be depleted sometime between 1988 and 2010, depending on whether we accept low or high estimates of ultimate recoverable total deposits (if present production trends continue).

Analysis of the detailed dynamics is much more interesting. A model can be developed showing how the rate of increase in demand per capita for resources changes through time for each country and each resource, depending on the state of economic development of a country. This model was developed by Peter J. Hunter on the basis of computer statistical analysis of the data on 138 countries over the period 1955 to 1968. Projecting ahead, using this model, the most interesting phenomenon revealed is that rates of increase in demand per capita will be much higher in underdeveloped countries than in developed countries, to the extent that many contemporary projections of worldwide resource demand constitute severe underestimates of future demand.

When we put together the output from such computer simulation with the critical issues revealed by scenario building, seven factors are revealed as critical in shaping the future. Since at least the last three of these receive virtually no public discussion, they are worth itemizing here. The four factors that have received considerable public discussion are 1) population-growth-rate moderation; 2) the availability of supplies of energy sources; 3) regulation of growth in demand (which can be achieved by such conservation measures as more use of mass transit and insulation in buildings); and 4) the rate of investment in new energy sources, such as breeder and fusion reactors and solar and geothermal energy sources. Current rates of investment in development of new energy sources are probably much too low, if they are to be ready in time.

The three additional factors are most fascinating. The first of these is capital flow among countries. The extent to which demand per capita builds up in such countries as India, Indonesia, and Nigeria will depend to a considerable extent on the rate of inflow of investment capital. Is it reasonable to expect that such inflow might occur? Yes, because, as it becomes increasingly clear that rates of economic growth are slackening in developed countries, footloose capital seeking high rates of increase in earnings per share will be increasingly prone to migrate to countries where that rate of increase is steep, because the country is in its vigorous middle years of growth. This is merely an extension of the argument that investment in the Japanese stock market would have been more attractive, over the last five years, than waiting for the Dow Jones Industrial 30 to penetrate 1,000 in the United States.

Another most interesting factor that could throw an unexpected curve ball into predictions of the future is speculation in natural resources by underdeveloped countries—an idea suggested by the physicist and macroeconomist Robert Boyd. For example, suppose that a country with enormous oil resources perceives that the price of oil is rising rapidly. Suppose, to be specific, that they could either sell a barrel of crude oil for x dollars in 1975, investing the money at 6.9 per cent per annum, compounded annually, or simply leave the crude oil in the ground. At the end of ten years the investment would return $2x$ or, if the price of oil doubles in that period, the crude in the ground would also be worth $2x$. Clearly, however, if the price per barrel at the end of ten years becomes instead $3x$ because of a steepening curve of price increases, then it becomes difficult to perceive which really safe investment would yield as high an interest rate as would be obtained by leaving the crude in the ground. This scenario develops some very interesting features if we imagine the country owning the crude applying to another country to borrow large amounts of investment capital against the crude in the ground as collateral. This would increasingly diminish the attractiveness of selling the crude early, rather than later. Given the variety of political persuasions of the countries that might be approached for loans, the complexity and variety of the implied scenarios becomes clear.

Perhaps the most fascinating factor of all those that will shape the future is the content of advertising in developed countries. Energy-supply corporations are starting to publish advertising and mail out pamphlets explaining their version of the energy crisis. The advertising indicates that there is indeed an energy crisis, but it often suggests that the way to deal with this is to make more money available to the corporation for exploration. The advertising often makes no reference to the fact that the ultimate recoverable total supply is, in fact, limited and will be depleted in a few decades at the outside, given current rates of increase in worldwide demand. Such advertising, if widely believed, will have two most important consequences. First, it will decrease the time span over which the fossil fuels will last, by allowing use rates to keep rising at steep rates (worldwide production of crude oil had been rising for about seven decades at about 6.9 per cent per year; recently it has been rising at about 8.3 per cent per year). After all, how can a political constituency for moderation of demand develop when advertising is being widely disseminated that makes no reference to the fact that the ultimate recoverable total is limited and will shortly be all gone? But the second, and even more important, consequence of such advertising is its effect on the political constituency advocating increased rates of investment in alternate sources of energy (solar, geothermal, breeder, fusion). How can we expect government to make the massive commitments to these and other forms of energy technology that are urgently required when the mandate for such investment is being constantly eroded by advertising that fails to mention the imminence of the depletion of existing energy sources?

These are the types of questions that the futurologist can point out to the electorate. But in the last analysis it is the electorate that must decide which of the alternate future worlds it wants. From that decision the appropriate decisions on other issues will be clear. □

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Don't ask the barber whether you need a haircut

(Greenberg's First Law of Expertise)

BY DANIEL S. GREENBERG

It used to be called planning, but with alterations and hyperbole matching the leap from beer to malt liquor, it has been metamorphosed into "technology assessment" or "future studies," replete with an international conference circuit, a newly established congressional Office of Technology Assessment (OTA), and generous government grants, including $83,000 from the National Science Foundation for Daniel Bell of Harvard to preside over a study of past studies of the future.

Recession being the current condition of grant land, the emergence of a growth industry open to all disciplines (technology assessment prides itself on what they call multidisciplinarity) has drawn favorable reviews—and why not? Technology assessment is a recondite calling, known to few but those who benefit from engaging in its practice. And newcomers to its existence generally feel that, with the sneak side effects of technology so well demonstrated—from automotive pollution to healing drugs that, incidentally, produce cancer—it cannot but be useful to have assemblies of "experts" help us all to look over the horizon. Which is what they will be seeking to do at Congress's OTA, at a new International Institute of Systems Analysis that twelve nations, east and west, have established in Vienna, at Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute and other "think tanks," as well as at scores of universities.

However, we mortals may well ask, like livestock in the feed-additive controversy, "What's in it for us?"

The answer is that the tag "technology assessment" extends the mantle of "science," tattered though that may be these days, to a primitive craft that does not merit—but, nevertheless, will seek to command—great public and political respect as an instrument of impartial wisdom. If past patterns of the advice business are followed—and there is no reason to expect otherwise—the assessors, though proclaiming their independence and even believing themselves, will play the tune of their paymasters or look for new work. (The financial decline of government-supported think tanks, such as Rand, is directly traceable to reprisals by congressional hawks offended by the internal opposition and, eventually, the defections of Randsmen Daniel Ellsberg and less-celebrated think-tankers. Similarly, the Institute for Defense Analyses has taken congressional lumps for a study opposing the SST.)

Like household pets, most assessors, advisers, and counselors sense the virtue of harmony with their masters, a process that extends even to the prestigious National Academy of Sciences, which, though chartered as an independent adviser to government, draws some 95 per cent of its $35-million-a-year budget from the federal agencies that it advises. Not often does the academy offend its customers—which is related to the fact that, in phrasing their inquiries, not often do the customers provide opportunity for offense. What they want, and usually get, is the academy's lustrous imprint on what they want to do or say anyway.

But doesn't technology assessment, assuming skillful performance, enhance the likelihood of better-informed political decisions? The answer is not necessarily yes, for one of the great put-ons of contemporary politics is that deficiencies of technical data underlie many bum decisions. As a matter of fact, few, if any, governmental decisions are ever purely technical; when referred to as such, they usually turn out, upon examination, to be political decisions with large technical components. Should the space program ride on a reusable shuttle or on expendable boosters? Technical? Hardly. The answer depends on the future scale of the space effort, which, in turn, swings on the military and electoral value of a thriving aerospace industry, the intangibles of "national prestige," and the urge to keep the Soviets running hard and expensively to keep up with us in space. NASA, which naturally favors the growth of space work, and hence the shuttle, assigned the inquiry to Lockheed and a New Jersey consulting firm, Mathematica, Inc., which emerged with findings in favor of the shuttle. NASA proclaimed the conclusions as expert and delivered them to Congress. It may be assumed that, if John Gardner's Common Cause had let the study contracts, different contractors would have been involved and different conclusions would have emerged.

In an era in which kept consultants, bankrolled by major institutions, heavily influence the public process, how can the interested but nonexpert citizen evaluate the prescriptions offered on behalf of his well-being?

It isn't easy, and it is going to get harder as these institutions continue to arm themselves with new ranks of "experts." But there are some hopeful approaches beyond Greenberg's First Law of Expertise, the corollary of which is: *The creators of a technology constitute the worst possible source of advice as to whether it should be utilized.*

Case in point: Secretary of War Stimson, toward the end of World War II, asked the leaders of the atom bomb project whether their creation should be used. Receiving the question at the end of a four-year, around-the-clock effort to build the bomb, they naturally replied in the affirmative. From this episode we derive the further principle that not only should the technical leaders be excluded from the decision regarding use of their creation but their sponsors should also be excluded from conjuring up outside advice. In the advice business the desired answer is always obtainable.

Next, since the professionals who gravitate to technology assessment generally come from advanced-degree callings that shun squabbling in public as vampires shun the cross, efforts should be made to set them on each other and promote adversary proceedings. This has been one of the healthiest developments to come out of the involvement of well-qualified scientists in the environmentalist movement. As a result, the in-house and hired experts of the Atomic Energy Commission are everywhere confronted by hostile experts, and the AEC's lullabies about nuclear safety have been exposed as self-serving nonsense.

Daniel S. Greenberg is Washington editor of SR Science.

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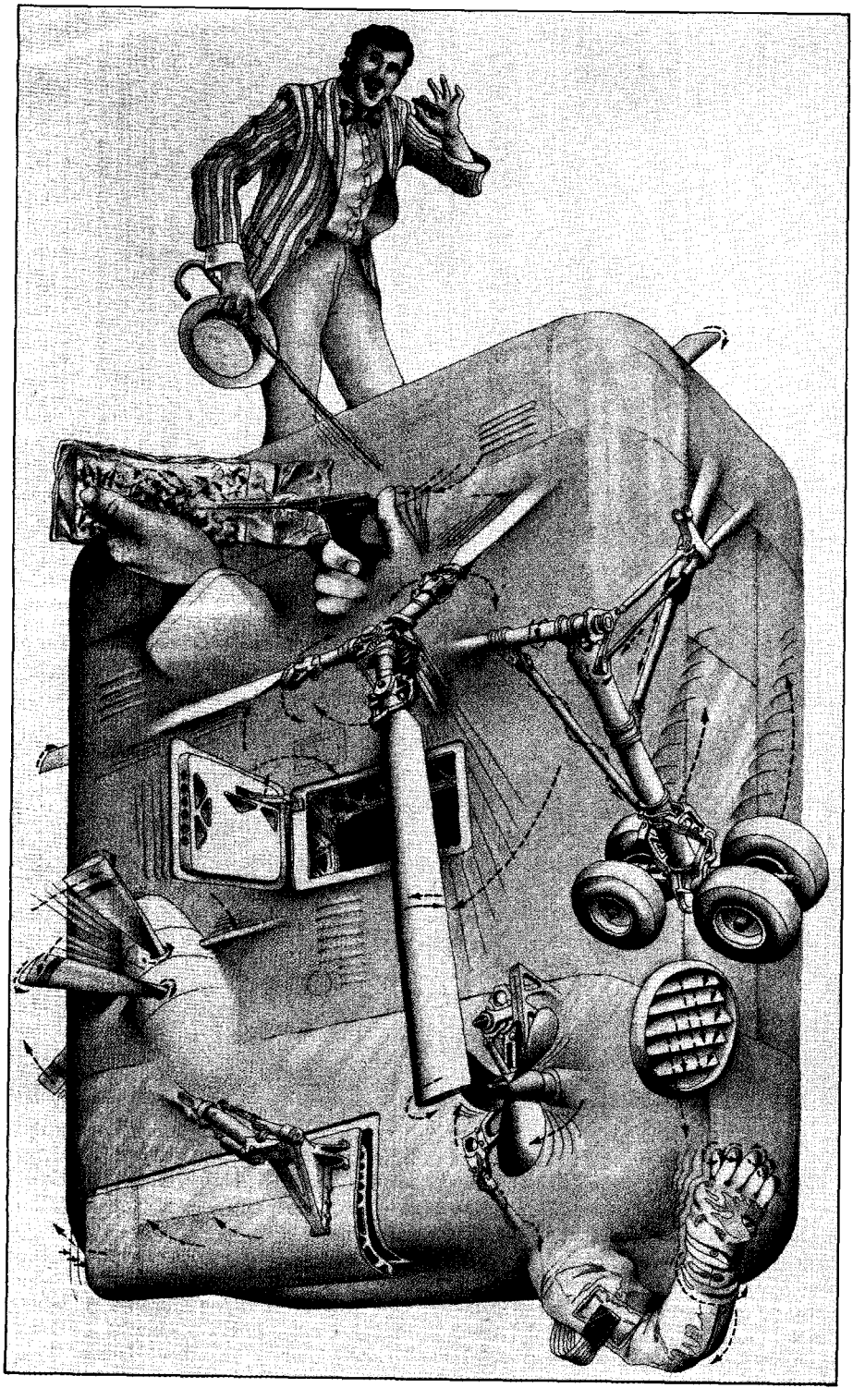

JOHN HYATT

Going one step further, great effort should be expended toward encouraging and honoring inside experts who put public well-being above institutional loyalty and defect. The implied or explicit pledge of public silence that is normally extracted for the dubious honor of being allowed "inside" does not serve the public interest, and those who break ranks in response to a higher sense of responsibility merit praise rather than opprobrium. Thus, when Richard Garwin of IBM publicly spoke out against the SST while still serving as an adviser to the White House science office—for which he has studied the project—the advisory clique condemned him for breach of confidence. They, of course, were performing in the programed fashion in which they had been raised. But a suitable outcome would be for some organization or other to bestow a nice medal on Garwin. Not that he'd care about it, but the example would benefit others who have shared the impulse but lacked strength.

Finally, to get to tactical specifics: In the promotion of new technologies two innocent-hand-on-the-knee gambits have often been employed—with great effect. First is the "prototype" argument, which contends that the venture is an experiment for which design and construction of a model or two are necessary for collecting the relevant information concerning whether to proceed. Sounds sensible enough, but construction of the prototype is inevitably followed by the argument that, having gone this far and spent so much, it would be foolish to stop now. Case in point: the disastrously expensive Anglo-French Concorde SST. And then there's the one-in-a-million argument, routinely raised concerning the possible hazards of new technologies. What isn't mentioned is that one in a million can occur anywhere en route from the first to the millionth chance and, as has been the case with several "impossible" nuclear reactor accidents, the occurrence can be earlier as well as later.

When doctors of technology disagree, the concerned citizen is best advised to heed the expert who has least to gain from the proposition at hand. □

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Aspirin: Good News, Bad News

THIS FAMILIAR LITTLE TABLET IS NOT THE CURE-ALL WE SO BLITHELY SUPPOSE.

Television, magazine, and newspaper advertisements continually urge us to reach for the aspirin bottle when bothered by anything from a hang-over to that nebulous condition known as the "blahs." The urging seems to work, for today aspirin is unquestionably the world's favorite medicine. It is the first drug most physicians recommend for headaches, the aches and pains of the common cold, and rheumatoid arthritis. Furthermore, the majority of Americans, playing doctor, freely prescribe aspirin for themselves and their children. As a result, the American public now consumes an estimated thirty-seven million pounds of aspirin and its compounds each year—at a cost of $500 million.

Available without prescription, the drug is commonly assumed to be safe. However, there is considerable evidence to the contrary. For example, at least 10 per cent of all the adverse drug reactions recorded in American hospitals

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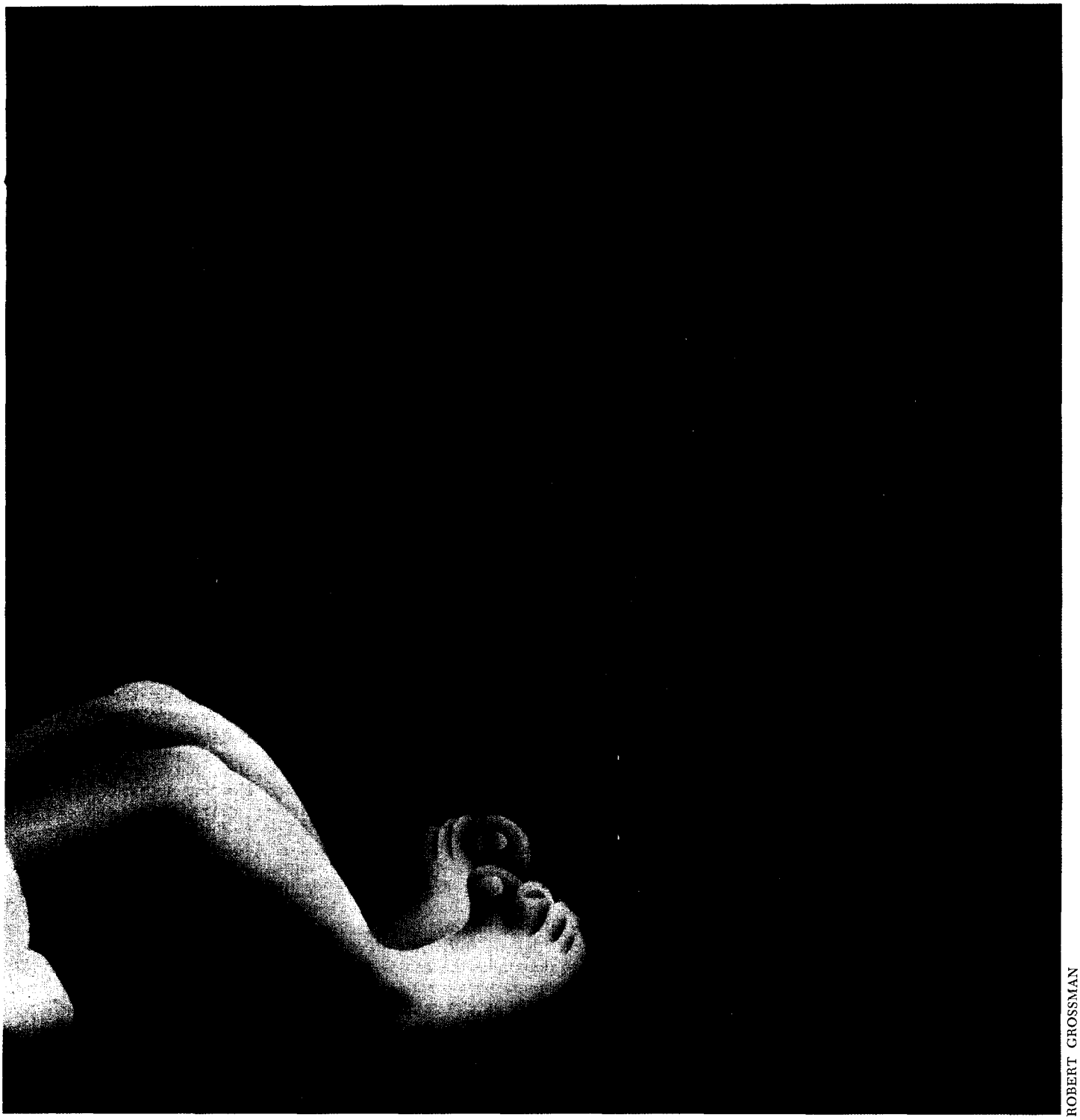
BY RICHARD S. FARR



ROBERT GROSSMAN

are caused by aspirin. In fact, one out of every 500 people who take aspirin experience undesirable side effects, including skin rashes, asthma, and gastrointestinal bleeding. To understand the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde quality of this supposed wonder drug, let us first look at its history.

The saga of aspirin began in 1763, when the Reverend Edward Stone reported to the Royal Society in England that extract of willow bark would reduce fever—a fact Indians had known centuries earlier. However, it was not until 1860, when quinine, then the preferred fever reducer, was expensive and in short supply, that the active ingredient in willow bark was identified as salicylic acid.

The next break-through occurred fourteen years later, when it was discovered that sodium salicylate, the sodium salt of salicylic acid, not only reduced fevers but also displayed antiinflammatory properties and therefore could

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be used as a remedy for acute rheumatism. In 1876 sodium salicylate went on sale in apothecary shops in powder form. Although it successfully reduced fevers and alleviated rheumatic discomforts, the powder caused gastric disturbances, such as nausea, and had a disagreeable taste. These side effects prompted chemists to search for a related compound that would have the advantages of sodium salicylate but none (or at least fewer) of the disadvantages. The search led to the synthesis of a substance known as acetylsalicylic acid, first put on sale in 1899 by the Bayer Company of Germany. Bayer called its new pain reliever "aspirin." (Bayer trademarked the name, and when U.S. companies began to market acetylsalicylic acid under the name aspirin, Bayer took them to the courts. The German company lost the trademark battle in the United States, but in Canada, for example, the term aspirin belongs exclusively to Bayer.)

The first medical reports of the possible dangers of aspirin began to appear in the 1920s. For nearly half a century, however, warnings of the problems of aspirin were largely confined to the medical literature. It was not until 1968 that a newspaper headline made the matter public. It read, "Rare Disease Fells Astronaut." The astronaut was Lt. Comdr. John S. Bull, and the "rare disease" was known as aspirin intolerance. The symptoms of the "disease" that caused Bull to resign as an astronaut were episodes of shortness of breath, wheezing, and gasping—indistinguishable from an asthma attack.

Persons with aspirin intolerance often develop asthma between fifteen minutes and three hours after taking the drug. Because of this latent period, many patients fail to relate the ingestion of aspirin with the subsequent asthma. Furthermore, unlike asthma caused, for example, by ragweed pollen allergy (which can be prevented by avoiding ragweed), the asthma attacks associated with aspirin intolerance usually continue even after the person stops taking the drug.

Although aspirin intolerance seldom occurs in children, when it erupts it does so anytime during or after the teens. Moreover, it usually develops suddenly, even in people who have taken the drug for years with no ill effects. It can neither be predicted by the skin tests traditionally used to detect allergic reactions nor prevented by "allergy injections." In fact, there is no convincing evidence that the problem is actually caused by an allergy to aspirin. Rather, it is believed that aspirin intolerance is a metabolic disorder that usually occurs in people who suffer from a recurring stuffy nose, sinus infections, growths in the membrane lining the nose, and bronchial asthma.

Just how rare is the "disease" that felled Lieutenant Commander Bull? Among the severe asthmatics treated at the National Jewish Hospital and Research Center in Denver, Colorado, one patient out of five develops asthma after taking aspirin. As in Bull's case, most of these patients have had aspirin intolerance for months or years before recognizing it. Similarly, a recent report from the Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation in La Jolla, California, indicates that 8 per cent of the asthmatics treated at the clinic also display aspirin intolerance.

Another side effect frequently associated with taking aspirin is chronic urticaria: hives. In studies from England it was found that 22 per cent of patients with chronic urticaria had flare-ups after taking aspirin. It is thought that the biological process that causes the hives may be entirely different from the one that initiates aspirin-induced asthma, although this latter process remains obscure.

During the past year Prof. A. L. DeWeck in Switzerland presented convincing evidence that commercial aspirin contains a contaminant, aspirin anhydride, that readily joins with certain substances in the blood. The resulting combination acts as the allergic substance causing a breakout of hives. This is one of the more substantial theories postulated to explain aspirin's ability to cause trouble in the body. Perhaps, however, there are some brands of aspirin that contain less contaminant. If so, these might be less prone to produce ill effects. Unfortunately, to my knowledge no study has been carried out to determine the contaminant levels of various aspirin brands and the effects each has on the same individuals.

Yet another common side effect of aspirin ingestion is the loss of small (and sometimes not so small) quantities of blood through the stomach and intestines. An explanation for this reaction was reported in 1967 by Dr. Harvey Weiss of New York. He found that aspirin inhibited the normal blood-clotting mechanism and thus caused prolonged bleeding time.

It appears that aspirin prevents blood from clotting normally by interfering with the aggregation of platelets, the tiny, cellular fragments found in blood that are vital to the normal formation of blood clots. These platelets play a key role in the repair of blood vessels. For example, when a capillary is damaged, platelets begin adhering to the injured area. Eventually, enough clump together to form a plug on which the rest of the blood clot forms. Without this plug, clotting takes place more slowly.

During the clotting process the platelets release substances that promote continued aggregation. The dosage recommended on most aspirin containers —two five-grain tablets, or approximately 600 mgs.—prevents aggregation by blocking the release of certain of these chemicals. Thus, ruptured capillaries cannot clot quickly enough to prevent a small loss of blood. (Most people lose about a teaspoonful of extra blood in their stools after taking aspirin. However, ingesting the aspirin with food, milk, or at least a full glass of water minimizes the loss in some persons.) Generally, aspirin-associated bleeding of this type is not significant, although even this small loss of blood could conceivably result in an iron-deficiency anemia.

There is also a more severe type of gastrointestinal bleeding associated with the ingestion of aspirin. Here, the patient can lose several pints of blood and require a transfusion. This situation is more complex than that of minor aspirin-associated bleeding and can sometimes involve other factors such as alcohol intake or the presence of stomach disease. A 1969 study of 125 patients with acute upper gastrointestinal bleeding found that 80 per cent of them had taken aspirin in the preceding forty-eight hours. About 75 per cent had taken from six to twelve five-grain aspirin tablets in that time span and had received no other medication. Many of these patients had additional diseases such as peptic ulcers, stomach cancer, or varicose veins of the esophagus. However, forty-seven patients had no preexisting condition that would enhance the likelihood of bleeding. Forty of them had taken no other drug but aspirin before hemorrhaging.

These properties of aspirin make it clear that the drug should not be used for at least a week prior to surgery and that it should be avoided by people with blood-clotting diseases such as hemophilia. It also has been shown that pregnant women who had taken aspirin during the week prior to delivery gave birth to children with de-

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fective clotting mechanisms. The doctors who discovered this fact recommend that aspirin should not be taken when labor is imminent.

The blood-clotting defect regularly caused by aspirin is a prime example of the Jekyll-Hyde quality of this drug. Blood clots in the coronary arteries of the heart or in the blood vessels in the brain diminish the blood supply to these vital organs. When sufficient blood to nourish them with oxygen and other substances is unable to pass through choked-off blood vessels, substantial harm—even death—can occur. Since clumps of platelets form the core of these clots, or thrombi, it has been reasoned that the administration of small doses of aspirin on a regular basis may help lower the risk of coronary heart attacks and strokes. There can be no major objection to putting such interesting concepts to the test, providing the physicians conducting these trials are well aware of that one person in 500 who experiences untoward effects from aspirin.

What happens to aspirin after you take it? Much of it is absorbed as acetylsalicylic acid directly through the linings of the stomach and the small intestine into the vast capillary network. There, with the help of certain enzymes in the alkaline bloodstream, it is promptly uncoupled (hydrolized) into its parent compounds, salicylic and acetic acids. What has been learned in the last few years is that during the hydrolysis of aspirin some of the acetic acid permanently bonds to the surface of serum protein and probably to the surface of blood platelets. One of the most important serum proteins to be affected by aspirin in this manner is albumin.

It is not clear whether other body constituents are similarly affected by aspirin, but it is known that many important enzymes can be changed when treated with aspirin in a test tube. To date the only effect known to result from this bonding quality of aspirin is that some medicines traveling in the bloodstream are coupled too strongly with albumin and once they arrive at the site where they are needed they are unable to uncouple. Although this bonding theory requires more scientific study, it already has provoked discussion about finding an aspirinlike medicine that does not cause these undesirable alterations.

Many of the beneficial—and detrimental—effects of aspirin are the results of the drug's ability to interfere with the synthesis of a family of hormonelike substances known as the prostaglandins. Prostaglandins have the capacity to contract or dilate smooth muscles in the lung, gut, bowel, uterus, and blood vessels. They appear to be present in every tissue of the body. They also act in the central nervous system to cause fever and are probably involved in the process of inflammation. Interestingly, whereas aspirin will inhibit formation of the prostaglandins, its forerunner, sodium salicylate, is almost totally unable to do this.

These recent discoveries have two foreseeable effects on the aspirin story. First, they will enable chemists to synthesize drugs with specific actions on isolated prostaglandins so as to enhance the desired effect and minimize the untoward reaction. Conversely, information gained in such studies will add to our knowledge of how prostaglandins themselves are acting upon various tissues and organs.

As concerns bleeding, people with known hemorrhagic problems should avoid aspirin and use such drugs as sodium salicylate or acetaminophen (Tylenol) instead. The same would be true for persons with rhinitis (nasal infection), sinus disease, or asthma. If pain or fever relief is necessary during the last few weeks of pregnancy, women should take one of the aspirin substitutes.

Aspirin also should be avoided during the first three months of pregnancy, unless there is a strong reason for its use. There is a somber report by a Welsh physician that suggests that the use of aspirin during the first three months of pregnancy results in a small but statistically significant increase in the possibility of giving birth to a malformed baby. The report notes that the study was done retrospectively—by asking mothers of malformed children whether or not they took aspirin during the first trimester of their pregnancy. Studies of this sort can never determine for sure whether the malformations were due to aspirin or to the conditions that prompted the women to take aspirin. However, until this matter is firmly resolved, it would seem wise to minimize the ingestion of aspirin, or any drug for that matter, during the early months of pregnancy.

Finally, manufacturers should clearly label those products that contain aspirin, and the labels should warn of possible bleeding and/or asthma in some persons. There are at least sixty-three products containing aspirin or an aspirin substitute as their major ingredient that can be purchased without a prescription. No one has proven that a particular five-grain aspirin tablet is any better in relieving pain or fever than a five-grain tablet of any other brand. All aspirin tablets must conform to standards set by the U.S. Pharmacopeia, which call for not less than 99.5 per cent and not more than 100.5 per cent acetylsalicylic acid. The combinations of so-called extra-ingredient pain relievers have never been proven more effective than aspirin—and plain aspirin is much less expensive. Nevertheless, the purchasing habits of many people do not reflect these facts. In 1968, for example, the American public spent almost $103 million for aspirin but as much as $345 million for combinations of aspirin with other ingredients. Judging from the amount of money spent on drugs and the brands purchased, it seems that most of us believe the more we pay for something, the better it will work.

All in all, however, aspirin is a remarkably versatile drug. It is capable of lowering body temperature in persons with fever (curiously, it does not have this effect when body temperature is normal). Aspirin does this by resetting the body's thermostat, a small region within the brain called the hypothalamus. The hypothalamus does not directly decrease the body's heat production; instead, it accelerates the body's cooling mechanism by increasing the production of sweat.

Although the precise way in which aspirin affects the nervous system to relieve pain is not known, what has been learned is that aspirin works better for somatic pain (headache, sprains, toothache, arthritis, etc.) than for visceral pain (intestinal cramps, colic, and gastric distress). Contrary to the good-sense cold prescription—take two aspirin, drink plenty of fluids, and get a good night's sleep—aspirin does not significantly influence the course of colds.

Every self-medicator should be aware of the hazards of aspirin. First, it must be regarded as a truly potent drug and therefore should not be used indiscriminately. Those who take therapeutic doses of aspirin to control rheumatic diseases should, of course, continue to do so. To reiterate, as far as we know, only one person in 500 has bad effects from aspirin, and many arthritics derive a great deal of relief from the drug. On the other hand, it makes sense not to take this one in 500 gamble unless there is a good reason to do so. □

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"Everybody's Grandmother"

BY CAROLINE BIRD

BLACKBERRY WINTER: My Earlier Years. By Margaret Mead. Illustrated. 305 pages. Morrow. $8.95.

Would you rather be Eleanor Roosevelt or Gypsy Rose Lee? In the 1950s the right answer to this motivational probe was, of course, that you'd rather be yourself. Margaret Mead won't approve of this, but to be as candid as she is, I'll have to confess that I would rather be Margaret Mead than me.

A man can be successful merely by beating other men out for the job of president of something or other. Because she's out of the running, a woman who makes it big has to create her own job. Margaret Mead has done more. She's taken whatever jobs came her way and used them to create her own role.

When she is gone, who will replace her? Not—and that's for sure—any future curator of the Museum of Natural History, magazine columnist, television personality, anthropological field worker, presidential adviser, marketing consultant, university professor, or author. The role, of course, is grandmother. Grandmothers glue the past to the future, the public to the private, and the professional to the personal. In *Blackberry Winter: My Earlier Years*, an autobiography that takes us from her birth in 1901 to the outbreak of World War II, Margaret Mead tells how she built on the role she learned from her own grandmother and writes as if she were talking to her granddaughter. Anthropologist and woman are one, and she never flinches from telling us what we've always wanted to know about her.

She had an extraordinary talent for learning from whatever happened to her. In this book she likes to bill herself as born two generations ahead of her time, but in spite of her feminist, sociologist mother and her liberated grandmother, she had to overcome more sex discrimination than she likes to recognize, and she did it with hardly a scream. After a series of business losses made the prospect of Wellesley or Bryn Mawr unlikely, her father, a professor at the Wharton School of Finance, decided she need not go to college. Her mother finally got her there by suggesting Professor Mead's old school, DePauw, and Margaret went off to spend a miserable year being snubbed by sorority girls. Barnard was better. She joined up with feminists who vowed "never to break a date with a girl for a man." In 1923 she married Luther Cressman, a theological student with whom she planned a career of childless community service.

But anthropology came first. With the number of primitive cultures rapidly dwindling and grants to study them hard to come by, the small body of anthropologists (there were only four graduate students in anthropology at Columbia in 1924) felt not only the pressure to study as much as possible as soon as possible but also the excitement of establishing a major academic discipline. Franz Boas, who, with Ruth Benedict, ran anthropology at Columbia, parceled out the rare grants—and topic assignments as well. Mead wanted to study cultural change in Polynesia; considering that too remote for a woman, Boas wanted her to study adolescence among American Indians. To get his blessing, she agreed to work on adolescence but held out for Polynesia, appealing to his sense of liberalism and fear of being called a bully. They finally agreed on an island to which a ship came regularly: Samoa. It was the making of her as an anthropologist. While Luther sailed off to study in Europe, she went to Samoa for the field work that led to *Coming of Age in Samoa*. Then, after a year in the bush, she fell in love with a man on the returning boat—the New Zealand psychologist Reo Fortune, who became husband number two.

Other trips followed, this time to New Guinea to study the Manus (*Growing Up in New Guinea*) and, later, the Arapesh, the Mundugumors, and the Tchambuli. Her accounts of these field trips—complete with mosquitoes, headhunters, and ceremonial dancing—make fascinating reading, particularly that of the Tchambuli village, where she and Reo had teamed up with the English anthropologist Gregory Bateson. Here, in an eight-foot-square "mosquito room," the three hammered out theories of the relationship between sex and temperament. "Cooped up together . . . we moved back and forth between analyzing ourselves and each other, as individuals, and the cultures that we knew and were studying, as anthropologists must . . . it became clear that Gregory and I were close together in temperament—presented, in fact, a male and female version of a temperamental type that was in strong contrast to the one represented by Reo . . . . The intensity of our discussions was heightened by the triangular situation. Gregory and I were falling in love, but this was kept firmly under control while all three of us tried to translate the intensity of our feelings into better and more perceptive field work . . . . Both Gregory and I felt that we were, to some extent, deviants, each within our own culture."

Eventually Reo went back to an old sweetheart, and Margaret married Gregory, having by him the baby doctors had warned would be difficult. (She had accepted their verdict with surprising equanimity but changed her

Caroline Bird is the author of The Invisible Scar, Born Female, *and, most recently,* The Crowding Syndrome: Learning to Live with Too Much and Too Many.

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He knows if you've been bad or good or exceedingly successful.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

ABOUT $10 A FIFTH. PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS. LTD., N.Y., N.Y.

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mind after the gloomy Mundugumors —who tossed babies into the river— convinced her of the positive value of children in a society.) Thus, without any ideological posturing whatsoever and long before Women's Liberation, Margaret Mead married and shed three husbands without taking any of their names or following them anywhere she didn't want to go. She lists her daughter in *Who's Who* but not her husbands. Her strong sense of family (and there is even a family tree provided at the end of her book) seems to have reinforced, not swamped, her even stronger sense of person. Her own identity is founded on a view of herself, at all times, as both grandmother and granddaughter in a continuing human process.

The secret of her strength is that, like Dr. Spock (who was her child's pediatrician), she is an ideological as

Margaret Mead at age 16

well as a genealogical WASP. Her advocacy of dissenters is based on a long tradition of equality and fair play that strips outrageously deviant behavior of any psychic discomfort. Anthropology provides her not only with neutral ground on which to stand but with a tool and a weapon. Person and profession are one. She plays the American ethic like a harp. Her antennalike sensitivity to what is going on out there is still remarkably acute, and her commendable high tolerance for ambiguity frees her from the need for that consistency that Emerson called the hobgoblin of little minds. She changes her view just before we do. She was, for instance, one of the first to applaud the young marriages after World War II and one of the first to tell girls to wait until they had finished college during the early-marrying 1950s.

Blackberry Winter arrives with Margaret Mead's perfect timing. It is a grandmother's tale for a time that needs grandmothers very badly. She comes into the living room telling us what to do as if she were a senior member of the family. "I speak out of the experience of my own lifetime of seeing past and future as aspects of the present," she concludes. "Knowledge about what man has been and is can protect the future." □

Serious Toys

SADNESS. By Donald Barthelme. 183 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95.

BY JOHN SEELYE

Donald Barthelme makes toys. By which I mean serious toys, not the stuff of Christmas time and F. A. O. Schwarz. The artistic tradition in which Barthelme works originated in the legendary company of magicians, jugglers, tightrope walkers, necromancers, wizards of all sorts. Smiths, workers in metals, originally belonged to that company and during the Renaissance brought their craft to a high art, creating from gold and silver intricate machinery whose purpose was defined by its delicate complexity, devices that whirred, shimmered, fluttered, often sang, inspiring admiration among the lowborn, philosophic meditations among the nobility. But the consequent rise of the lowborn to the Middle Class put an end to all inutilitarian crafts. (*Vide* Hawthorne's *Artist of the Beautiful* for a statement of the problem, Yeats's "Sailing to Byzantium" for an impossible solution.) Still, new occasions breed new diversions. Toys take on new forms: Paul Klee's paintings, for example, and Alexander Calder's mobiles. And Donald Barthelme, his novels and stories. They are, all three, toymakers.

To further clarify the issue, let us recall that "toy" comes originally from the Middle English "toye," meaning "dalliance," with a distinctly erotic connotation. Peasants, of course, did not dally. Dallying was the province of the nobility. Toys, likewise, began as the playthings of the privileged. So did art, modern art, which we may date from the Renaissance. The toys of Klee, Calder, and Barthelme are a very high form of dalliance, of play, not at all divorced from the original, sexual connotation. Though abstract, their works are not removed from human considerations. They acknowledge the sensual factor, at times isolating, emphasizing, even celebrating it. Thus, Klee celebrates the primal values of primitive art. Calder has succeeded in isolating the secret of delight. And Barthelme, too, belongs to this class of cerebral celebrants, fashioning strange devices to express our inexpressible moments, often enough erotically allied. *Post coitum, ergo propter hoc.*

Sadness is a collection of Barthelme's recent stories, his dreams, his toys. Perhaps because he has illustrated one of them with literal montage, it is the art of collage that Barthelme's technique evokes for me—the scissoring and pasting of borrowed images, bringing them into new contexts and thus forming a new reality, but a reality taking half its meaning from the old contexts. Barthelme cites Leninist-Marxist thought knowledgeably, and what we are talking about (not necessarily as a consequence) is a dialectical art, which is to say a revolutionary art. Which is not to say a political art, one that services a revolution, but an art that stages its own strictly apolitical upheaval. Barthelme is no political man. Mementos abound of Borges and Beckett, who belong also to the grand toymaker tradition of Klee and Calder. The world inhabited by these men is the echo chamber, the hall of mirrors, the palace of art, the House of Usher. Theirs is a closet, a palace revolution. Theirs is a highly objective, even cerebral world, yet these artists make themselves felt nonetheless. We are aware of Barthelme's presence in these stories, whether as an unhappy husband, a man on an operating table, or a mysterious, modern incarnation of St. Anthony. The landscape is bleak, evoking the unpleasant, flat horizons of surrealistic paintings; yet we also detect the familiar features of Barthelme's native East Texas.

This is also the desert setting of sainthood. The mood of lunacy and high clowning heightens to a religious tone, increasing throughout the progression of these stories. We are not talking about ecstasy, however. Evoking St. Anthony, Barthelme stresses sensual renunciation, not spiritual highs. Temptations are not very attractive. Sensual images swarm through these stories, yet are resisted. All kinds of fleshly and psychic excitements, as per Stephen Dedalus's proscription, are exorcised, becoming as elusive as the pervasive presence of Barthelme. Behind the bright colors of the toyshop we see the grimmer shadows of inquisition. What kind of toys are these? Barthelme's is a world of disjunctiveness, of discontinuities, of paranoias. He Dalis. He drives his own devils into us. There is a tragic dimension here,

John Seelye teaches English at the University of Connecticut. His most recent book is The True Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.

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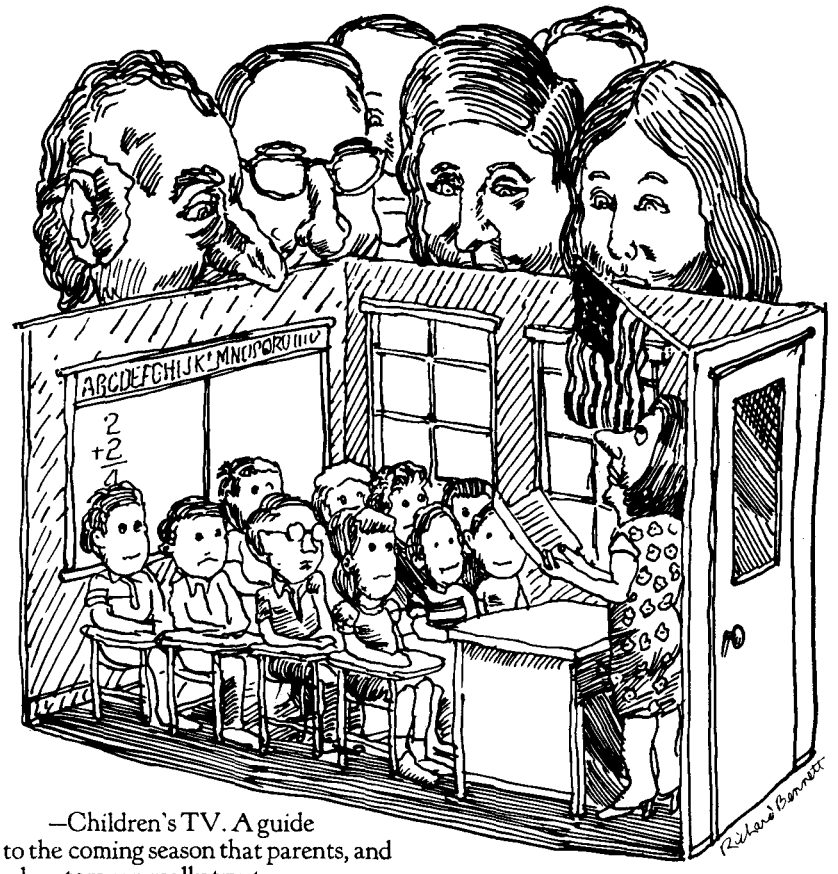

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but without big speeches or drama. Certain moments in Shakespeare are drawn out for maximum effect. (*Vide Twelfth Night* for examples in kind.)

We are talking, you see, about serious toys, transcendental toys. Ultimately, I suppose, about toys of the Apocalypse. Not everyone's cup of tea. Every now and then I thank God for *The New Yorker*, which, among the gilded toys it purveys to the wealthy, carries darker merchandise. □

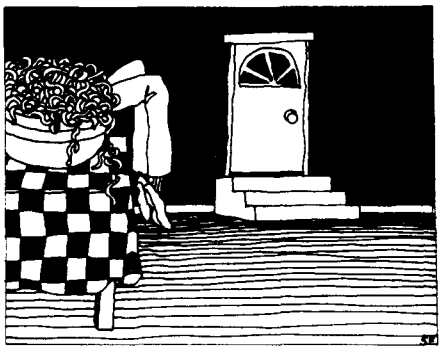
ON THE DOCKET

BY O. L. BAILEY

The butler rarely did it, you know, but more often than not he unwittingly served it: poison in the potted shrimp, strychnine in the library snack (discreetly tampered with *after* our man's man retires early in order to be up at the crack of dawn to see to the breakfast and discover the body in the library). "Most crimes of violence occur in libraries after ten o'clock at night. The library of the English home is an arena second only to the Colosseum in mortality rate; it is set aside for no other purpose than killing."

This piece of intelligence is but one of many delicious morsels the reader may partake of in *Murder on the Menu* by Jeanine Larmoth (Scribner's, $7.95). Ostensibly an exploration of food and drink in the English mystery novel, it is also a wickedly witty excursion into the mores of a genre that told us a great deal about upper-class England between the two world wars. Although murder is most popular as a postprandial prank, wherever and whenever it occurs the English mystery novel, mirroring life, indulges in obligatory gastronomic rituals that are explored by Larmoth down to the last, lethal crumb. There *are* some perfectly down-to-earth recipes by Charlotte Turgeon, with appropriate serving suggestions. Chicken Breasts In Half Mourning make for a fine postfuneral lunch, not to mention immortal sole before the reading of the will. "The prevalence of the platter in the mystery, like the mystery itself," the author concludes, "is a civilized facade on one of man's most basic instincts: aggression." Buffs beware! One man's gooseberry fool is another man's boysen.

"Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk," says Thoreau. *A Trout in the Milk* by Michael Underwood (Walker, $5.95) is set at the Old Bailey, for which I have an obvious affinity. Because of the affinity, I stuck with it.



But you needn't; it is very tedious indeed.

The same is true of *Montezuma's Revenge* by Harry Harrison (Doubleday, $4.95). It, however, is graced with one memorable moment. "They've . . . they've drugged the spaghetti!" our hero exclaims at one point and then promptly passes out in the pasta. But that was at the halfway mark, and I just couldn't stomach the rest, no matter what the revenge turned out to be.

"The corpse must shock not only because it is a corpse but also because, even for a corpse, it is shockingly out of place . . . ." pointed out W. H. Auden in his essay "The Guilty Vicarage: Notes on the Detective Story, by an Addict" (*Harper's*, May 1948). In *Murder Being Once Done* by Ruth Rendell (Crime Club, $4.95), the main corpse is in a London cemetery, but because it is unburied, it is shockingly out of place. So is Chief Inspector Wexford, on holiday in London and finding it not quite to his taste. Not, that is, until he becomes involved in solving the crime of the corpse in the cemetery. The title and chapter headings are from Sir Thomas More, and the entire work is a very classy, beautifully executed entertainment.

There is an almost corpse in *Dead Skip* by Joe Gores (Random House, $4.95). Bart Heslip, a black ex-fighter, works for Dan Kearney Associates, a company in the San Francisco area that specializes (for a fee) in collecting delinquent accounts and repossessing cars whose owners have defaulted on their payments. But after one particularly successful day, Bart finds himself the victim of attempted murder. He winds up in a hospital in a coma that could presage permanent brain damage. Larry Ballard, Heslip's buddy, also works for Kearny Associates, and he goes after the list of suspects. In the process he comes up against a mean and interesting bunch for whom the loss of wheels is the least distressing problem. The first of a series of DKA File Novels, *Dead Skip* is superb in its swift, to-the-point plotting and on-the-mark dialogue. Dan Kearney's detectives are Lew Archer in concert, and Joe Gores's novel ranks at the head of its class.

If you read Richard Stark's *Plunder Squad* (Random House, $4.95) after reading *Dead Skip* (or vice versa), you will have a strong case of *déjà vu* —fun not fatal. In part the setting is the same. Cars are convenient handles, and Parker, the professional thief who is the author's antihero, turns out to have figured prominently in a *Dead Skip* scene. Stark (also known to you as Donald Westlake) is a friend of Joe Gores, and apparently they plotted the story together. Whatever—it all works. Parker is one of my favorite criminals, and his latest caper is not the least bit disappointing. In it Parker tackles the art world and winds up painted into a dangerous corner. *Plunder Squad* and Stark are terrific.

The art scene is played again in *Ransom for a Nude* by Lionel Black (Stein & Day, $5.95). The spotlight is on a nude painted centuries ago by Velázquez and only recently unearthed in the home of an eccentric millionaire. While I must confess to longing for a millionaire who isn't odd in any extraordinary way—just a bit batty like the rest of his fellow men—I must also confess that this is really quite good. I recommend it.

Journey into Stone by Audrey Erskine Lindop (Doubleday, $6.95), on the other hand, is one I don't recommend. It gets terribly bogged down in the mechanics of creating "atmosphere" in one of those sleepy, little English villages that always turn out to be more than a little creepy.

Three Green Bottles by Dominic Devine (Crime Club, $4.95) is much the same. A series of young girls are murdered in a perfectly ordinary, little English town. D.D.'s denouement is deadly dull and, furthermore, divinable. Perhaps a moratorium should be declared on exploiting Britain's hamlets as settings for mayhem (a heresy I shall no doubt live to regret).

There are times when you are certain the good guys will lose. In *Rock of Diamonds* by James Quartermain (Doubleday, $4.95) Corvo, troubleshooter extraordinaire for the beautiful and enigmatic lady who heads Diamond Ltd. in London, looks like a loser. She dispatches him to New York. His assignment: to penetrate the inner sanctum of the Mafia and ensure that she will not have to part with any of her precious holdings. It all sounds terribly hackneyed, but I assure you it isn't. This is the third and last in the Corvo series. A pity: Quartermain has great flair.

Hugh Pentecost's latest, *The Champagne Killer* (Dodd, Mead, $4.95), features the dazzling, slightly unreal

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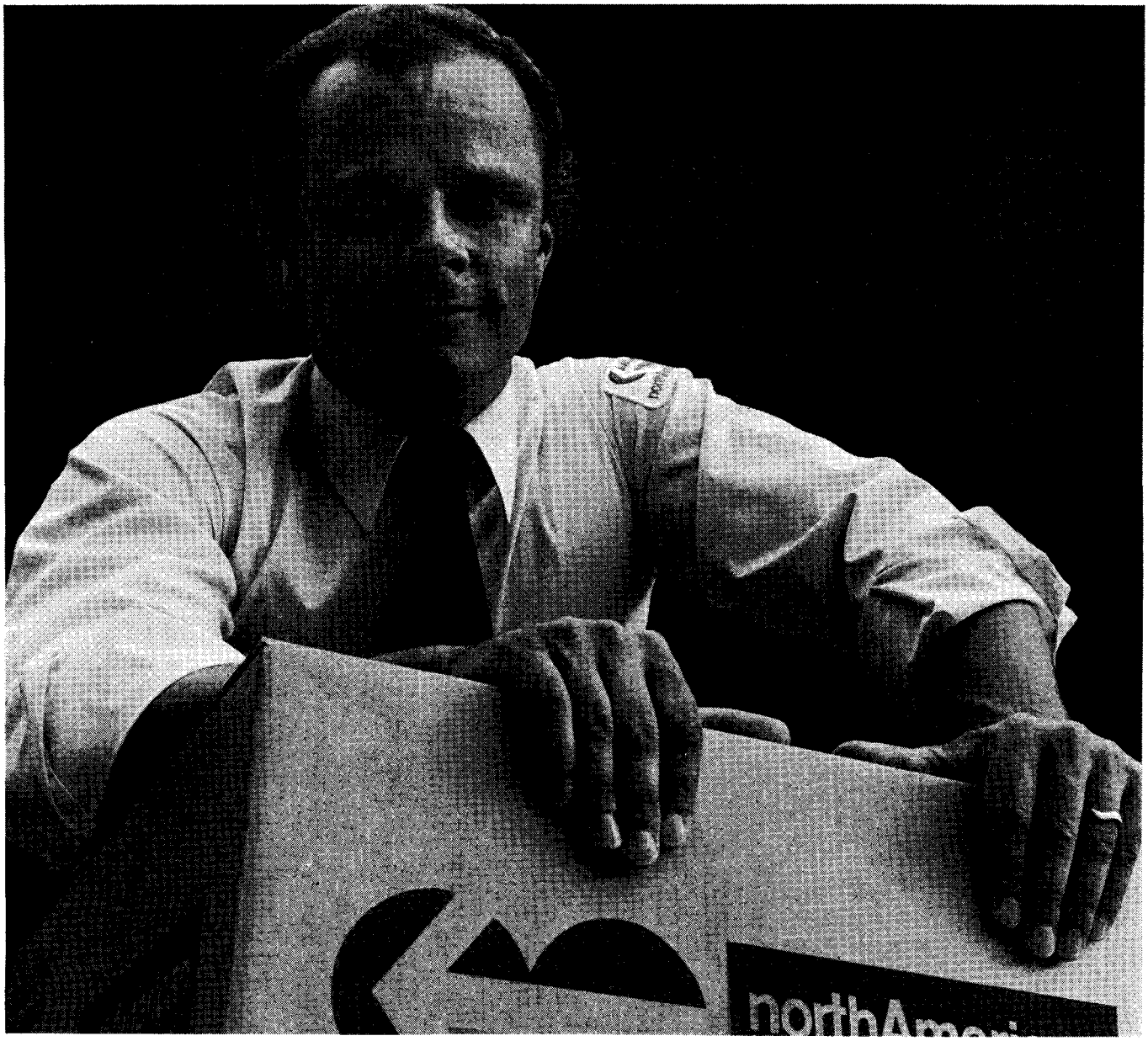

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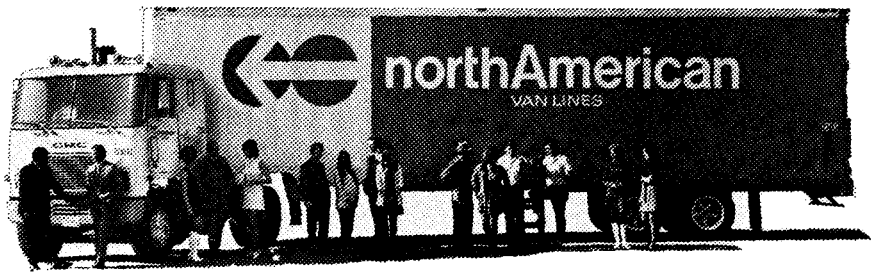

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Julian Quist, public relations counselor to the stars. In this case the champagne trail leads to madness and murder. It's very heavy stuff for readers who take their glamour undiluted and with the mere suggestion of a twist.

Raymond Chandler once said of Dashiell Hammett that he "gave murder back to the kind of people that commit it for reasons, not just to provide a corpse; and with the means at hand, not with hand-wrought duelling pistols, curare, and tropical fish." Both authors are being reissued for the first time in years. Ballantine books is publishing such Chandler classics as *The Big Sleep*, *The Lady in the Lake*, *The High Window*, and *The Long Goodbye*, while Vintage has reissued Hammett's *The Thin Man*, *The Maltese Falcon*, and *The Glass Key* (considered by many to be Hammett's best). Rereading them is almost as good as reading them for the first time. □

SHORTER REVIEWS

LICIT AND ILLICIT DRUGS: The Consumers Union Report on Narcotics, Stimulants, Depressants, Inhalants, Hallucinogens, and Marijuana—including Caffeine, Nicotine, and Alcohol. By Edward M. Brecher and the Editors of "Consumer Reports." Illustrated. 623 pages. Little, Brown. $15.

Lenny Bruce once said that he expected marijuana to be legalized soon because all the law students were turning on. What may have been merely a joke only a few years ago seems closer to reality today; there was even a proposition to legalize marijuana on the California ballot in this year's election. Although those former law students may have had something to do with it, the real reason that a trend has developed toward the liberalization of our drug laws—according to the editors of this valuable and inclusive report—is that today's "drug fiends" are no longer only people with dark skins or people who live in another part of town but the sons and daughters of Middle America. This massive report, which has been five years in the making and comes under the very respectable auspices of Consumers Union (CU's 1963 *Report on Smoking and the Public Interest* was a major influence in the preparation of the Surgeon General's 1964 report on cigarettes and health), is bound both to have impact on medical, educational, and legislative thinking and to stir up considerable controversy. Exploring both social and scientific aspects of various types of drugs here and abroad, it argues that the roots of the drug "problem" in this country are embedded not so much in the harmfulness of drugs themselves as in our legislative decisions, beginning in 1914, to outlaw certain drugs and thereby "stamp out" drug abuse and in the methods that have been used to propagandize and enforce these decisions. Thus, "the damage done by heroin . . . is largely traceable to anti-narcotics laws and policies and to the heroin black market that has grown up under the shelter of those laws and policies." Marijuana, after a third of a century of escalating penalties and "scare publicity," has reached "an unprecedented peak of popularity." Much the same is said of LSD. The speed freak, the book suggests, may disappear "—unless of course, a new wave of antispeed propaganda alerts a new generation of young people." Moreover, in addition to inciting use of illicit drugs, many of our laws make these drugs *more* dangerous than they might otherwise be (e.g., the lack of control of *contaminated* illicit drugs; the fact that "the sale or possession of hypodermic needles without prescription is a criminal offense—a policy which leads to the use of nonsterile needles, to the sharing of needles, and to epidemics of hepatitis and other crippling, and sometimes fatal, needle-borne diseases"). Covering all the drugs commonly, and not so commonly, associated with our nation's drug problem, *Licit and Illicit Drugs* notes that "by far the most popular mind-affecting drugs in the United States today are caffeine, nicotine, and alcohol . . . . The amount of harm done to the human body by nicotine and alcohol, moreover, vastly exceeds the physical harm done by all of the other psychoactive drugs put together. Further, the amount of damage done to the human mind by alcohol alone, as measured by mental hospital admissions, vastly exceeds the mental harm done by all of the other psychoactive drugs put together." At the end the report offers a series of conclusions and recommendations. It suggests that prohibition and scare publicity are countereffectual as deterrents and that many current anti-drug laws that actually increase the dangers of drugs should be abandoned. It calls for a reclassification of drugs based on scientific knowledge and different modes of drug use and for a truthful, unsensational, responsible drug education and control program geared, not to a national mania, but to real and local needs.

WORKING THROUGH: A Teacher's Journey in the Urban University. By Leonard Kriegel. 210 pages. Saturday Review Press. $6.95.

The author, a native New Yorker who did undergraduate work at Hunter College, received an M.A. at Columbia University and a Ph.D. from New York University, was among the last of that generation of working-class students of the 1950s who saw education as the way to secure and enlarge the toe hold their immigrant parents had gained. Then came the 1960s, the decade of turmoil on the campuses, and the props were knocked out from under those values. It was a time when Kriegel, then an associate professor at the City College of New York, experienced, along with many of his colleagues, "a spiritual and intellectual disintegration," a loss of faith in the significance of the profession—and looked to their students for leadership. The author, however, doesn't set himself up as a spokesman for anybody; he is simply one teacher trying to come to grips with how the colleges can best function now. He admits to feeling skeptical and uncomfortable with the "relevant" new curriculums—"the relevant is not always real"—and he is convinced that we lose something of value by letting go of a more traditional curriculum. Open admissions, he thinks, is, on the other hand, a probably necessary innovation and, with a concentrated program of remedial work where required, a promising avenue toward truly egalitarian higher education. The responsibility is there, he contends, because the urban university must now be considered the prototype for the American city. Kriegel is never self-serving; a candid man whose decency comes across on every page, he is more interested in exploring viable means of teaching than he is in proving a point.

POWER AND INNOCENCE: A Search for the Sources of Violence. By Rollo May. 283 pages. W. W. Norton. $7.95.

On the theory that flowers aren't going to disarm rifles and wishing won't make it so, Dr. Rollo May (whose previous book, *Love and Will*, was a much-praised bestseller) would have us put away what he calls "pseudoinnocence"—the type Melville wrote about in *Billy Budd*, *Foretopman* and, more recently, Charles Reich about Consciousness III—and get down to the real business of coping with what *is*. "When we face questions too big and too horrendous to contemplate, such as the dropping of the atomic bomb," Dr. May elaborates, "we tend to shrink into this kind of innocence and make a virtue of powerlessness, weakness, and helplessness . . . we do not then need to see the real dangers." And therein, he says, lies potential destruction. Dr. May is too reasonable and thoughtful a writer merely to mock counterculture values; what he is about is to assess various

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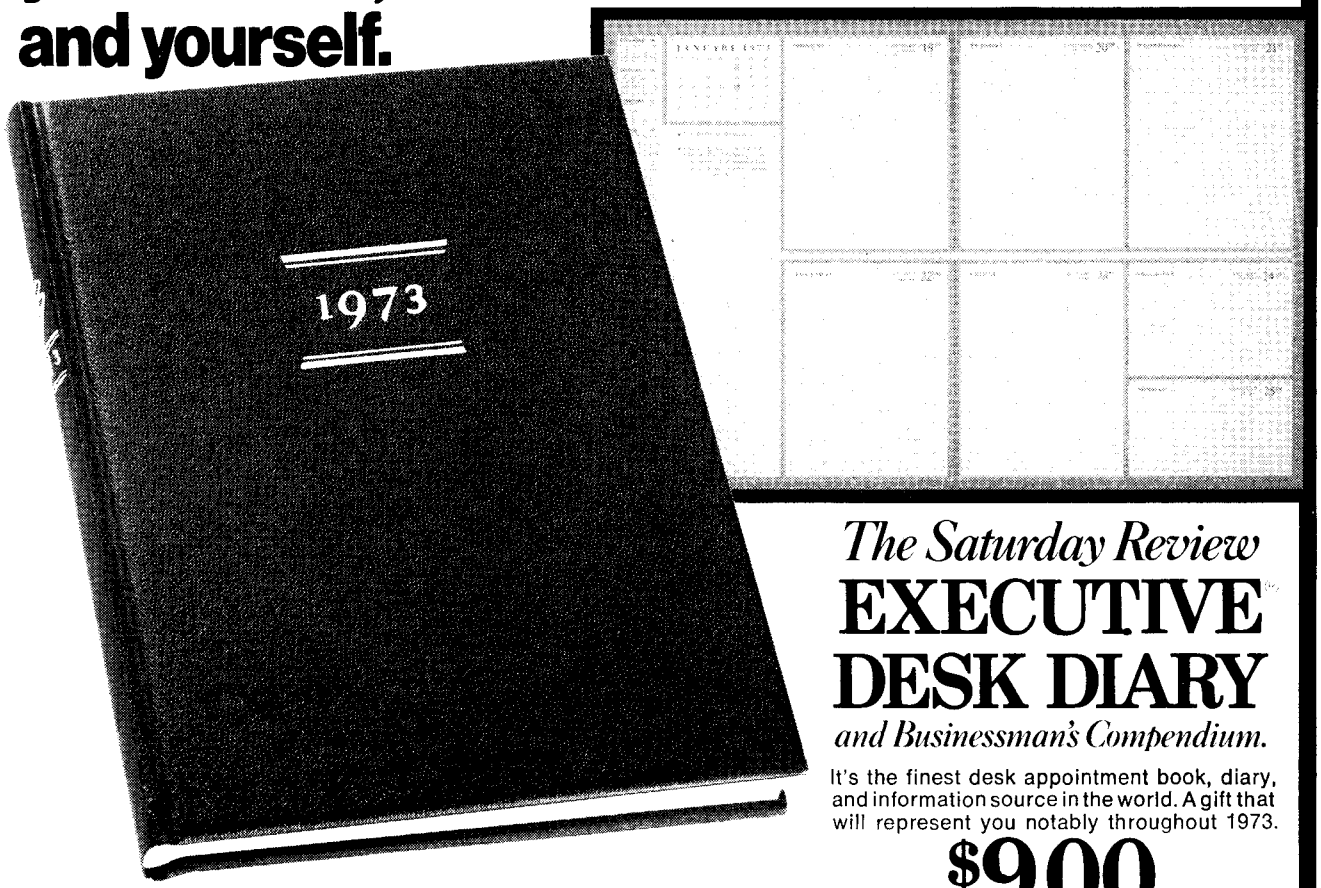

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social attitudes in order to explain why it is essential that workable means be found for returning authentic power to people. "Power is the birthright of every human being," he says. Building on the truism that each of us needs a sense of significance (not fulfilled by dropping out), Dr. May discusses five levels of the potential power present in every human: the infant's power to be; self-affirmation, the ability to survive with self-esteem; self-assertion, which develops when self-affirmation is blocked; aggression, a reaction to thwarted assertion; and, finally, violence, when reason and persuasion are ineffective. For blacks, women, and underdeveloped colonials, among others, a burst of violence can be psychologically and spiritually life giving, a step out of apathy, Dr. May writes. But violence in itself omits rationality, he adds, and, when taken to its extreme form, becomes *destructive*. In order to mitigate the need for violence, we must recognize the underlying causes of the social disease of impotence, Dr. May stresses, and deal not merely with symptoms. Power with responsibility has to be distributed, "not paternalistically, but authentically." And, if the means are not explored, Dr. May's prognosis is ominous: "We are going to have upheavals of violence for as long as experiences of significance are denied people . . . and if we can't make that possible . . . then it will be obtained in destructive ways. The challenge before us is to find ways that people can achieve significance and recognition so that destructive violence will not be necessary."

UNDER AN ENGLISH HEAVEN. By Donald E. Westlake. Illustrated. 278 pages. Simon & Schuster. $7.95.

The Caribbean island of Anguilla, a mere mouse of a Crown Colony (fifteen miles long, 6,000 population), spent something like 147 years alternately hissing and meowing to catch the benevolent attention of the British Lion. Ironically, when the lion finally did take notice in 1969, she misinterpreted the islanders' hijinks as an insurrection —and roared back with an invasion of two warships, seven transport planes, and four helicopters, carrying 315 paratroopers, forty marines, and forty London policemen. But the mouse, which was "armed" with a total of thirty-nine weapons, actually purred as the "conqueror" brought engineers to the island to build roads, install power plants, improve the water situation, and restore a telephone network that had been knocked out seven years before by a hurricane. Donald E. Westlake is a mystery novelist and an entertaining writer who plays it with tongue in cheek as he recounts Britain's embarrassment and historic frustrations in trying to ignore or, ideally, be rid of the tiresome problem of Anguilla. One unworkable solution, and the primary reason for Anguilla's discontent, was to hook the colony into statehood with the Caribbean island of St. Kitts, seventy miles from Anguilla and, from all reports, governed by a tyrant. Westlake is also appropriately indignant as he gives the back of his hand to the charlatans, do-gooders, and busybodies who latched onto the Anguillan fiasco. Among the more colorful characters were a group of San Franciscans, including a newspaper editor, an advertising executive, a proctologist, and an economics professor, who pushed for their own highly romanticized notions about the purity of a small city-state. This bizarre group minted "Anguillan" currency, designed a flag (mermaids were a prominent feature), and even placed a fund-raising advertisement in the *New York Times* offering contributors a special "Anguillan passport." (The Anguillans publicly disclaimed the ad.) There was also a Harvard law professor who, on his own, framed a constitution for the island and then tried to get spokesman recognition from the United Nations third subcommittee of the Special Committee on Colonialism, a decidedly anti-colonial group. (The island, remember, was trying to *hold onto* its colonial status.) The Anguillan caper is a quirky footnote to history, which, like Alice's adventures in the looking glass, becomes curiouser and curiouser.

THE TOOTH TRIP. By Thomas McGuire, D.D.S. Illustrated. 233 pages. Bookworks/Random House. Hardcover, $6.95; paperback, $3.95.

Thomas McGuire, a West Coast dentist, believes in preventive dentistry; he also believes that much preventive tooth and gum care can, with proper knowledge and determination, be done at home. This remarkable little book tells you how; more than that, it is a guide to the mouth—what it does, what's in it (and what shouldn't be in it), what can go wrong, how to recognize tooth and gum diseases, and what to do about them, including when to see a dentist and how to tell a good dentist from a poor one. Dr. McGuire's plain objective is to help you save your teeth (he believes most teeth can be saved); along the way he dispels much of the mystery, ignorance, and fear that unnecessarily surround the subject of dentistry. The book is written in plain English, with humor and common sense, and there are drawings to help you see what's what. Among the many making-do/self-help books, this is surely one of the most needed and, potentially, one of the most useful.

FROM THE LAND AND BACK. By Curtis K. Stadtfeld. Illustrated. 202 pages. Scribner's. $6.95.

This modest, leisurely, often beautiful book is the story of how Mr. Stadtfeld's forefathers "picked a somewhat inhospitable portion of central Michigan, put their roots down, made farms and homes and futures, and how all that they built for generations was swept away almost overnight by technological change." Its importance, however, stretches beyond the particular family involved—it is, in microcosm, nothing less than the story of the permanent disappearance of a whole way of life. The book is, of course, nostalgic, but not sentimental: Stadtfeld is not only aware of the disadvantages of farm life but clearheaded about the impact of World War II and the eagerly embraced consumer society that followed. "I have tried to show," he writes, "how fragile a rural society is when it is based on isolation and ignorance of the outside world. That is a lesson that those disenchanted young people who seek the simple life of the farm should know." The text is accompanied by line drawings of the Stadtfeld farm by Franklin McMahon and a foreword by René Dubos. □

Looking It Up

A Survey of Recent Reference Books

BY DAVID M. GLIXON

It has been SR's *custom each spring and fall to present a roundup of recently published reference books. No survey is complete, of course, and in matters of reference new is not necessarily better; many of the old and standard works remain the standard works. Nevertheless, the continuing evolution of such books is of interest; it provides one window through which we can follow, at a distance, the continuing evolution of society.*

With the first four volumes published out of an eventual twelve, the **Dictionary of Scientific Biography** has already made a major contribution to the history and understanding of many disciplines. Well organized, clearly written, and supplemented with chemical and mathematical diagrams, these accounts, edited by Charles C. Gillespie under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies, delve deeply into the careers and accomplishments of scores of scientists of all periods. Volume V (Scribner's, $35), covering *Fi* through *Ha*, includes articles on Sir Alexander Fleming and his discovery of penicillin; Armand Hippolyte Louis Fizeau and Jean Bernard Léon Foucault, who pioneered research into the velocity of light; Benjamin Franklin, as well as the less well-known Rosalind Franklin, who did important studies on DNA before she

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died in 1958 at the age of thirty-seven. Here, too, are Freud; Claudius Galen, an early Greek anatomist and physician; Karl Friedrich Gauss, the eighteenth-century German mathematician, astronomer, and physicist; Habash al Hasib, a ninth-century innovator in trigonometry and spherical astronomy; and Goethe—not, indeed, for his *Faust*, but for his theories in the fields of zoology, botany, geology, and optics.

The Penguin Dictionary of Science, edited by E. B. Uvarov, D. R. Chapman, and Alan Isaacs (Schocken Books, $11.95), now in a fourth revision (the first in almost ten years), is exactly what it says. The emphasis throughout is on "scientific as opposed to technological words." Nearly five thousand entries on biochemistry, cosmology, mathematics, physics, and the space sciences; all definitions are cross-referenced, and several are illustrated.

Among the animals cited by Goethe to prove his compensation theory (derived from Aristotle) was the walrus, because its canine teeth are elongated into enormous tusks at the expense of the premaxillae. An excellent drawing of this detail is one of 400 vivid color illustrations in **The Animal Kingdom** by Sali Money (Bantam, paperback, $1.45), a compact but fascinating rundown of the realm from amoeba to gorilla.

There is a great deal more about the gorilla and its relatives in Dr. Bernhard Grzimek's **Animal Life Encyclopedia,** specifically in Volume X (Van Nostrand Reinhold, $29.95), which is just one of thirteen volumes ($325 for the set) being brought out over a three-year period. Although it is designed for lay readers, the array of contributors gives assurance that this unusually comprehensive work is scientifically accurate (at least in its original German; the translation—though delightfully readable—introduces minor errors such as Plinius for Pliny and Guinea for Guiana). Volume XIII, the first of four devoted to mammals, studies twenty families in depth—habits, appearance, physiology, ecology, etc.—illustrating the text with 100 full-page color plates from photos and paintings and a great number of in-text drawings. This important and remarkable series includes three volumes on birds, two on fishes and amphibians, and one volume each on reptiles, insects, mollusks, and the lower animal species.

Mollusks receive spectacular treatment in the sixty-six full-color pages of R. Tucker Abbott's **Kingdom of the Seashell** (Crown, $14.95). Introductory chapters describe the way shellfish live, and others tell how to collect the shells and how shellfish are used (excellent for treating mild psychoneurosis as well as for eating). Identification is facilitated by line drawings and photos as well as habitat.

Nature is confined to living organisms in the **Concise Color Encyclopedia of Nature** by Michael Chinery (Crowell, $7.95). The book, simply written and generously, if unimaginatively, illustrated, is a good basic introduction to the web of life, the interrelatedness of the natural world, as it feeds, breathes, moves, grows, excretes, reproduces, and responds to stimuli—those characteristics that define Life, continuing or extinct, from the simplest to the most complex forms. It's hardly news that that ecosystem is in jeopardy, but **The Complete Ecology Fact Book,** edited by Philip Nobile and John Deedy (Doubleday Anchor, $3.95), is the first source book to gather together what seems to be *all* the statistics and reports available. The editors caution that the rate of change is so rapid that many of these facts and charts may be already outdated. However, this is hardly the fault of the book.

Field guides are nothing new for bird watchers. The most recent and one of the most comprehensive (despite its pocket size) is **The Birds of Britain and Europe with North Africa and the Middle East** by Hermann Heinzel, Richard Fitter, and John Parslow (Lippincott, $7.50). One thousand birds—from grebes to bustards, from the Egyptian vulture to the golden oriole—and their variants are illustrated in a variety of poses in full color. The concise text descriptions cover color, markings, size, voice, flight, habits, habitat, and abundance, and there are 825 maps showing breeding and seasonal distributions and migration routes. The territory covered reaches from the North Pole to the Sahara and from Greenland to the Urals.

Dogaresse
Robe du soir de Jenny.

From Art Deco: A Guide for Collectors

Cat lovers will appreciate **The Complete Cat Encyclopedia,** edited by Grace Pond (Crown, $15), which has authoritative, illustrated articles on all the major breeds, from the silver tabby to the tortie-point Siamese. The book also deals with such matters as genetics, nutrition, diseases, breeding, cat shows, and standards of judging.

The diversity of florals is elaborated in **Flowers of the World** (Crown, $19.95; $22.50 after December 31). Frances Perry takes up the 300 major families, from the Acanthaceae (zebra plant, et al.) to the Zingiberaceae (rich in spice species), describing their general characteristics and the appearance, growing habits, and other details of their principal representatives. The big pages glow with exquisite paintings in full color—more than 800 of them, precise to the smallest detail.

For thorough coverage of a smaller branch of the flora, see Carlyle A. Luer's **Native Orchids of Florida** (N. Y. Botanical Garden, $25), a handsome, large-format volume devoted to the state's 102 wild species, all illustrated in eighty-five rainbow-hued plates, each presenting from four to eight separate photos impeccably reproduced. The text describes every genus and species in an admirable fusing of scientific system and graceful prose.

Current geological teaching is reflected in Gordon S. Fay's **The Rockhound's Manual** (Harper & Row, $7.95), a handy, illustrated field guide and compendium of rock lore that can be profitably mined by the increasing number of people who take their rocks seriously.

Representing the biological sciences, there is **The Penguin Medical Encyclopedia** by Peter Wingate (Penguin, $2.45). Although it offers only a fraction of the *Dictionary of Scientific Biography*'s material on Freud, Fracostoro, or Galen, the book is a great deal more helpful to hypochondriacs and others interested in the body, its parts and functions, its ailments, and its mental and emotional aspects. The hundreds of alphabetically arranged entries, ranging in length from a line to several pages, are knowledgeable and display sound common sense. Also on the subject of health is **A Consumer's Dictionary of Food Additives** by Ruth Winter (Crown, $5.95), with its timely explanations of those ubiquitous ingredients that mystify label readers. Here they can learn which ingredients are really harmful, which not. (Please pass the isoamyl acetate.)

In a review last year of the new Compact Edition of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, we said of the language's greatest dictionary, "Just don't count on it for words and meanings that have come into the language since 1933." And now along comes the book to make us eat those words: **A Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary,** Volume I: A-G (Oxford University Press, $50), edited by R. W. Burchfield. With the remaining two volumes, due by 1977, we shall be able to read all there is to know about fifty thousand words and meanings that have developed since the original edition (including those of the 1933 supplement), with—as usual with the thorough *OED*—the dates they appeared and one-and-a-half-million illustrative quotations (e.g., Adlai Stevenson on Dulles's "brinkmanship"). Scientific words, slang, and the tabooed quadriliterals are treated with equally cool objectivity.

The particularly fine desk lexicon, **Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language**: Second College Edition, was published a couple of years ago; now comes its big brother, a Deluxe Color Edition (World, $9.95). The number of entries has been increased to 157,000, thumbnail maps and drawings are printed in blue, and

David M. Glixon, a New York editor and art director, has reviewed reference books for SR *for many years.*

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thirty-six pages of full-color illustrations have been added for topics such as boats, butterflies, painting, seaweeds, and the solar system. At this rate of increase the desk dictionary is moving so dangerously close to unabridgement that we're going to need bigger desks.

If you don't mind sacrificing several thousand words for the sake of more and prettier pictures, you might consider the **Larousse Illustrated International Encyclopedia and Dictionary**, edited by O. C. Watson (World, $14.95; after December 25, $19.95). The 530-page encyclopedia section, concerned chiefly with individuals and places, handles thirteen thousand entries, the dictionary seventy-seven thousand. In both a definition may be limited to a dozen words or, especially in the encyclopedia, extended to half a page. Adjoining the text are three thousand color photos and maps (boundary lines in the maps are confusing). The illustrations greatly enhance the book's appearance and lead inescapably to browsing.

For early teen-agers the most up-to-date, reliable work is **Webster's Intermediate Dictionary** (Merriam, $6.50); its fifty-seven thousand entries, based on modern school needs and the current scene, utilize examples, synonyms, and usage notes. Etymologies, however, are only sporadic.

Definitions in **The American Heritage School Dictionary,** edited by Peter Davies (Houghton Mifflin, $7.95), are attuned to the understanding of slightly younger children and are equipped with clearer pronunciation symbols. The total of thirty-five thousand main entries doesn't include the thousands of related forms. In each page the middle column is given over to illustrations and to discussions of word origins.

For a quick check on the spelling and division of thirty-five thousand words, **Webster's Instant Word Guide** (Merriam, $2.95) is the handiest thing between two covers. Words sounded alike or nearly alike but spelled differently are listed together and briefly identified to help the flounderer.

Uganda, anyone? Zambia? Zaïre? The most convenient way to check on each—political status and history, location and physical features, area, population, and pronunciation—is to consult **Webster's New Geographical Dictionary** (Merriam, $14.95), comprising some forty-seven thousand entries. If you can't recall the country's new name, look it up under the old one. Rivers, mountains, islands, glaciers, and deserts; villages (if not too minute), counties, and provinces—even ancient places of interest that have disappeared—can be located in this greatly enlarged gazetteer, which contains more than 200 black-and-white Hammond maps.

In **Place Names of the English-Speaking World** (Scribner's, $8.95), C. M. Matthews works back to their respective Roman, Celtic, Indian, and other origins. Surnames are similarly treated in **English Ancestral Names** (Potter, $10) by J. R. Dolan, who demonstrates their evolution from medieval occupations. "Sometimes a dictionary is restricted to word lists of special interest," says Harry Shaw in the **Dictionary of Literary Terms** (McGraw-Hill, $12.50); but he indulges in few sentences as superfluous as that, and in general the two thousand entries, though sometimes only marginally related to literature, are surprisingly apropos. The author's eclecticism can take in "graffiti" and "gravure," "gobbledygook" and "gospel," "*sans serif*" and "serendipity." Examples and cross references make the meanings unmistakable.

"The **Larousse Encyclopedia of Archeology** surveys the whole world," says the jacket copy on this extensive French work, newly translated into English. Edited by Gilbert Charles-Picard (Putnam, $25), the book defines and explores the science of archeology in addition to describing the results of exploration in the field. Specialists have contributed chapters on their spheres of investigation, and they include many dramatic discoveries. There are 640 illustrations. The **Archaeological Encyclopedia of the Holy Land**, edited by Avraham Negev (Putnam, $15.95), is a penetrating survey of ancient Palestine. Many of the 600 articles have been prepared by archeologists who participated in the excavations that established their facts. Subjects are listed alphabetically, and they are well documented with photos, maps, and tables. Both books are primarily written for the general reader but can be useful references for students of archeology.

Can a good encyclopedia be bought in a supermarket? Decidedly, if it's the handy-sized **Funk & Wagnalls New Encyclopedia,** edited by Joseph L. Morse and William H. Hendelson (Funk & Wagnalls, 27 vols. plus bibliography and index, $52.23). The set is not printed on top quality paper, but the articles cover a tremendous range of subjects, from prehistory to Golda Meir, op art, space biology, and the Northern Ireland disorders. The clarity of the text—written by a battery of leaders in their respective fields—and the number of illustrations and maps (more than seven thousand) are remarkable achievements, especially when one considers the bargain price.

In the golden anniversary edition of **Compton's Encyclopedia,** edited by Donald E. Lawson (Compton, 22 vols., $195), an unusually large proportion of the articles are new, revised, or updated. Each article is geared to a particular age group—whether fourth-grade, teen-age, or adult. And its opening paragraph sums up the entry's chief details. The set is lavish with visual effects: more than twenty-eight thousand illustrations, largely in color, and two thousand maps. An alphabetical section at the end of each volume combines the index with factual entries on topics not covered in the main text. Short of the advanced encyclopedias, this is one of the best buys for family use.

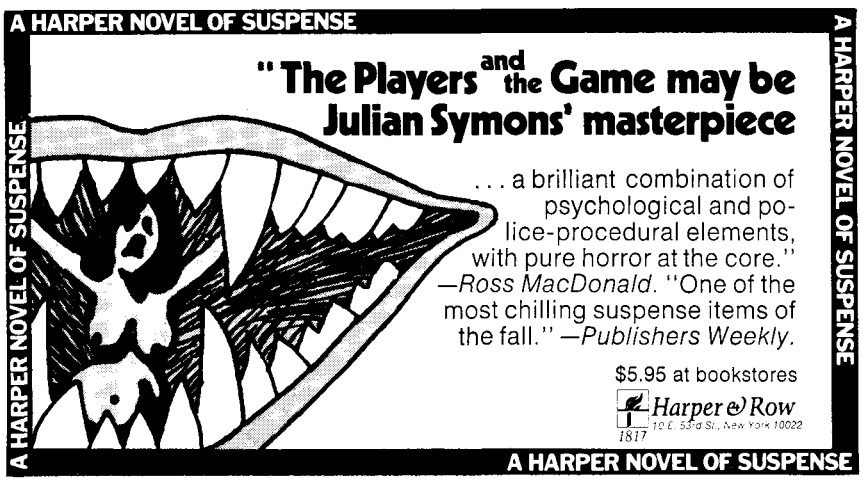
Of special significance among major reference works in English is the large-format **Encyclopaedia Judaica** (Keter; Macmillan, 16 vols., $500), produced in Israel by an international editorial board that has been headed in turn by Cecil Roth and Geoffrey Wigoder. In more than eleven million words it covers every field of secular or religious interest, and the eight thousand illustrations are printed in extraordinarily good color. The *EJ* should be in every library that calls itself cosmopolitan.

The New York Times 1973 Guide to College Selection by Ella Mazel (Quadrangle, $4.95) is something like feeding yourself into a computer. The information programed—appropriately color-keyed for clarity—groups 1,366 four-year institutions according to academic level, cost, geographical location, and size. The student's "input" (to be filled in on a master sheet) consists of details such as college entrance examination scores, preferences in curriculum, interest in fraternities/sororities, and tuition range; the "output" determines the appropriate colleges.

The performing arts are having a great season in the reference theater, and the most elaborate production is the **McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of World Drama** (McGraw-Hill, 4 vols., $119.50). In the biographical articles, which predominate, are listed all the plays of each dramatist (from Aeschylus to Paul Zindel) as well as the subjects of the more important plays. Other entries are on dramaturgical concepts. Large type and two thousand big photos fill out the bulk of the set.

In more compact format but doing full justice to its twentieth-century terrain, Myron Matlaw's **Modern World Drama** (Dutton, $25) includes plays, authors, and movements among its lively and thoughtfully composed A-Z entries. Besides the general index, a character index adds to the book's reference value.

Players as well as directors have a place in the big, lavish, fully illustrated **International Encyclopedia of Film** (Crown, $17.95), edited by Dr. Roger Manvell. An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impressively thorough work, its 1,280 entries—supplemented by detailed indexes and more than one thousand illustrations—investigate every aspect of the cinema.

In **Opera: A Modern Guide** (Drake, $9.95) Arthur Jacobs and Stanley Sadie synopsize sixty-six popular operas, from Purcell and Gluck to Berg and Britten, but no American works. The music, for which excerpts are given, is described in a more readable style than are the plots. It is a convenient book but hardly stands up in comparison with Kobbe's **Complete Opera Book**, now revised by the Earl of Harewood (Putnam, $12.95). Here we have a *molto cantabile* treatment of nearly 250 operas, including those of Thompson, Gershwin, and Menotti.

A Cordon Bleu Guide to Lovemaking is the somewhat commercial subtitle of **The Joy of Sex**, an encyclopedic volume edited by Alex Comfort (Crown, $12.95; unillustrated, $7.95). The gourmet cookbook analogy is stretched about as far as it will go—that is, through three of the four main sections: *Starters*, *Main Courses*, and *Sauces & Pickles*. (The fourth section is simply called *Problems*.) Under these headings a vast variety of matters pertaining to human, heterosexual love-making and intercourse are discussed with frankness, humor, and a good sense of human needs. The tone of this "*Kama Sutra* brought up-to-date" is tender and inviting, the arrangement of its subjects alphabetical. The text is garnished with delicately realistic drawings in the regular edition, or it can be had plain for $5 less.

Guides to antiques abound, as they do every year. One of the best of the new (and on one of the most currently fashionable subjects) is Katharine Morrison McClinton's **Art Deco: A Guide for Collectors** (Potter, $12.50). The well-illustrated volume covers the development of the feminine, geometric "art moderne" style, what items are now available, where, and in what value range, in the categories of furniture, silver, ceramics, glass, textiles, metalwork, jewelry, and graphics.

Automobile and airplane buffs are, or should be, familiar with the exacting and sophisticated British "Profile" series on these subjects. The eleventh volume of **Aircraft in Profile** (Doubleday, $18.95) contains in-depth historical and technical analyses of twelve aircraft designs and their variants, ranging from the Lockheed C-130 Hercules to the Messerschmitt Me 163 Komet. Each profile is by a different expert, and each is illustrated with numerous historical photographs and meticulously rendered, color drawings. The current volume brings the series up to a total of more than a million words on 234 aircraft designs and their variants.

Among hobbies, stamp collecting is one of the most venerable. **The World of Classic Stamps** (Putnam, $25) by James A. Mackay, former curator of stamps at the British Museum, is likely to become a standard reference of philatelists. The book, which is handsomely produced and contains some 500 illustrations, is a country-by-country survey of stamps produced around the world (often by private companies) from the 1840s to the 1870s. In addition, there are chapters on the genesis of postage stamps and the development of philately and appendices giving the chronology of governmental adoptions of the postage stamp and current values of classic stamps.

The Official Encyclopedia of Football, 10th Revised Edition (Barnes, $12.95), recognized as such by the NFL, is a no-nonsense fact book containing virtually everything anyone would ever want to know about professional football. Included are a year-by-year history from 1919 to the present; listings of Hall of Famers, awards, honors, individual and team records; and an all-time roster of players and coaches. **College Football U.S.A., 1869–1972** (Hall of Fame Publishing/McGraw-Hill, $25) contains concise biographies of star players and coaches; the top ten teams, All-Americans, and statistical leaders of each year since 1950; and many photos, from Amos Alonzo Stagg to Joe Namath (who, surprisingly, is not listed in the book as an All-American).

Now in its 109th edition **The Statesman's Year-Book 1972/1973**, edited by John Paxton (St. Martin's, $13.95), is the patriarch of world-affairs dictionaries and the *one* to have if a reference library must be limited. Every verifiable statistic—on constitution (if there is one), planning, health, religion, welfare, defense, justice, etc.—covering every country, state, emirate, and territory is here. Narrower in scope but just as impressively detailed is **The Book of Presidents** by Tim Taylor (Arno, $12.95). Five hundred thousand facts: John Fitzgerald Kennedy was the last of seven Presidents to come from a family of nine children; James Abram Garfield's wife, Lucretia, was the eighth of sixteen First Ladies who lived to be seventy and the eighth of seventeen wives of Presidents who lived to be seventy, and so the record is detailed through to her death at the age of eighty-five years 329 days—the only First Lady or wife of a President to die in California, but the third of five First Ladies to be buried in Ohio.

And finally, there is a grand new anthology that can go right up there beside Bartlett's—**Leo Rosten's Treasury of Jewish Quotations** (McGraw-Hill, $10.95), which is subtitled, not inaccurately, "A Dazzlement of 4,500 Proverbs, Folk Sayings, Witticisms, Insights, Maxims, and Moralisms—Collected Over 58 Years, Freshly Translated or Rewritten, and Garnished with Irony, Paradox, and Truth." The volume is divided into some 500 cross-referenced subject categories (*Abstinence* to *Youth*) and also contains a glossary of Hebrew, Aramaic, and Yiddish words; comments on translating Hebrew; guide notes on the Torah and the Talmud; biographical vignettes of authors quoted; and a bibliography. Among the quotations: " 'For instance' is not proof"; and, on *Scholars*, "The table that has fed no scholars is not blessed" —yet "a scholar without sensibility is less than an ant." It could hardly be said better. □

Answer to Wit Twister, page 23: nicest, insect, incest.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1535
Most history is just gossip that has grown old gracefully.
Sydney J. Harris

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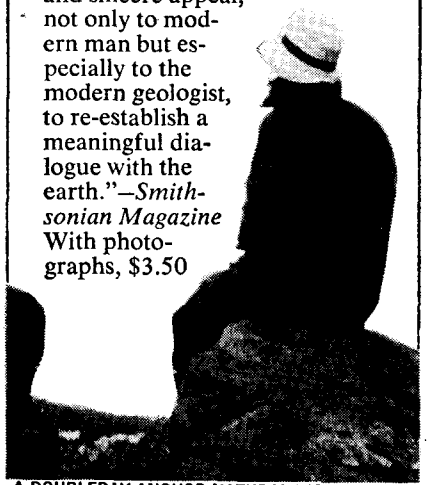
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Travel

Britain's Most Bizarre Museum

BY JAMES EGAN

Not long ago I found myself driving through a quiet corner of Sussex, forty-five miles south of London, to the village of Bramber—for more than a century the site of an extraordinary museum. Called Potter's Museum of Humorous Taxidermy and billed as "An Exhibition of Animal Tableaux," it has astounded travelers since 1861.

I had heard that the celebrated museum might soon close its doors, so I decided to drop in before it went the way of the British Empire. Where else would I find such curious habitat groups as "The Kittens' Wedding," "The Guinea Pigs' Cricket Match," "The Death and Burial of Cock Robin"—all real birds and beasts, mind you, stuffed, mounted, and glass-eyed, with some costumed in appropriate finery? If I also felt the urge to see a four-legged hen, full-grown, I could satisfy it here. Or perhaps a lamb with two heads or a kitten with seven legs and two tails.

What aberrant genius, in an otherwise innocent English village of some 400 souls, conceived this display of Victorian kitsch? The first inspiration came to one Walter Potter, son of a local innkeeper, in 1854. His youthful passion was taxidermy. At the age of nineteen, glancing through his sister's book of nursery rhymes, Potter hit upon the idea of dramatizing the story of Cock Robin with stuffed birds and beasts. He took seven years to complete the task, and from then on his life work, like Michelangelo's, was irrevocably set.

Potter's "Cock Robin," which he put on display in a summer house behind his father's inn, received such acclaim that he was moved to create other hideously lifelike animal tableaux. Meanwhile, being a compulsive if haphazard collector, he accumulated a hodgepodge of oddities, unstuffed but carefully labeled, ranging from a "Chip of a Tree Felled by Mr. Gladstone" to a "Model of Brighton Station Prior to 1883."

When Walter Potter died in 1918 at the age of eighty-three, his collection numbered five thousand works of taxidermy and uncounted curios. His descendants ran the museum until the last heir died three years ago. The present owner and curator, Anthony Irving, is a cheerful, bulky ex-Londoner. He volunteered to show me around.

The anteroom of the museum, a brick-and-stone mausoleum built in 1880 to house Potter's permanent collection, gave immediate promise of treats in store. Among the objects displayed were a "Man Trap" for catching poachers, a "Propeller Blade" from a 1910 airplane, and, artfully mounted under glass, "Six Yellow Canaries Killed by a Dog." We plunged on to the main exhibition chamber.

A faint odor of death, chemically preserved, suffused the air. On shelves, perches, tables, in glass bells and shadow boxes, stuffed creatures—furred, feathered, and finned—filled the room to the ceiling. From the rafters hung two albatrosses with ten-foot wingspreads and a zoo of staring, horned heads. Around the walls stretched glass cases displaying the animal tableaux.

"Here, in this room and these cases, you see the work of one man," boomed Mr. Irving, pausing in front of "The Guinea Pigs' Cricket Match." "Walter Potter stuffed the animals, made the scenery, painted the backdrops, and built the furniture from cigar-box wood. Notice the minute detail. The longer you look, the more you will see."

True. Two complete cricket teams, guinea pigs all, stand on their hind legs, frozen in attitudes of play. Guinea-pig spectators imbibe in a refreshment tent. A guinea-pig brass band toots soundlessly on tiny horns. "Potter cast each instrument from molds he made himself," said Mr. Irving. "He was a perfectionist."

The next case I was shown contained Potter's first masterpiece, "The Death and Burial of Cock Robin." No less than ninety-eight specimens of British bird life enact this grisly charade. Tears (glass beads) roll from the eyes of bird mourners. The killer sparrow, the gravedigger owl, the pallbearer wrens, all perform their grim tasks. Cock Robin himself, feet drawn up in *rigor mortis*, lies in a horrid, little casket. This is by all odds the most popular exhibit.

"The Kittens' Wedding" added a new dimension: Here, the animals are fully clothed. The furry bride wears a dress of ivory brocade with a long veil and orange blossoms; the six bridesmaids wear ivory and pink. A cheery footnote in an old museum catalogue pointed out that the bride, chief bridesmaid, and page boy doubtless belonged to the same family of kittens, since they all had "the same fair colouring."

With mounting queasiness I tottered on to examine "The Kittens' Tea and Croquet Party." (A limitless supply of kittens had been provided by three wanton cats of a farmer Potter knew.) Thirty-seven kittens attend this social gathering, and mouse tarts grace the lace-covered tea table.

Then there was "The Rats' Den," a low-class pub peopled—if that's the word—by fifteen large, brown rats, drinking beer, gambling, and quarreling. On a more elevated plane "The Squirrels' Club" portrays an assemblage of red squirrels in an elegant Victorian clubroom, sipping champagne, smoking cigars, and playing whist, as befits the Quality.

Four center tables offered miscellaneous items, among which I noted a "Girdle of a Nubian Woman," an "Engraved Baluchistan Shield," and a "Mummy's Hand."

Two visitors, a man and his wife, from a nearby Sussex town, entered the museum, having paid their 15 pence each (5 pence for children). After they had wandered about for a time in bemused silence, the woman said, "I have no objection to the birds, really—they're quite natural."

"If you ahsk me, the whole place gives me the screaming abdabs," her husband answered.

Nevertheless, the museum drew more than forty-five thousand visitors last summer. I asked Mr. Irving about the rumored closing. "Yes," he said, "Potter's will close in Bramber November seventh after one hundred eleven years. But I've sold the whole collection to a man who will reopen next April in Brighton, only ten miles from here. The museum will be under the Palace Pier, right by the sea, and should attract many more visitors."

I can see them now, transfixed before "Monkey Riding Goat," not to mention a jar containing a jolly pair of newborn "Pigs Joined like Siamese Twins," floating forever in Formalin. □

James Egan, a freelance writer based in Westport, Connecticut, is a frequent visitor to England.

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Films

Intimate Epic

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

Perhaps it would be well to explain at the outset that I'm not particularly fond of film biographies. I seem to recall dozens of movies, most of them starring Paul Muni or Spencer Tracy, all cut from the same whole cloth. Our hero is about to invent electricity or penicillin, or do something else of inestimable value to all mankind—but he is surrounded by doubting Thomases. "It'll never get off the ground," his neighbors mutter. "Don't go to the underground meeting tonight," his girlfriend pleads. "You'll break your mother's heart," his father contributes (or vice versa). But the young man persists and wins a Nobel Prize for his efforts. Such is the pattern for these pictures, with our hero on a pedestal and the director on his knees.

Happily, this is not the case with *Young Winston*, even though the film is based on the autobiographical recollections of Winston Churchill, as told in *My Early Life*. No small part of this difference is due to Carl Foreman's adroitly knit script, which never fails to pay the deference owed to a man of pedigree but which refuses to take him at face value. Churchill was a driven man, goaded by his father's indifference to him and to his political career. He was also ambitious, eager to seize every advantage that might win him attention—and votes. At the same time he had inordinate courage; he was willing to risk not merely his reputation but his life in the interest of his own advancement. Was he merely a careerist? Which of the outstanding events of his youthful years were based on strong belief, and which were merely for show? Foreman creates an intriguing ambiguity that always suggests more than he says.

One way in which Foreman accomplishes this is by introducing, as a kind of willful anachronism, an off-screen reporter who at various points in the film interviews the main characters—Churchill's father and mother and young Winston himself. Not only do these sequences, daringly conceived, convey a great deal of information; they also set off reverberations that are quite outside the story itself but serve to foreshadow the Churchill to come. There is a marvelous moment, for example, when young Winston, back from the Sudan, insolently turns his interrogator's insolent questions back into his teeth. Even the set speeches have been hewed and honed by Foreman to be integral to the developing character of Churchill and never simply embellishments.

To be sure, this is still Carl Foreman of *The Guns of Navarone*, with its enormous action sequences alternated with moments of introspection and repose. But whereas in the earlier epic the action dominated to good effect, in this one the viewer is eager to have done with the cavalry charges, the attack on the armored train, the hair's breadth escape from the Boers, in order to see again at length the intellectual and psychic development of young Churchill. In *Young Winston* Foreman has created the anomaly of all time—the action film in which the action is subordinate to the gradual emergence of the central character. Foreman takes for granted that we know all about the adult Churchill but yet would like to see how he became the man he was. The war scenes—particularly the attack on the train—recall the epic moments of *Lawrence of Arabia*; but this is, as director Richard Attenborough described it, "the first truly intimate epic," and the marvel is that it remains an epic even in its quieter moments.

With all respect to Foreman's script—perhaps the best of his distinguished career—none of this would have been possible without the performance of Simon Ward in the leading role. Attenborough and his staff interviewed some 400 actors before settling on Ward; after seeing the film, one can't possibly imagine anyone else in the part. His face looks just like the youthful portraits of Churchill, and substantiating the facial resemblance is a steady accumulation of Churchillian traits—the measured stride, the hands on hips, the jaunty cigar. Ward creates a portrait, dynamic yet sensitive, that must go down in movie annals as the most authoritative of all time.

Not far behind Ward are Robert Shaw and Anne Bancroft as Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, Winston's parents. Lord Randolph, a bold and brilliant politician, finished his days as an irritable, often irrational, syphilitic; his degeneration is depicted by Shaw with heart-rending sympathy and consummate skill. For the true meaning of "intimate epic," watch the scene in which Lord Churchill orders his young son from the table for banging the breakfast dishes, then tries tentatively to make contact again with the boy over a table of toy soldiers. Or the cuts to the face of Anne Bancroft as she listens to her son making his first speech in Parliament.

It would be so easy to let either of these scenes slide into sheer sentimentality, but both actors resist—and so does the director. Possibly because the director is himself an actor and has some thirty years' experience, he knows how to resist cheap effects in emotional scenes. His concern is with the truth of his characters in all their multilayered complexity, and it extends to characters with only a line or two, such as Lord Salisbury (Laurence Naismith) or the doctor (Robert Flemyng) who must inform Lady Randolph of her husband's condition. No matter how large or small the roles, these people shine through as human beings, and this makes them all the more remarkable when we come to the action passages. *Young Winston* is a film that will be—or should be—remembered for many years to come.

Far less successful is Ken Russell's latest film, *Savage Messiah*, a biographical account of the last years of French Vorticist Henri Gaudier-Brzeska. Russell gained his reputation through the vital biographies of artists and composers that he created for British television. But his film *The Music Lovers*, for all its virtuosity, raised the question of where Tchaikovsky left off and Russell began. *Savage Messiah* raises a similar question but without the breathtaking imagery of the earlier film to redeem it. Gaudier-Brzeska, as portrayed by Scott Antony, is merely a posturing loudmouth who hooked up with an older woman, betrayed her repeatedly, acted outrageously toward his benefactors, and marched off to be killed in World War I. No matter what Russell had in mind, his film gives us no reason to agonize over the artist even though, intellectually, we may regret that he had to die prematurely. Despite Dorothy Tutin's skilled performance, we can't even feel sorry for Gaudier-Brzeska's presumptive wife; she had to be sicker than he was. As usual with Ken Russell films, the settings are very stylish. □

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Dance

Divine Clown And Other Dance Winners

BY WALTER TERRY

Maurice Béjart, one of the most controversial choreographers today, prefers arenas, circuses, and gardens to opera houses or theaters. Recently his Ballet of the 20th Century (the official dance company of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels) came to New York City's vast Felt Forum in the even vaster Madison Square Garden to show us Béjart's newest spectacle, *Nijinsky, Clown of God*, a production involving ninety performers, giant puppets and masks, an incredible array of lights, ramps, hundreds of costumes, three Crucifixion-style crosses, music ranging from Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* to electronic sounds, and an amplified voice declaiming words written by Nijinsky during his years of madness.

The ballet, if that's what it is, is a fantasia based on the career of the great dancer and a psychological exploration of a tormented being who fled the protective relationship with the master impresario of the Ballets Russes, Sergei Diaghilev, for love of a woman, marriage, insanity—and the end of his career.

If you go for tasteful and imaginative steps or skillful *enchainments* in ballet, Béjart is not your man; but if you permit yourself to be overwhelmed by spectacle and find fascination in the relating of sensual physicalities to the tortured spirit of man himself, Béjart has a message for you. He reaches the applauding, cheering young by the thousands in Europe and America, while their seniors look bewildered or glum or even boo.

Attendance was light but enthusiasm high during the run of *Nijinsky, Clown of God* at Felt Forum. There was no disagreement about the superbly disciplined performers; about the portrayal by the nearly nude Jorge Donn of Nijinsky stripped to his very soul; about the four costumed male dancers who recreated the legendary dancer in evocations of *Petrouchka, Schéhérazade, Le Spectre de la Rose*, and *Afternoon of a Faun*; or about America's own Suzanne Farrell as The Woman.

I saw *Nijinsky* twice and I'm glad I did. The first time I found it visually striking but dramatically pretentious, with Act II going downhill fast. The second time it got through to me—or I to it.

Ballet of a more conventional, but nonetheless stirring, sort was to be seen in our nation's capital and on a coast-to-coast tour, courtesy of the National Ballet, based in Washington, D. C. The troupe, codirected by Frederic Franklin (an internationally acclaimed star of an earlier ballet era) and Ben Stevenson (one of today's most versatile choreographers), has never danced better. It performed without benefit of such guest stars as Dame Margot Fonteyn and held its own nicely. But why not? Six of its dancers won medals last summer at the International Ballet Competition in Varna, Bulgaria, and Stevenson earned a medal for choreography.

In the current repertory, aside from that old-time spectacle, *The Sleeping Beauty*, audiences are savoring Franklin's tender and lovely restaging of the Fokine masterpiece *Les Sylphides*; Stevenson's new *Bartók Concerto* (Third Piano Concerto), a beautiful abstract ballet that hints at love and nature, sunshine and remembrance; and *Harlequinade Pas de Deux* (Drigo), a virtuosic blockbuster and the piece that won Stevenson his award at Varna.

In New York, as the City Center Joffrey Ballet's annual six-week fall season drew to a close, a final premiere, *Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais*, came along to put a temporary damper on an otherwise effervescent engagement. The new piece is a semimodernization of those old ceremonies in which people gathered to celebrate love, harvests, rebirth, and fertility in general. The new Gerald Arpino piece is rock music-oriented, but it is nowhere nearly as good as his rock masterwork *Trinity*.

At the City Center American Dance Marathon '72 at the ANTA Theater, involving eighteen companies and two soloists, you might have encountered rag instead of rock, thanks to Twyla Tharp and her company in *The Raggedy Dances*, a carefree, often amusing, seemingly improvisational hoofing spree. And as for sacred groves and their cousins, Erick Hawkins and his fine dancers were way in front with such serene, pictorially satisfying rites as *Angels of the Inmost Heaven, Dawn Dazzled Door*, and *Classic Kite Tails*. □

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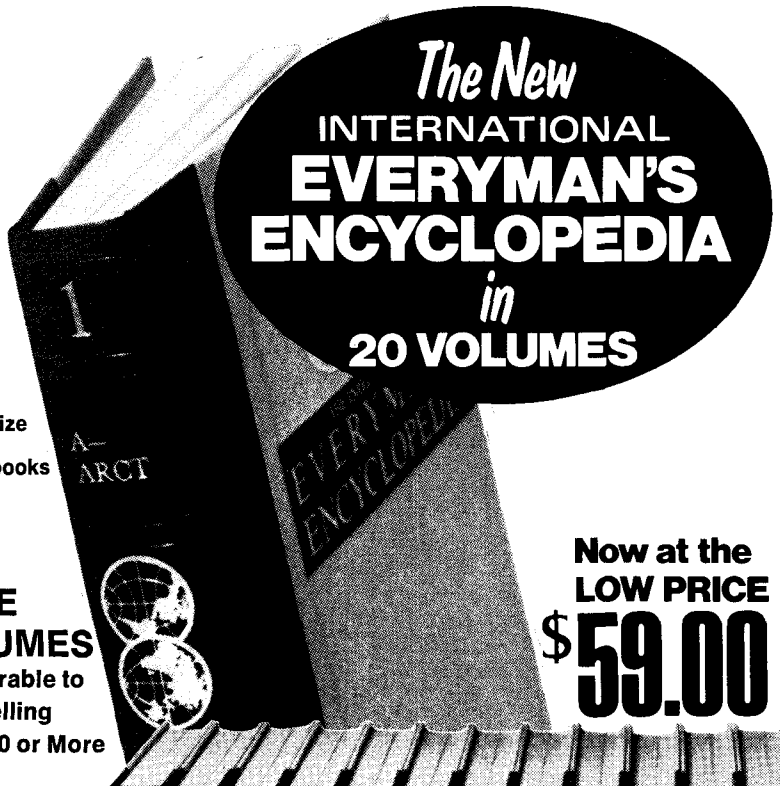

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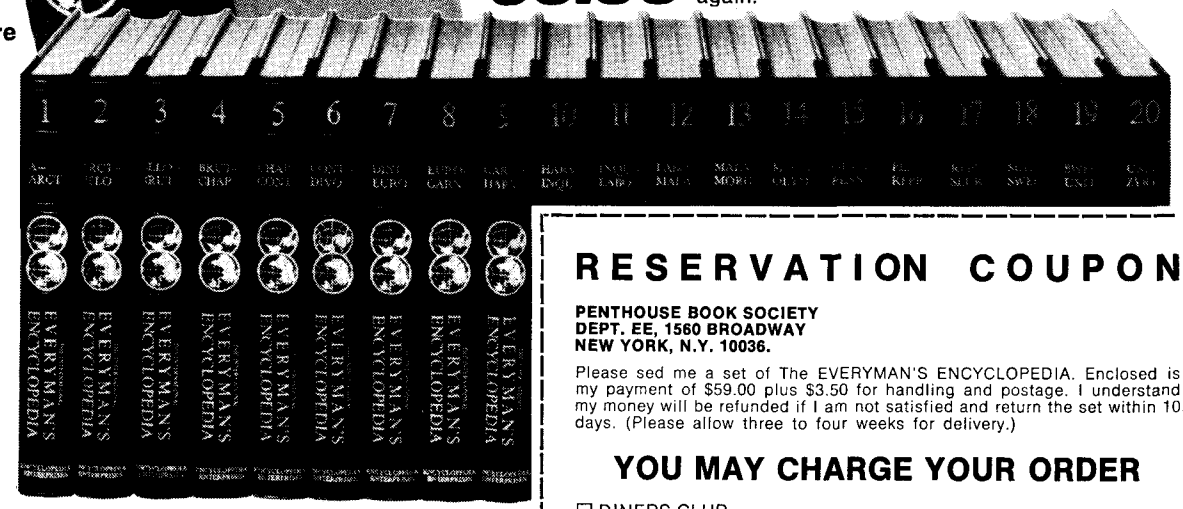

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Composers Argento, Kolb, Tippett, and Gluck

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Is there a charm in chimes? Can a tape recorder function in a musical ensemble? What are the chances of an English symphony born in 1945 or a German opera dating from 1775 being considered "new" in 1972? These are some of the questions inherent in a batch of recent offerings to the New York musical public.

Of the unfamiliar works, the most ambitious was *A Ring of Time* by Pennsylvania-born Domenick Argento. It received its first performance from the Philharmonic under the direction of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski as guest conductor. This was no random encounter, for the work had been commissioned by the Minnesota Orchestra, of which Skrowaczewski is music director, on behalf of the seventieth anniversary of the orchestra's founding in 1902.

The reasons for Skrowaczewski's good opinion of the score by Argento (who teaches at the University of Minnesota) are not hard to isolate. Meditating on the interrelated elements of time and sound represented by the anniversary of an orchestra, Argento has evolved a score using that universal symbol of the passage of time, the tolling of bells. Full sets of chimes are arranged at stage left and right and at rear center, forming a resonant triangle around the conventional orchestra.

Allowing for the passage of time and the alterations of musical idiom since the Twenties and Thirties, Argento could be related to such a predecessor as the late Ottorino Respighi. That is to say, he has a considerable command of orchestral resources and rather limited musical invention. Like Respighi, whose creations include *Fountains of Rome* and *Pines of Rome*, Argento can make a sound-picture of such a statement as "remember me as one who loved all things, the bright and the dark," from Thornton Wilder's *The Woman of Andros*. He even can weave into the texture his admiration for Gustav Mahler. It would be a worthwhile aspiration for Argento to combine some of Mahler's substance with his own mastery of musical materials. Skrowaczewski's program began with a vigorous performance of Haydn's Sixtieth Symphony in C (subtitled "Il distratto") and concluded with the Third Piano Concerto of Rachmaninoff, for which Alexis Weissenberg was the facile soloist.

The musical possibilities of the tape recorder came to prominence in this year's opening concert by The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, in Alice Tully Hall. Composer Barbara Kolb has utilized, in a work called *Soundings*, a prerecorded tape as the twelfth participant in a double sextet based on a string quartet, and associated wind instruments (plus harp and chimes). The double meaning of the title relates to vibrations in general and particularly to their use in charting ("sounding") the subsurface depths of an ocean.

Miss Kolb has woven the capacity of the tape recorder to sustain an ostinato sound into a tone texture of remarkable imagery and vibrational appeal. Some of the supporting sound could, doubtless, be provided by an organ, but organs are not always available in spaces suited for the performance of chamber music. As monitored by conductor Gunther Schuller, the "live" and the recorded efforts were artfully interrelated. He could not, unfortunately, control the tape sound distributed in the auditorium through speakers on the balcony level. At my listening post near one, the ostinato was much more audible than the structure it was supporting.

In 1945, long before he was knighted, Michael Tippett wrote a symphony that was performed by the Liverpool Philharmonic under the direction of the late Sir Malcolm Sargent. It had its first American performance in Carnegie Hall during the recent visit of The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a concert directed by guest conductor Lawrence Foster. The time lag would not strike one as excessive for the introduction of an English work to America. What is more surprising is that it had its first London performance as recently as 1970, under the direction of the same American-born Foster.

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By intent or accident, the work has an aged-in-the-wood quality that has nothing to do with having languished on the shelf so long. However timely or untimely it may have sounded in 1945, it now floats on a tide of history in which the only consideration is buoyancy, not style or design.

For me, it was not merely self-supporting but powered by intellectual vigor as well as physical energy. It begins with an *allegro vigoroso,* which could be called busy or active, according to one's esteem for Tippett's esthetic. As I liked what he was doing, I'd call it active. A set of variations in slow tempo precede a scherzo and finale that have more than a touch not only of the old Nick but of the old Rafe. That would be the admirably tough-minded Ralph Vaughan Williams, who was, as of 1945, rounding out his remarkable sequence of nine symphonies. Clearly they created a wake in which a younger composer might well have been encouraged to test the sea-worthiness of a work of his own. Tippett's Symphony No. 1 is, indeed, a crafty work, one that Foster and the orchestra demonstrated to be not only seaworthy, but overseas-worthy.

Christoph Willibald von Gluck's reward for having written, in *Orfeo ed Euridice*, one of the most beautiful stage works ever imagined by the mind of man is, more often than not, to have it treated as a pastiche. Such a condition prevails in its revival at the Metropolitan Opera in the 1970 production designed by Rolf Gérard and staged and choreographed by Milko Sparemblek. It was, and is, a combination of diverse elements unappetizing individually and indigestible together.

As a result, its primary distinctions were the beautiful vocalizing of Marilyn Horne and the expressive conducting of Charles Mackerras. Unfortunately, they rarely coincided. By a professional happenstance involving his father's employment, Mackerras was born in Schenectady, New York, but grew up in his family's native Australia. He matured musically in London, first at Sadler's Wells, more recently at Covent Garden.

These facts suggested the kind of a conductor who would take charge of a production in which he was making his Metropolitan Opera debut and impress his personality upon it. This did not quite occur. Mackerras had the impulse, determination, and sense of purpose to dominate the overture, the choral ensembles, the instrumental interludes of the Elysian Fields music, etc. When it came to the scenes in which Miss Horne, as Orfeo, was dominant, it sounded to me that she was calling not only the tune but the turn—including some turns not in the available score. Some of these appeared in the florid aria at the end of Act One written by Gluck for a tenor Orfeo in the work's Paris premiere. It was not included when the production was first seen and heard under Richard Bonynge's direction. It adds complication but not distinction to the musical content of the score.

This was, however, quite in keeping with this gifted singer's approach to the work as a whole. Stated in a phrase, it appeared to be her intention to impress rather than to express. It is a fundamental fact of *Orfeo* that Gluck's challenge was to write music sufficiently powerful to demonstrate that "Orpheus with his lute made trees, and the mountain tops that freeze, bow themselves when he did sing." In Miss Horne's effort the emphasis tended to be more on how she sang than what she was singing. As Amore, Judith Blegen sang fluently, as did Lilian Sukis as Euridice, but there was too little sense of overriding musical purpose or dramatic unity under Mackerras's direction.

If it has so far escaped recognition, this was another in a series of Bing-planned productions arranged prior to the engagement of the late Göran Gentele and, of course, inherited by his successor, Acting General Manager Schuyler Chapin. Aside from an impressive rendering of "The entrance to Hades," Gérard's designs are brightly inadequate for the classical subject to which they are related. Sparemblek's direction is only less creditable than his choreography. For a rarity, a revival of a musical masterpiece at the Metropolitan showed more than patches of empty seats. Those who stayed away exercised better judgment than those who attended. □

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Off.

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 201

DEFINITIONS

A. Manuel _____, Spanish statesman; Prime Minister 1931–33, President 1936–39

B. U.S. humorist, satirist, painter, and author and illustrator of children's books: *Madeleine* (2 wds.)

C. "As is the bud bit with an _____" (Shakespeare; 2 wds.)

D. Here's where it is (4 wds.)

E. Painful

F. See Word P (2 wds.)

G. Large boat used on the Nile as a houseboat

H. American jurist, Chief Justice of the U.S. 1910–21 (2 wds.)

I. Detailed survey

J. City in N.W. Italy (Italian name)

K. The third of the three Jewish divisions of the Old Testament

WORDS

37 64 181 195 169

62 106 32 1 38 19 10 102 180 44 241
167 202 137 68

76 39 25 11 33 20 170 230 53 213 145

70 164 26 21 101 40 47 2 212 171 152
229 58

175 67 3 103 108 12 155 139 205

27 4 209 48 41 59 22 77 173 151

89 23 72 13 124 231 63 223

140 24 34 60 14 200 56 135 49 45 177

15 234 28 54 35 109 46 57 5 104 90
182 158 238

6 73 42 29 55 166

210 192 31 65 74 50 232 198 107 7 194

DEFINITIONS

L. City and county seat in central Illinois

M. Acknowledgment

N. Ancient picturesque city in Iran (var. sp.)

O. Capital of Ontario, Canada

P. Followed by Word F, a thick-billed nocturnal bird (comp.)

Q. Slow, dignified dance of Spanish origin

R. Samuel Clemens's daughter took on quite a "handle" when she married this Russian pianist and conductor (2 wds.)

S. Group of ruins in southern Rhodesia, probably built by a Bantu people (2 wds.)

T. F.D.R. was referred to as "that man _____" (4 wds.)

U. Conveyance

V. Harmless

W. Tough, twilled cotton cloth

WORDS

43 17 207 8 66 222 51 204 36

193 105 30 227 16 9 71 18 239 52

69 130 228 144 184 188 174

110 113 220 131 199 156 185

197 112 120 189 226 161 97 216 95 93 7
133 8

237 84 190 201 122 165 160 127 233 136 16

179 187 236 128 168 138 87 91 117 99 12
80 183 221 75 159 149 8

94 78 114 176 154 82 125 186 132 118 15
61 178 20

208 81 134 98 116 141 111 172 224 146 21
92 126 129 11

217 147 123 143 235 240 191 163 211

142 85 153 96 214 219 88 225 148 203 24

100 115 157 196 215

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

				1 B	2 D	3 E		4 F	5 I		6 J	7 K	8 L	9 M		10 B	11 C	12 E						
13 G	14 H	15 I	16 M		17 L	18 M	19 B	20 C	21 D	22 F		23 G	24 H	25 C	26 D	27 F	28 I	29 J						
30 M	31 K		32 B	33 C	34 H	35 I		36 L	37 A	38 B	39 C		40 D	41 F	42 J	43 L	44 B	45 H						
	46 I	47 D		48 F	49 H	50 K	51 L		52 M	53 C	54 I	55 J		56 H	57 I	58 D	59 F							
60 H		61 S	62 B	63 G	64 A	65 K	66 L	67 E		68 B	69 N	70 D	_	71 M	72 G	73 J	74 K	75 R						
76 C	77 F		78 S	79 P		80 R	81 T	82 S		83 R	84 Q	85 V	86 P		87 R	88 V	89 G							
90 I		91 R	92 T	93 P	94 S		95 P	96 V		97 P	98 T	99 R	100 W	101 D	102 B	103 E		104 I						
105 M	106 B	107 K		108 E	109 I		110 O	111 T	112 P		113 O	114 S	115 W	116 T	117 R		118 S	119 T						
120 P	121 R	122 Q		123 U	124 G	125 S	126 T	127 Q		128 R	129 T		130 N	131 O	132 S	133 P	134 T	135 H						
136 Q	137 B	138 R		139 E	140 H	141 T		142 V	143 U		144 N	145 C	146 T	147 U	148 V	149 R	150 S	151 F						
	152 D	153 V	154 S	155 E	156 O	157 W	158 I	159 R		160 Q		161 P	162 Q	163 U	164 D		165 Q	166 J						
167 B	168 R	169 A	170 C	171 D	172 T	173 F	174 N	175 E	176 S	177 H		178 S	179 R	180 B	181 A	182 I		183 R						
184 N	185 O		186 S	187 R		188 N	189 P	190 Q	191 U		192 K		193 M	194 K	195 A	196 W	197 P							
198 K	199 O	200 H		201 Q	202 B	203 V	204 L	205 E	206 S		207 L	208 T	209 F	210 K	211 U	212 D	213 C							
214 V	215 W	216 P		217 U	218 T	219 V		220 O	221 R	222 L	223 G	224 T	225 V		226 P	227 M		228 N						
229 D	230 C	231 G	232 K	233 Q	234 I	235 U	236 R		237 Q	238 I	239 M	240 U	241 B	242 V										

Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 83 of this issue.

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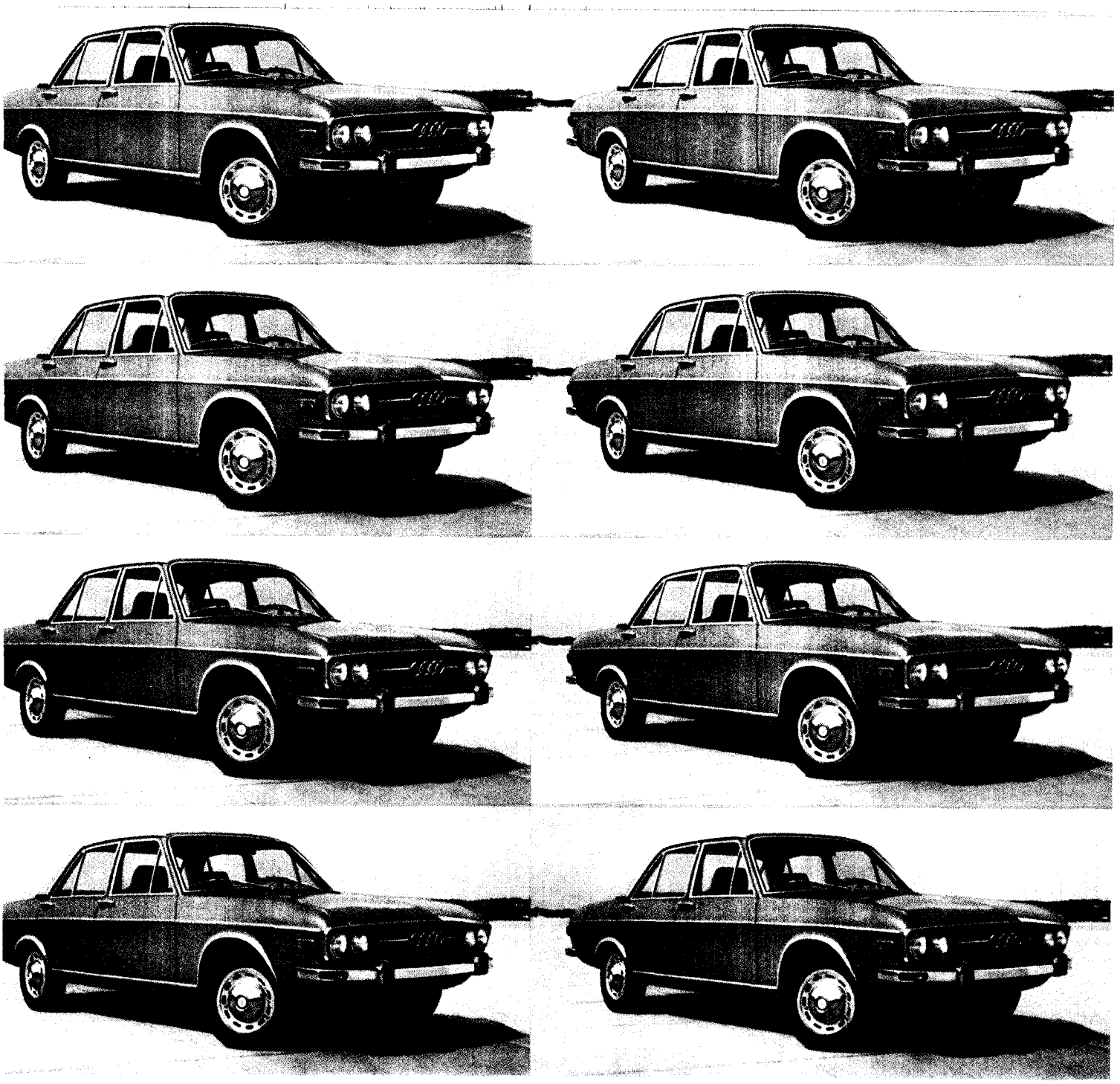

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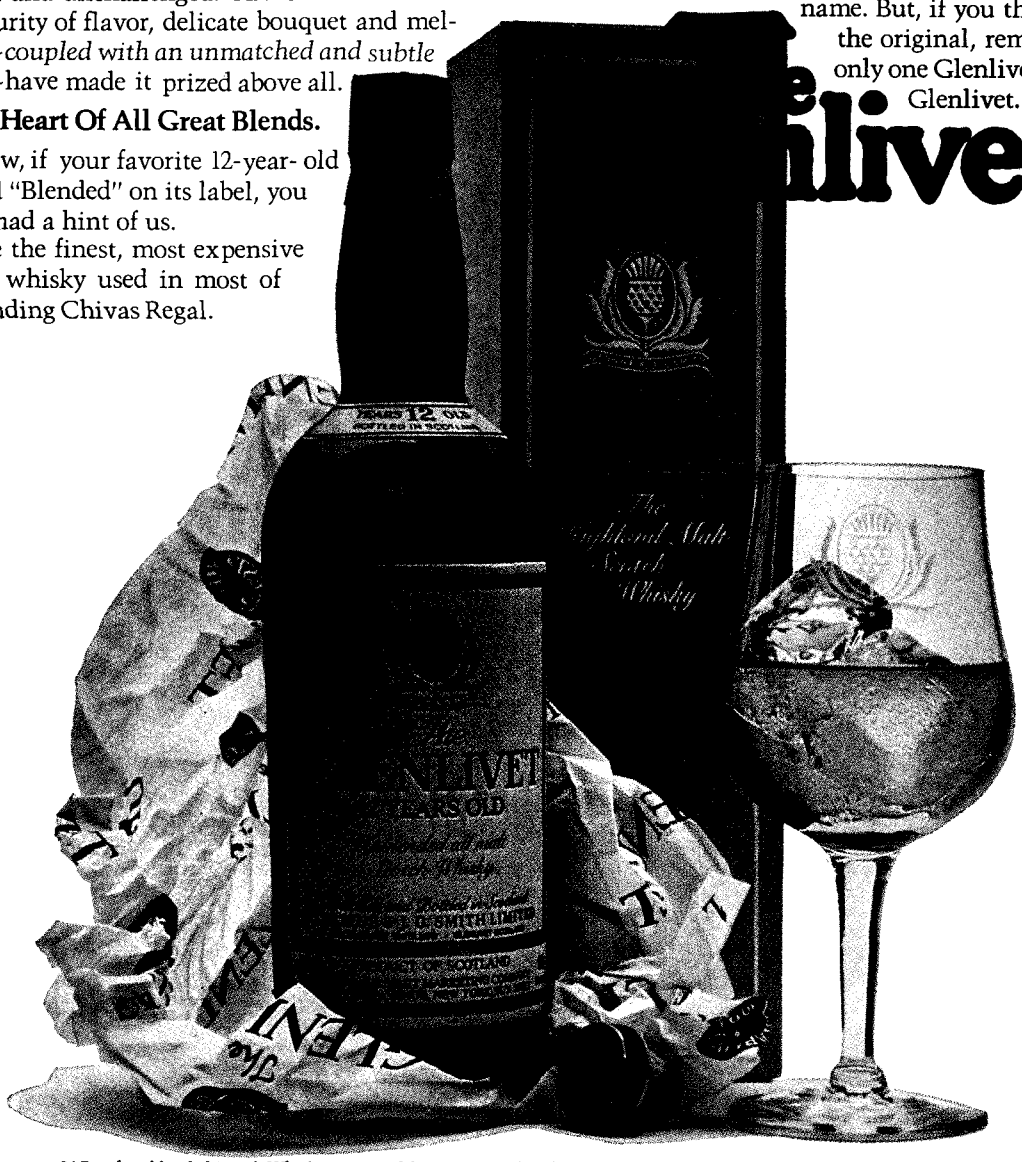

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